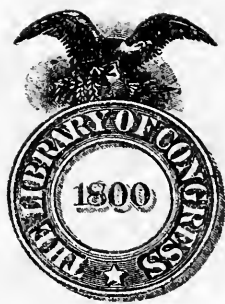


FIFTY YEARS *in*
Brown County Convent





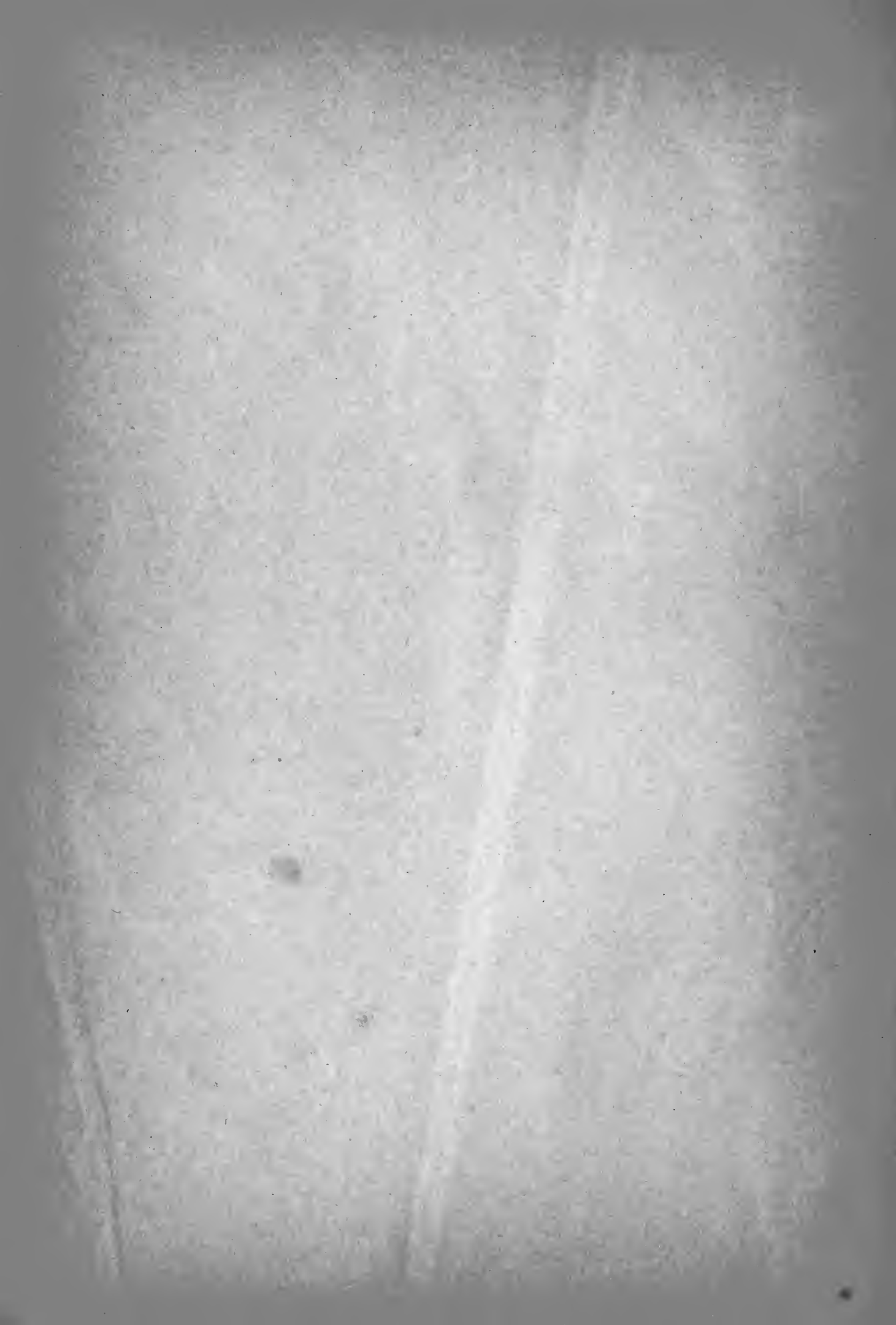
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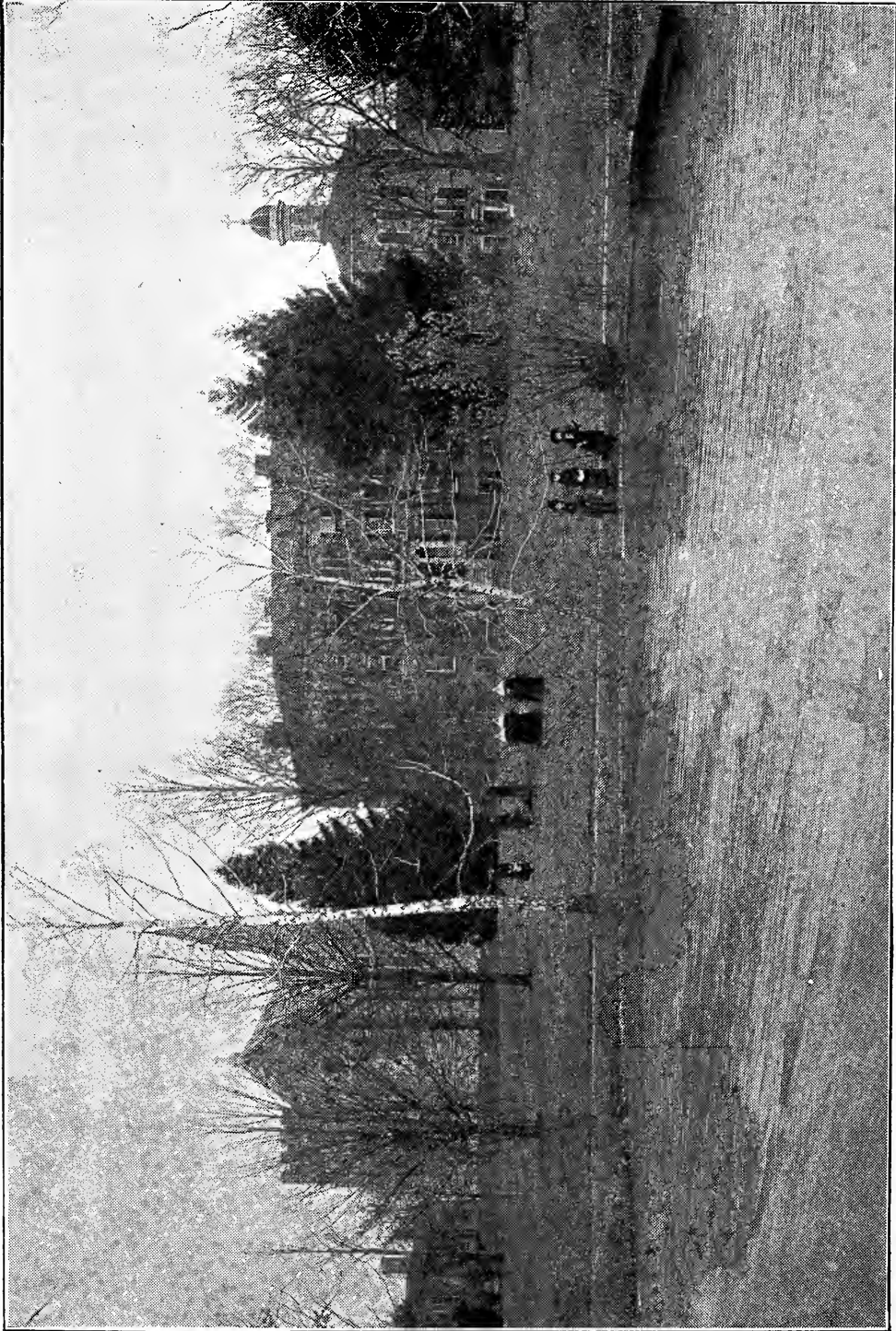
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Presented to

Frank E. Janowitz

Dec. 30, 1910,





URSULINE CONVENT—1894. WEST FRONT.

Baptista, sister.

FIFTY YEARS
IN
BROWN COUNTY CONVENT

BY A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY.



CINCINNATI:
McDONALD & CO.
1895.

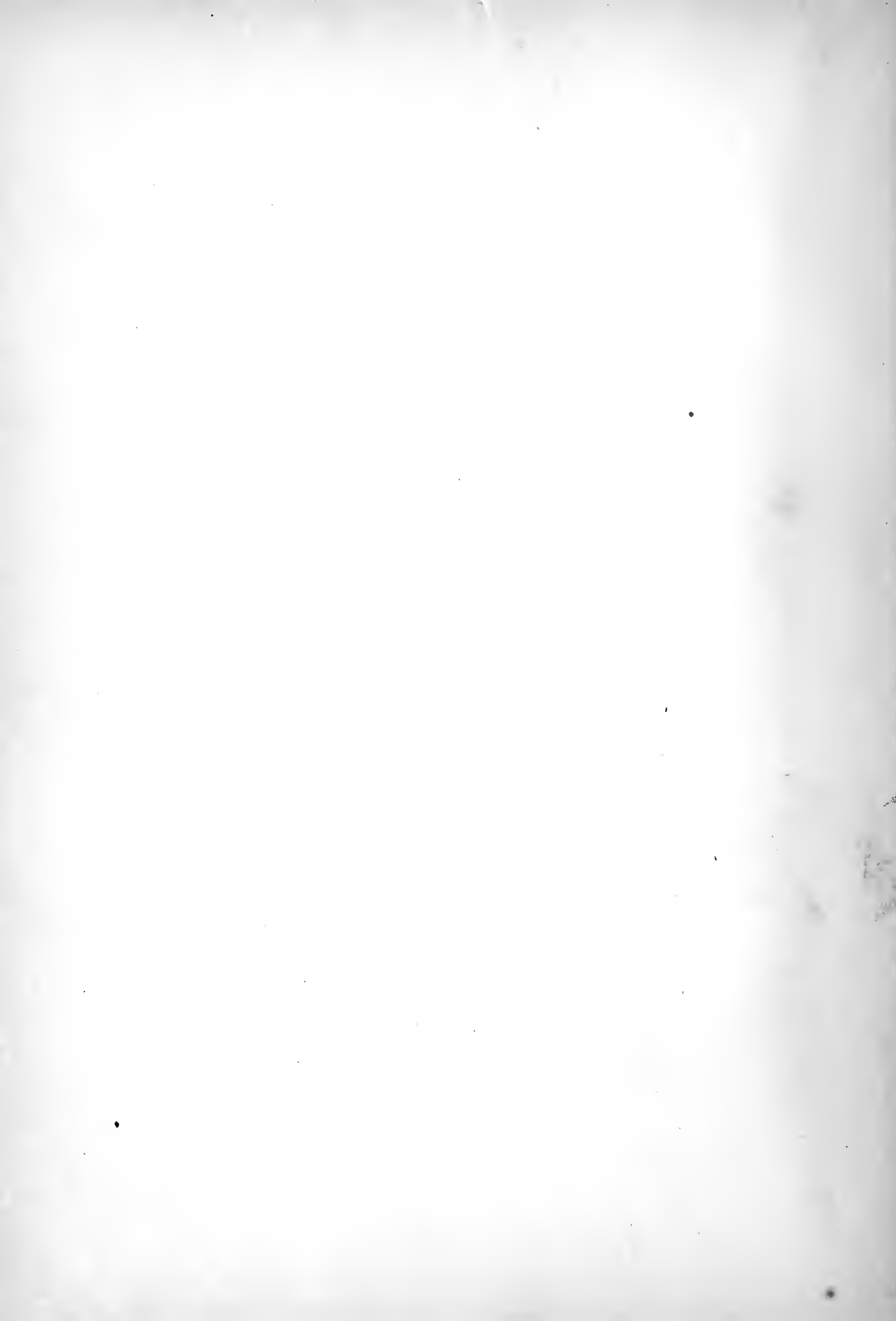
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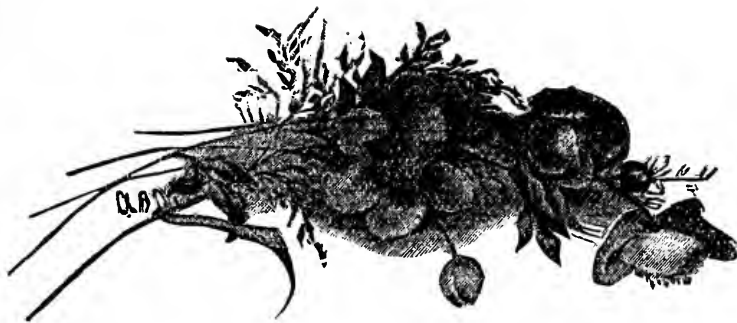
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TO THE MOST PURE HEART
OF
MARY IMMACULATE;
OUR MOTHER AND QUEEN;
WHOSE LOVING CARE
AND
MOST GRACIOUS PATRONAGE
HAVE GIVEN TITLE TO OUR HOUSE;
WE HUMBLY OFFER THIS WORK
OF LOVE.



TO OUR PUPILS—
WHO CHERISH WITH US
THE AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF THOSE WHOSE LABORS
HAVE PASSED INTO ETERNAL REST;
WHO REVERE WITH US
THEIR SACRED EXAMPLES
OF GENEROSITY AND LOVE OF GOD,
OUR HERITAGE AND THEIRS;
WHOSE LOVE FOR THEIR FOSTERING MOTHER
IS A CHAIN THAT BINDS THEM
TO HER AND TO EACH OTHER—
WE DEDICATE THESE PAGES.



PREFACE.



FIFTY years in a Convent! Can the so-called, "stony-hearted human fossils" who have been imbedded within these four walls of brick for half a century,—who teach a system of education "good enough for the Middle Ages,—can they wake from their long sleep; from their dreary routine of praying and fasting, to send forth aught to the world around them that will interest it?

Such is the question that will, perhaps arise in the minds of many into whose hands our book may fall. For these, we did not write it. Its simple mission is to gratify the pupils who love us and their Alma Mater; to fortify the strong with a repetition of the ever new and ever old lessons of God's love, remembered from their childhood, and to strengthen the weak if in aught they have swerved from the pleasant paths they walked in the freshness of life's morning.

Many incidents and details, still fresh and interesting to individual minds, but which would have increased the size of our already large volume, have been omitted, and names that are gratefully remembered when each morning we pray, "*pro omnibus nobis bona facientibus*," were, for the same reason, left unrecorded.

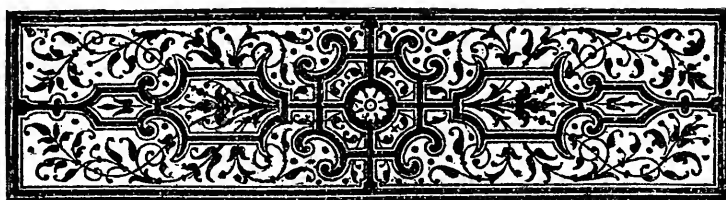
For kind encouragement, and liberal subscriptions to the getting up of our simple story, we owe grateful acknowledgment to our Most Reverend Archbishop, William H. Elder, and to our late Superior, now the Right Reverend Bishop of Nashville, Tenn. The compilers of "The History of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary," Reverend Michael J. Kelly and Reverend James M. Kirwin, have been most courteous in giving us the use of several cuts from their beautiful volume. The Reverend Father Malone, of the *Colorado Catholic*, also afforded us, through the kindness of Mrs. C. R. Hurd, of that city, the means of verifying several facts of which we were uncertain. We beg, also, to include in this tribute of thanks our former pupils and many kind friends, whose prompt and generous response in subscribing, has given us hope that they will accept these pages in the spirit of affection in which we send them forth.

CONVENT OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY, -

ST. MARTIN'S, BROWN COUNTY, OHIO,

October 28, 1894.

Feast of Saints Simon and Jude, Apostles.





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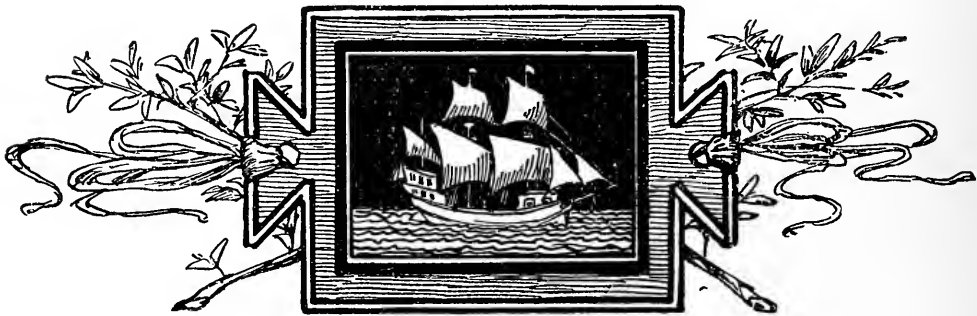
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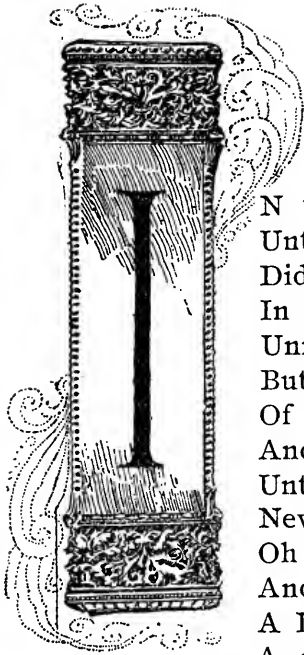


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ERRATA.

- Page 117—line 26, for redish, read reddish.
Page 119—line 18, for ellegance, read elegance.
Page 122—line 26, for St. Mary's, read Mount St. Mary's.
Page 133—line 12, for Chalfans, read Chalfant.
Page 183—line 16, for professed, about etc., read professed about.
Page 189—line 6, for its, read it.
Page 190—line 17, for successions, read succession.
Page 208—line 26, for Carberg, read Carbery.
Page 224—line 16, for Infalliable, read Infallible.
Page 224—line 20, for was, read were.
Page 262—line 17, for sound, read sound of.
Page 265—line 11, for searching, read surging.
Page 272—line 27, for aniversary, read anniversary.
Page 246—line 4, for Bishop, read Edward.
Page 273—line 30, for crystalized, read crystallized.
Page 293—line 32, for libitation, read libation.



TO SAINT ANGELA MERICI.

IN the number of her children she did hide herself,
Until her very name, unknown to fame,
Did well nigh fade away,
In the garish light of day,
Unnoted and unsung.
But her spirit is a ray
Of God!
And it lives with us for aye,
Unto God's eternal day,—
Never to depart.
Oh! it kindleth light and love;
And it maketh e'en the dove
A Lion set at bay,—
A conqueror in the fray,
Of human passion, that so stirreth human life
And it calls—a trumpet voice—
To souls of Heaven's choice,
That, like her own, rejoice
To lift the clinging shrouds of human ignorance,
To set the Spirit free!

Oh! she knoweth not men's praises,
Oh! she hideth in the mazes
Of her own deep humbleness.
And the ages do not know,—
They are heedless that they owe
To her of long ago,
A gracious gift sublime.
Oh! "Beginner of a time"
When love and knowledge twine
To draw, by love Divine,
An army in accord—
With its helmet and its sword,
All heedless of award,—
To fight for Truth, and right,—for freedom and for God!



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

SAINT ANGELA MERICI, AND HER LIFE-WORK.



Of all ambitions common to the heart of man, there is perhaps not one more laudable than that which loves to praise and emulate the worth, the virtues, the honor of a long line of distinguished ancestors; which exults with a thrill of joy over the genius, the heroism, the saintliness of those whose blood fills their veins, and stirs the impulses of their hearts to beat in accord with all that is noble, and good and true. This thought of a precious heritage, comes to us at times, as a breeze of bracing air from the summit of some distant mountain-top, and, refreshing the valley of our lowness, we drink in the life-renewing draught, and rise with quickened pace to tread again the desert and plain that have been the pathway of those before us, to the golden-gated city of God. How often we need this impelling strength in the wear and tear, the bustle and hurry of this busy age, in this ever-striving, never-resting nineteenth century, in this great New World, which has so obliterated the family traditions that have lived for centuries, in the fatherlands across the sea!

In the toil and privation incident to the settlement of our vast country, in the struggle for Independence and Union, in the absorbing work of the development of our national genius and our great national resources, we have swelled our hearts with a *national* pride, and they have been satisfied, nay, exultant, in the thought that we were born Americans, children of our great Mother, the Republic of these United States. But though national pride and national traditions may suffice to inflame our souls with patriotism, and swell the mind with noble sentiment; though pride of birth may not be so strong a characteristic of ours, as of the European, the heart must come to the hearthstone for its loves, and gather under the sheltering branches of the family tree, if the pride and pomp of national glory be laid low, and the nation, like Israel of old, be clad in the garments of humiliation and woe.

It is in this spirit, that we, as Ursulines, as members of a great religious family, born of the supernatural life of grace flowing from the heart of our noble Mother, St. Angela,—it is in this spirit of family love that we approach our work of keeping alive the memory of our holy Mother, and the zealous laborers that have carried on her glorious work for the last fifty years, in this Western home. The daughters of St. Angela, and the pupils who are the objects of their zealous care; for whose love and the greater love of God, they leave all other ties, may well point with honest pride to a long line of noble ancestry, hallowed and sanctified, by every joy, by every suffering, by every sacrifice, that a religious life imposes upon those who have taken upon themselves its easy yoke and burdens light. Whether seeking to stem the tide of infidelity that swept over fair Italy from Northern Europe, during the first half of the sixteenth century; whether fighting the scourge of death that decimated its beautiful cities and smiling villages in the same century; whether sowing the seeds of learning broadcast over the fertile fields of Europe, or the unreclaimed wildernesses of America, in the seventeenth and eighteenth,

or whether marching with unfaltering step and joyous mien to the death of the guillotine,—everywhere, the daughters of St. Angela have shed lustre on their Mother's name, while they have looked to her for the protection and continued existence promised her when, by divine inspiration, she founded them, a monument of her zeal for all time, and her crown of glory for all eternity.

It is the mother who stamps the character of the growing family, it is her spirit, her influence, that lives in the life of her children. So with the religious household. It is the great heart of the Mother, St. Angela, that throbs through the heart of every Ursuline Community in this Western world, that gives it its distinctive character, that makes each Ursuline what she is, or should be to her pupils—a mother. So we lead our dear readers back to tell them of this noble-hearted, broad-minded woman, who is truly called the Apostle of modern education of women—to show how her prophetic soul seemed to catch sight of the great incoming wave of the intellectual development of woman, which has left such distinctive marks on our own century, and which may be called the crowning glory of its close.

In one of sunny Italy's most beautiful gardens, the little town of Desenzano, nestling on the southwestern shore of the beautiful Lake Garda, the child Angela was born on the 23rd of March, 1474. Her father was Giovanni Tomasso Merici, her mother of the family of Biancosi, from Salo. Both were honored names in their native districts, the Merici being registered among the burgesses of Brescia, the Biancosi nearly allied to the rank of nobles, and held in great esteem. Angela was one of five children, of whom her biographers mention but one brother younger, and an older sister, who was very closely associated with the first important events of her life.

We are told that the little Angela was a singularly beautiful child, fair-haired, rosy-hued, light and graceful in her movements, sweet-tempered, low-voiced, and eminently gifted with that loving

unselfish nature, which is always ready to sacrifice self to the good and happiness of others, and which, in her case, never rested until it had taken up in its generous embrace well nigh all of sunny Italy. These and many other indications of nobility of nature in Angela's early years, that penetration and precious gift of self-control of which her biographers make special mention, bespeak the moral worth and richness of faith of the family from which she sprung. It seems as if her very cradle had been rocked by the spirits of goodness and beauty, and that they continued to watch around her all through the formation of childhood and youth. As the smiling shores of her own Lake Garda girded her about with Nature's loveliness, so was the home that reared her, the guardian of every grace, the fruitful source of noble example and lofty aspiration. All accounts of the family of Giovanni Merici, show that he was a man of remarkable strength and goodness of character, well qualified to be the father and first teacher of a future saint. It was his custom to gather his family about him each evening for religious exercises, beginning with lessons from the lives of the saints. These appear to have inspired his little daughter Angela, as they did the little St. Teresa in her Spanish home, to practical imitation of their heroic examples, for we find her seeking deprivations, penances and sufferings, in all of which she was joined by her elder sister, to whom she looked up so lovingly as counsellor and friend.

And so the years sped on, filled with the sunlight of love and innocent gladness. But in 1489, when the young girl had passed her fifteenth year, began that long procession of sorrows, that was effectively to woo and win her heart from natural joys to supernatural charity; to turn her from the sweet endearments of the narrow circle of the family hearth, to the active love and service of the great world which lay beyond it.

In 1489, that loved father, who seemed to have a presentiment

of the life-work to which his daughter was called, was suddenly snatched away. But in this first great sorrow, Angela did not stop to dwell upon herself. She and her sister devoted themselves to sweetening the bitter cup for their stricken mother. But within the year of Giovanni Merici's decease, the angel of death visited the second time the sorrowing home, and carried from it almost without any warning the sweet and holy sister of Angela. Two weeks after this grievous parting, occurred an incident which the Bull of canonization notices. It was harvest time, and Angela was carrying the customary food and drink to refresh the weary workers in the fields, while, as she went along, her whole heart was absorbed in the thought of the dear one, so lately snatched from her. Her heart was grieving at the remembrance that the last sweet and powerful consolations of religion had been denied her. And now, in quivering pain, she looks up to Heaven, and prays for that sister,—so tenderly beloved. But what is this! The fields, the citron groves, the clustering vines all disappear, and as if standing at the open gate of God's city, she sees, surrounding one who is evidently their queen, a multitude of angels and lovely maidens, among whom stands her lost sister! Replenished with ecstatic joy and unearthly sweetness, Angela is motionless, forgetting all else in this glimpse of supernal joy,—of that Blessed Mother, to whom she had long since given her young heart, and of that loved sister, whom she now saw safe forever in joy unutterable. But the lovely vision was not all. Suddenly she heard distinctly uttered from amid the shining throng: "Angela, persevere in the path you are following, and you shall have a share with us in the glory you behold!"

Very interesting would it be to follow the dear young saint, through all the varied scenes of her ever beautiful youth, on to the accomplishment of its fruitful old age; to sympathize with her sorrow when finally her mother's death makes the dear old home desolate, and

Angela, with her younger brother, goes to their uncle Biancose at Salo; to watch them, blessing their new surroundings by a sweetness and holiness of life, which, as Salvatori assures us, won from the people of the country around such titles as, "The Holy Maiden," "The Virgin of Christ," "The Little Saint of Paradise;" to follow her when she returns to Desenzano, and makes a decided beginning in her life of prayerful seclusion and public charity; to note the ardent desire for personal union with our Lord, which led her to join the Third Order of St. Francis, that as a Tertiary Franciscan she might communicate every day; to watch the train of providential circumstances which leads her finally to Brescia, and the series of gallant struggles, divine favors, and noble achievements, which crown her life there. But all this can not come within our scope, and so we group concisely the events and characteristics of St. Angela's life-work under two distinct headings, which, to an earnest student of the great Saint's history and spirit, must embrace or point to what is most significant in both her personality and labors:

I. Her widespread personal influence.

II. The extraordinary obstacles that stood in the way of her foundation of the Order, and her manner of encountering and overcoming them.

I.

Angela Merici's influence began in the home circle of Desenzano. The sister and brother whom God called so speedily to Himself, had already become deeply imbued with Angela's thoughts and feelings, while the young boy continued, at Salo, to look up to and follow eagerly and lovingly, the gentle leading and lofty aspirations of his beautiful sister. But this sweet association in goodness was not to endure. The last family tie is broken, the brother too is taken by death, and Angela stands alone. Very soon however another soul comes intimately within the spell of her influence, and in all youthful

earnestness and enthusiasm, takes up her aims, her ideals, and her life, joining her at Desenzano, when, after her brother's death, she returned to labor in the old home, among her former townspeople. Thus, the two young girls set to work in earnest to do good. But here again the Master interferes. As the others had gone, so too was this new friend forcibly taken from her by the pitiless hand of death. Was Angela's love a blight that ruined all who shared it? No, but it would seem that God meant this great, womanly heart, bound by no personal ties, however holy, to turn all its loving strength and tender sweetness out upon the great, needy world, drawing within its inspiring love, not one or two, but myriads of priceless souls.

At Desenzano, we are told, all the young girls, her former friends and playmates, gathered around Angela Merici, and even when they could not follow in her higher paths of goodness, they still loved to be near her always, tasting the sweetness of her words and ways. She, too, knew well just how far each could follow her, and that to win them to the goodness they could achieve, she, too, must follow as far as she might, along their ways, and sympathize in their innocent, but lower joys and sorrows. So it is one of the most significant facts, showing quite distinctly, the Divine approval of her spirit, that God should have revealed Himself to her in a vision, regarding her future work, upon the occasion of going with these same young friends, on a little pleasure excursion to some one of the beautiful spots around Desenzano. She had left her companions, for a few moments of prayer in a retired spot of the vineyard, when, all at once, she is dazzled by a flood of light, and from the opened heavens above her, sees a luminous ladder, reaching from on high, even to the earth on which it rested. Down the steps come a multitude of royal-crowned maidens, escorted on each side by shining ranks of angelic spirits, all singing in a chorus of divinest harmony. And lo! among the glorious throng, she sees that dear friend so lately taken from her, and hears her say,

“Angela, know thou that Our Lord hath sent thee this vision, to inform thee that before thy death, thou shalt found in Brescia, a society like this: such is His injunction to thee.”

Now her prayers are answered,—now she knows what God would have her do, and she begins to prepare herself for her work. She gathers children and young people around her, she instructs older persons who come to listen to her, she visits the poor in their homes, and goes into the workshops of the laborers, and exhorts them to return to God. Her unwearied zeal and active charity soon draw public veneration upon her. She was consulted, and her prayers asked in all directions, even from the city of Brescia, before she entered it. Men felt honored by a moment's conversation with her, and made pretexts to gain it. As with true Franciscan spirit, she persisted in living upon alms, many made this the excuse of inviting her to their table. Young as she was, the oldest and the highest sought her in their difficulties and trials, because they felt in her a divine wisdom, which was not due to the growth of her years. Many a man who sought her counsels in his temporal concerns, was drawn to open out to her wise and tender sympathy, the more urgent needs of his soul, and left her presence to begin a life given, at least, a little more to God. None who sought her aid, even at this early time of her life, could turn away without feeling that they had looked upon the face, and heard the words of a living saint, of a woman, who in giving herself to God, had given herself to them as friend and mother. And all this at Desenzano, before she had entered Brescia, where her appointed work was to be done.

During this period of her life, one family in particular formed a true and lasting friendship for our saint, the noble Patengoli family of Brescia, who spent the pleasant summer season on one of their estates at Padenga, a hamlet near Desenzano. They were a family remarkable for faith and piety in that unfaithful age; and they had eagerly

noticed, and then continued to watch the beautiful character and extraordinary holiness of Angela Merici, until familiar intercourse was established between them. God blessed this friendship for the favored girl, and made of it the means to open her way to the heaven-chosen scene of her future achievements in his honor,—to Brescia. Just as He often chosēs the weak to confound the strong, so He chose this almost ruined city for this manifestation of His power, as for several years before the dear Saint entered within its walls, its beauty, its commerce and its artistic pride, had been well nigh crushed by the French, in their campaign for domination in Italy, in the reign of Louis XII. The ruthless troops of Gaston de Foix, who in his anger at the resistance the inhabitants of Brescia had shown the French army, ordered an extermination, of which, an authority, so partial to the French as Bayard, tells us that twenty-two thousand persons of every age and sex were butchered by the soldiery, the city being fired in many parts, and for days, crime and pillage reigned triumphant.

The year 1516 gave peace to Brescia, the French flag disappeared from her walls, but there was utter desolation in the Patengoli home. Within the space of a few months both of their promising children were stricken dead; and now it was, that the sorrowing parents turned longingly to Angela for the consolation that she, better than any other, could give them. They applied to her Franciscan Superiors, and obtained an order that she should repair to them at Brescia, and they afterwards avowed, that Angela alone could have reconciled them to the sacrifice which God had demanded. It is easy to realize how her whole soul, rich as it was in charity, went out, not only to her afflicted friends, but also to the numberless sufferers of the blighted city. Here where God had so truly called her, through the twenty-four years of life that remained to her, her personal influence widened out, from day to day, with marvellous speed. From the time of the entrance to Brescia, twelve years elapsed before she could carry out

her plans, and make the God-ordained foundation of her Order, but they were years rich in fruit to all the inhabitants of the famous city.

Soon after her taking up her residence at Brescia, she was suddenly gifted with supernatural science. Without ever having applied herself to study, all at once she understood and spoke Latin perfectly, discussed and commented on difficult passages of the Scriptures, and on many points of theology. The news of these wonders soon spread, and with this added inducement to visit her, the house of her friend Romano, where she had taken up her abode to secure more privacy than she enjoyed in the Patengoli household, and where others could have freer access to her, became a vast public school, where not only the poor and suffering, the simple and ignorant, but also able theologians, and gifted scholars flocked to hear her, while Romano was envied the honor of being her host.

At one time Tomasso Gaverdi comes to her and she tells him how to sanctify himself in the station of life he is obliged to fill; at another, it is two men of quality who scandalize the whole town by their mutual enmity and violence, and who resist all endeavors of their friends to reconcile them to each other, until Angela undertakes the task. They meet at her house, acknowledge themselves vanquished by her gentleness and give each other the kiss of peace. Even Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, hears of this extraordinary reconciliation, and soon after comes himself to Brescia to see her. She was absent from the city, and he did not succeed in meeting her until several years later, in 1528, when the account of their interview, so earnestly sought for by the Duke, is most remarkable for the veneration and trust on one side, and the humble strength and wisdom on the other. At its conclusion, Francesco besought St. Angela to become his spiritual adviser, to be his own protectress, and to be the intercessor for his afflicted people. Indeed, so conscientious and exact a writer as Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, in his life of the Saint, after many

illustrations of the fact, tells us: "We are bound to say, after a careful perusal of her biographers, that we have not given the reader any adequate conception of the wide and powerful influence exercised by her personal intercourse, by her saintly words even as much as by her saintly example." The Divine Might, dwelling within her, through the medium of her own humble charity and loving humbleness, was the secret of her charm,—her power.

II.

Several of St. Angela's biographers seem to have been very much perplexed by the extraordinary delay between the first vision relating to her foundation, and its final accomplishment. Some ignore the length of the time; and some seek to explain it away, but hardly to their own satisfaction. To us, however, it seems to be accounted for by two reasons, each of which would have been, in itself, sufficient.

In the first place, by the Saint's excessive modesty and diffidence in herself, which Providence may have permitted, both for her own sanctification and humiliation, and also to give her time to work the inestimable good which she accomplished among other classes and other people, whom she would not have reached, had she been entirely absorbed in the specific work of her foundation. But if this reason be considered questionable, what answer can be made to the fact that Brescia, and indeed all northern Italy, was the scene of war and desolation, during the entire mature period of Angela's life. So the wonder is, not that her Divine enterprise was so long delayed, but that it should ever have been accomplished, in the distracted Italy of the sixteenth century. True, in those days, monasteries and other holy institutions were not ruthlessly and shamelessly robbed and swept from the land, as our modern "progressive" Italy has learned to do. In these earlier times, the people of Italy knew their best friends and unmoved by fanatic demagogues, right royally protected them.

Violence and plunder might work their way elsewhere, but not among the servants of the poor and suffering. No man or woman in all Brescia was so safe as "Sister Angela"—no one in all the province, for whom the whole city would have so readily stood up as one man, to defend in all courtesy, love and reverence. But still these were unsettled and troublous times to begin a great new Order in the Church, that Holy Church, so torn and wounded in those days of so-called Reformation. But God wished it to be done, and so it was done, in spite of every obstacle. In spite of the fact that Italy was now the bone of contention between ambitious and unscrupulous monarchs, as it had been of the early barbarians; in spite of the fact that as Louis XII., a few years before, made it ring with the clash of arms, and weep with the dripping of blood, so even now his successor Francis I., and his rival Charles V., had turned the whole land into a reeking battlefield, until in 1527, when Angela was fifty-three years old, all Christendom was shocked by that shameless, that most outrageous stain on Christian arms, the sack of Rome, by the soldiers of a Christian Empire.

Finally, in two years of almost hopeless waiting, peace was concluded, the treaty of Cambrai signed in 1529, and Venice, Milan, the Emperor and the King, at last sheathe the bloody sword. Now Angela returns from Cremona, whither for three years, the war had exiled her. Brescia is again her home, but though the war-clouds have seemingly passed over, and though that mysterious vision of the celestial ladder is continually haunting her thoughts, she still hesitates. Does she fear the return of the Lutheran soldiers, more than the poison of their heresy, which is penetrating even to Rome, while the Church is calling upon all lovers of Christ to apply the antidote? She has consulted Dom Serefino of Bologna, and after putting her through a long course of trial and delays, he declares her vision and her work to be from God, urges her to submit to the designs of Heaven, and

go on courageously with her lofty enterprise. But Angela Merici feared nothing or no one, so much as she feared herself.

The final cause that overcame all her doubts and launched her forth effectively in her great work, is variously stated by her different biographers, one side saying that it was a vision of St. Ursula, who rebuked her for her delays and want of confidence, the Saint according to some authorities, having before appeared to her, to promise her protection and assistance; others however assert that it was Our Lord Himself, who one night appeared and reproached her with so much displeasure that her heart was wounded to the quick, and she could hardly wait for the morning to break, that she might at once tell her director of the vision, and begin the heaven-directed foundation. According to this account, after receiving Holy Communion, she returned home and drew up the plan of her Institute. Whether this be true or not, "It is certain," says Mgr. O'Reilly, "that during the year 1535, Angela manifested uncommon activity in preparing her companions, the local church authorities, and the public, for a formal inauguration of the Company of Saint Ursula.

Now appeared the value of those years of waiting which had so endeared her to all Brescia, and had made all its inhabitants so well known to her, for in selecting companions, she had but to choose from among the very flower of the Brescian maidens, and for friends and supporters, had but to call, and the noblest and best of the city would flock to her side. She gathers twelve associates around her, of whom Barbara Fontana becomes her inseparable companion, living with her, and sharing her poverty and privations. The other eleven still continue to live with their parents in their homes, united in their virginity, their piety and their charity, but apart, in various spheres and circumstances, spreading abroad in that plague-stricken age, the sweetness of holy example, the precious fragrance of purity, austerity and love.

How wonderful the plastic character of St. Angela's Order, which,

alike in the torn and bleeding sixteenth century, in the worn and exhausted seventeenth, in the sceptical and warring eighteenth, and in our own, teeming with all that is new and strange, has adapted itself to the needs of every land and of every time and circumstance!

When St. Angela first gathered together her little band, she knew, or, rather, God led her to know, that whilst the feeling of intolerance to the cloister was rampant, and the old, long-established religious orders found it difficult to keep their very existence, a new body of cloistered nuns was not the need, but rather a strong confederation or "Company," as she called it, of noble religious women, trained to enter the lists to fight for God and for the truth, not behind curtains and grilles, but in the very face of the enemy in home and school, in hospital and street. Truly, "She builded better than she knew," not only for her own day and generation, but likewise for a later time as well, when a broader education, spreading from the higher classes down, calls imperatively for the conquering spirit, that bravely issues from the safe and sweet retreat of cloistered life out upon the battlefield, where wages the war betwixt a Godless and a Christian education, whether it be in the academies and colleges for the rich, or in the school which lives and grows by the side of the parish church!

To the daughters of St. Angela, the twenty-fifth of November, 1535, is a day of blessed memory, for it was on the feast of the virgin martyr, Saint and Sage of Alexandria, that the "Company of Saint Ursula" was formally and canonically inaugurated, the little band pronouncing their vows, and binding themselves to each other, and to a full observance of the rules of the Company. But the Spirit of God touched other hearts on that memorable morning, and before the twelve quitted the oratory, fifteen others had joined them, thus raising the number to twenty-eight in all.

What shall we say of the above-mentioned rules and Constitutions of St. Angela? To be understood they must be studied at the

same fountain whence our Saint drew their beauty and their wisdom. They are the work of a woman whose great motherly heart speaks out in these few precious pages of her last testament, so eloquently, so inspiringly, that not only her special daughters, but all the Christian world as well, must ever be the better for such a legacy of wise and tender charity. Well may the Ursuline Order be noted for its mother-like spirit, and well may its true daughters continue to drink deep of that great fountain of God-like love, gushing from the heart of their Mother St. Angela! And while they look with sympathetic, kindling eye upon the almost countless other companies formed for Christian education, in that vast field that calls, and still calls, for more to reap the Master's harvests, this does not prevent us from remembering that the leadership of all the brave band, of all the woman-champions in the battle for modern Christian education, its first apostle is that loving Patroness of Christian Mothers and Protectress of young girls—St. Angela Merici!

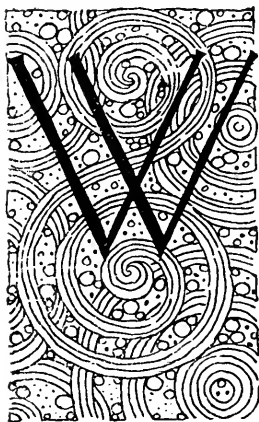
O Angela with God! she sees and hears!
We will not let her from our life, but prove,
Though gone from out the realm of human fears,
Though high in Heaven's ecstasy above,
She leads us yet—a peace-crowned queen, who cheers
The fighting army started by her love!





CHAPTER II.

SPREAD OF THE ORDER IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.



WE have seen that, in its first establishment, the Company of Saint Ursula did not live in community, its members remaining at their homes, subject to the governesses of the growing society, whose rules and institutions were confirmed by the Cardinal Confinaro, then Bishop of Brescia. It was reserved to that great luminary in the church of the sixteenth century, St. Charles Borromeo, who called them to his see of Milan, to gather these virgins of Christ into community, and thus strengthen, by daily united labors, their power for success in the heavenly work of instructing the young girls confided to their care. Between 1540 and 1590, the first fifty years after the death of our beloved Saint, we find the Congregations of Saint Ursula well established throughout Italy in the various cities of Parma, Genoa, Foligno, Venice, Cremona, Rome and others, which opened their gates with hospitable welcome to these zealous workers of God and of the church.

But, as leading up to the specific object of these pages, we are most specially interested in the introduction and spread of the Order

over the kingdom of France, at this period undergoing all the changes and excesses consequent upon the so-called Reformation in Germany, and upon the development and growth of the bitter seeds of Calvinism, sown in its own fair fields in the first half of the sixteenth century. It would delight us to recount all that the faithful annalists of these years tell us of our heroic mothers in religion, by whose united efforts hundreds of Ursuline Convents were spread over the vast territory of France and other states of Europe, until the great social and political upheaval of the French Revolution leveled church and convent to the earth, sent the religious and priests into exile, or condemned them to death, and gave their earthly possessions to the impoverished coffers of the State, or to the unholy hands of the ruthless mob. Before the Revolution, there were in France nine primitive houses of the Order, differing in points of usage and constitution, but united in one common end and spirit. These Congregations, as they were called, took the name of the respective cities in which they were founded; thus arose Congregations of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Dijon, Tullés, Arles, Avignon and Dôle. After adopting the cloister and perpetual vows, these Congregations sent offshoots into almost all the cities and towns of France. Tiron, in his "History of Religious Orders," gives the total number of Ursuline houses at the time of the Revolution as three hundred and forty-three, and the number of children instructed by them, for the most part gratuitously, as one hundred and seventy-one thousand. He says, also, that the most of these houses have been reëstablished.

But to those interested in learning more fully the organization and growth of the Order, and the biography of those who, by God's mercy, we trust, are now the joy and crown of St. Angela in Heaven, we would recommend any of the well-known works that give these subjects in detail.*

* "St. Angela and the Ursulines."—O'Reilly.

For our present purpose, to trace back to its beginnings the history of the Convents of Boulogne and Beaulieu, whence our own house was founded, we select several prominent figures, around whom may be grouped the details of this short sketch:

1. Mother Frances de Bermond, the first Ursuline of France, born at Avignon in 1572, whose mind and heart seemed cast in the same mould as was the heroic soul of the holy Virgin of Brescia. We would fain speak of the graces of person, and the charms of her poetic mind and heart, of which her biographers tell us; of how she consecrated all these in the bloom of her youth, and gave them to the service of God in gathering around her, like another Angela, a band of devoted maidens to aid her in her work of instructing the poor and ignorant. Hearing of the labors of the Ursulines in Italy, and one of her companions having by accident come into possession of the Constitutions of the Ursulines of Milan, Mother de Bermond, in 1594, determined to adopt them for her little society, numbering twenty-five, and to affiliate it to the Ursulines of Milan and Brescia. Thus has she won the distinction of being the first Ursuline of France, following the Constitutions of Milan.

2. The second figure in our group we shall know as the first Ursuline Nun, Mother Cecilia, of the Cross, *née* Belloy. By her side, stand two noble ladies—to whom she owes the blessed privilege of cloister—known in the annals of our Order as Foundresses of the Ursulines of Paris, Madame Acarie and Madame de Saint Beuve. The former, Madame Acarie, a cousin of Madame de Saint Beuve, had introduced the Carmelites into France, and, after the death of her husband, becoming a lay-sister in that Order, she is known as Blessed Mary of the Incarnation, for she was beatified by Pius VI. One must not, however, confuse her name with that of the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation, a Quebec Ursuline, whom we shall

introduce later on. Madam Acarie conceived the design of establishing the Congregation of St. Angela in Paris, and having selected twelve young ladies eminent for their talents and virtue, she begged her cousin, Madame de Saint Beuve, the wealthy, beautiful and accomplished young widow of Claude de Roux, of the Parliament of Paris, to assume the work of founding the Ursulines in the capital. Madame de Saint Beuve obtained many pupils for these future religious from the best families in Paris, built them a convent, and invited Mother de Bermond to come from her beautiful Provence to imbue the young sisterhood with the spirit of the Holy Virgin, St. Angela. But Mother de Bermond, perceiving that the intention of Madame de Saint Beuve was to erect a monastery of cloistered nuns, was recalled by the community of Aix, and the abbess of a monastery at Soissons consented to form the young Ursulines for the religious state they were so soon to embrace.

Great was the joy when the Bull of Paul V., "In Universa," dated June 13, 1612, was received in the beautiful Convent of the Faubourg St. Jacques,—built and endowed by Madame de Saint Beuve,—erecting it into a monastery under the title of Saint Ursula, and enjoining upon its members not only the three vows of religion, but a fourth, that of the instruction of young girls. The clothing took place on November 11th, and Mother Cecilia, the second figure of our group, was the first to wear the habit, veil and cincture of the Ursulines of Paris. But a deeper personal interest centers around her for the Brown County Ursulines, from the fact that seven months after having made the holy profession of her religious vows in 1614, in Paris, she was sent to found convents of the Order at Abbeville and Amiens. Ten years later, the reputation of the schools which she had established at Amiens, inspired Elizabeth de Wicquet, a lady of the neighboring city of Boulogne-sur-mer, with the generous desire of giving the same advantage to the town of her birth, and of con-

secrating herself to the service of God. Her noble father, the Lord of Dringhen, seconded her pious wish, and thus in 1624, ten years after Mother Cecilia, in her Parisian monastery, had won the honor of being the first to pronounce the distinctive vow of the Ursuline, she was forming to every virtue of the cloister the religious predecessors of our cherished Mother, Julia Chatfield.

3. The third Ursuline in our group bears the name of Mother Antoinette Micolon, who, in 1614, became the first Ursuline of Auvergne, in her native town, Ambert. She founded, also, the great Convents of Clermont-Ferrand, and Tulle, and, in 1633, came to the town of Beaulieu to establish a house of her Order. Remaining but six months, she left it in a most prosperous condition, in which it continued until the great Revolution. This was the Mother house of Ma Mère Stanislaus, and many a recreation hour has been full of deepest interest, to both novices and pupils, by her recital of thrilling events through which the religious passed, during that dreadful Reign of Terror!

We have thus briefly traced the history of the two Ursuline houses, Boulogne and Beaulieu, which are so nearly connected with our own; while the limits of the present sketch will not permit us to take a broader view of the establishment of hundreds of Ursuline Convents throughout Europe that stood as fortresses of faith, to send forth armies of disciplined and well tried forces against the foes of religion; to face and turn back the scoffing crowds of infidels that followed in the wake of the religious and political principles of Luther.

Not only in Europe do we claim for the Ursulines the proud privilege of being the pioneers of the modern education of woman, but we make bold to assert their claim to this distinction in other lands,—even in this, our broad continent of the Western World. Had not France been too busy in humbling the pride of Austria, and in

keeping in check her powerful neighbors of Germany and Spain, she would probably have had a greater share in the colonization of the New World than fell to her lot, during the long and absolute sway of Louis XIV. But as soon as she had gained a firm foothold on Western shores, we meet devoted Ursulines following up her conquest of lands and territory with their never-resting warfare for the conquest of souls.

It is thus that we find the fifth distinguished Ursuline of our group, Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, crossing the Atlantic as early as 1639—just nineteen years after the “Mayflower” had borne its precious burden over the pathless waters—to teach the early French settlers of Canada, and the Huron, Algonquin and Iroquois, the blessed truths of faith, and secular science as well. And it may be looked upon as a curious coincidence that, in the year 1638, when the Reverend John Harvard, in the infant colony of Massachusetts, first made possible, by his donation of seven hundred pounds, the institution which is now the pride and boast of New England, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, in her happy convent, in Tours, was daily longing and praying for the means by which she could realize her own cherished desire of carrying the blessings of education to the French colony of Canada; so that we may consider the founding of Harvard and of the Ursuline schools of Quebec as contemporary, and the first institutions of learning on the Continent, in the territory north of Mexico.

God heard the prayers of Mother Mary. He could not turn a deaf ear to the earnest petitions of that ardor, born of the fire which He Himself had come upon earth to enkindle; and, whilst He filled her own apostolic soul with love for the dark-eyed children of the far-off forests of Canada, He gave to another noble daughter of France the desire to use her immense fortune in lighting up these same dark forests with the sunbeam of heavenly truth,—the

shining of the Sun of Justice. Madeleine de Chauvigny lived in beautiful Normandy, and heard much of Canada; for her fair land had sent many brave sons and daughters to battle with the hardships of the young French colony. The Relations of the Jesuit Fathers, recounting the wonders they were accomplishing in the missions already established, fired her zeal, and after the death of her husband, which left her the freedom, denied her by her father, of following a religious vocation, she made a vow to devote her wealth to the founding of a house of education in Canada. But where should she find a religious who would carry out for her this labor of love? Naturally, she turned to the Ursulines, and, addressing herself to the Jesuit, Father Poncet, who was about leaving France for the missions in New France, what was her surprise to learn from him that Heaven had already provided for it, and that she would find at Tours an Ursuline nun, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, who burned with the desire of consecrating her life to this divine work in what was, to her zeal, the land of promise. These holy souls soon knew and loved each other, and, securing the aid of another sister at Tours, and two others of the Convent of Dieppe, they sailed for Canada, on the 4th of May, 1639.

We shall not follow them to note the events of their tempestuous voyage of three months, their disembarkation at Tadoussac, the only station for French vessels, where, says Mother Mary of the Incarnation, "We were full of joy at meeting several of the Indians whom we had come to instruct. Our dress filled them with surprise, and when told that we were daughters of great chiefs, who had left our homes and kindred, and beautiful France, for love of them and their children, so that we might teach them all about the Great Spirit, they were ravished with astonishment, and, that they might keep in view of us, walked along the bank of the river, never losing sight of our vessel, until we landed at Quebec." We

leave them, as their pious annalist tells us, "in a transport of joy as they kissed the shores of that land which had been the object of their desires, surrounded by the Governor, the Chevalier de Montmagny, the military force of the garrison, and all the inhabitants of Quebec, who rend the air with redoubled acclamations."

These were the first Ursulines who pressed foot on the soil of America, and for two hundred and fifty years their successors have stood in the front ranks of education in Canada, and have thrown not a little of their spirit and influence into many of the neighboring states of the Union, whose daughters have been placed under their instruction. With a generosity springing from zeal, they have shown themselves ever ready to help the needy convents of Ursulines in the United States, and thus we find them coming to the aid of their sisters in New Orleans, when the convent, founded there in 1727, appealed to them for aid. Not less willingly did they open their doors to the homeless religious of the ill-fated Convent of Charlestown, burned, in a moment of fanatical fury, by a New England mob in 1839.

The third colony of Ursulines in this country was planted in New York in 1812; but as the terms of the contract made with Reverend Father Kohlman, S. J., at whose invitation they undertook the mission, stated expressly that they would return to their home in the Convent of Cork, if no subjects presented themselves in three years, they remained only until 1815. Of their brief labors we know little, but that they left undying recollections of their virtues and zeal amongst the little flock they instructed, is evident from the fact which we extract from a letter received, under date of December 7th, 1891, from the late Doctor John Gilmary Shea, author of "History of the Catholic Church in the United States." He says, in his letter to the Mother Superior of "Brown County," in thanking her for some volumes necessary for the prosecution of his work, loaned

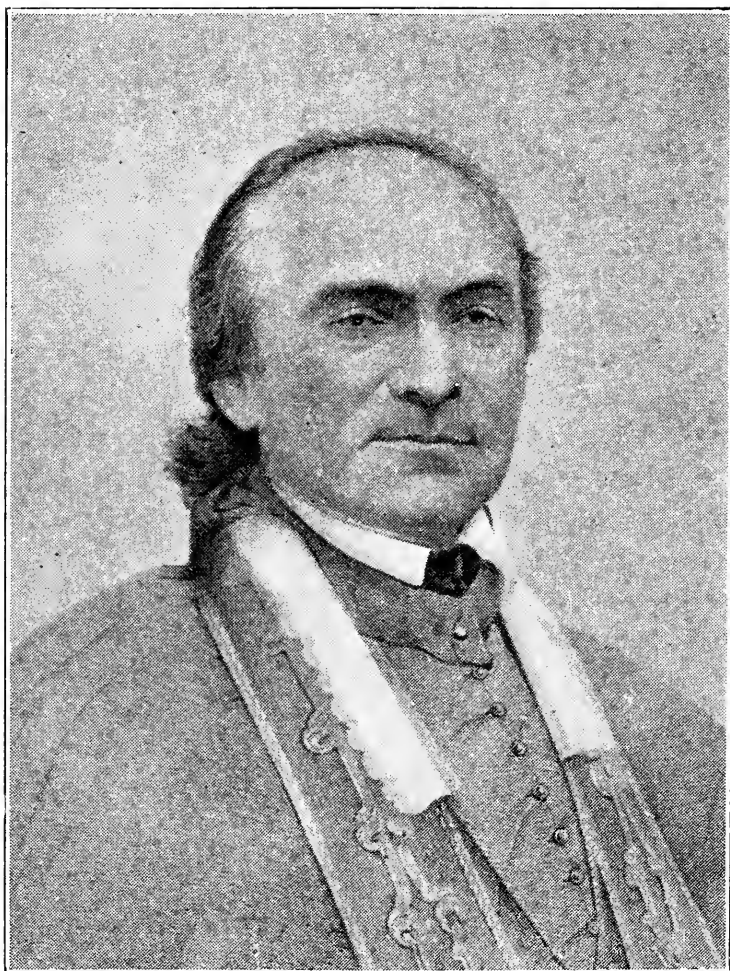
him from the convent library; "We are now near the close of the century, and my thoughts go back to the time when my dear mother was a pupil of the daughters of St. Angela Merici, as long as the Ursuline convent was maintained in New York. From her, I inherit a love for your Order, and now the love is blended with a sense of deep and heartfelt gratitude. Advancing in years, never strong or vigorous, I feel all the more, the acts of kindness that I receive. I would readily visit your famous convent, but my health is a wreck, travel impossible, and my days are numbered."

The fourth house was that of Boston, founded under the saintly Bishop De Cheverus in 1818, and ending in the sad tragedy which will ever remain a blot on the fair escutcheon of the State of Massachusetts. But as the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, let us hope that the bountiful harvest that Catholicism has since reaped in that venerable State, may be in a measure traced to the sufferings and sacrifices of this devoted band of Ursulines.

The fifth colony came over from the Ursuline Convent of Cork, in 1834, at the solicitation of Bishop England, of Charleston, South Carolina, and settled in that city. Upon the death of Bishop England, the religious left Charleston, and after some years of residence in Covington and Cincinnati, they disbanded, joining various houses of the Order in Ireland and the United States, until 1857, when they again opened a house in Columbia, South Carolina, under the patronage of Bishop Lynch.

From this rapid survey of the spread of our Order, in which the salient points are the foundations of Boulogne and Beaulieu, showing how nearly they sprang from the trunk of the parent tree, planted by St. Angela, we come to that which most interests our readers, the foundation of the sixth colony of Ursulines in the Western World; a colony planted in one of the counties bordering on the banks of the great Ohio river, from which the convent has so taken its name as to





MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP PURCELL. 1859.

FROM LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY
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be familiarly known as "Brown County." Brown County! The very name brings back to the breasts of its pupils a throng of blessed memories, and makes the heart to beat with an ever-deepening pulse of gratitude that the days of their young lives were passed in the midst of its green woodlands, and their young hearts taught to love God by the fervent words and potent examples of those who had come from fairer lands and sunnier climes, to open for them the blessed secrets of faith and hope and love!

But our readers will, no doubt, impatiently ask, "How did the foundation come about? What were the steps that led up to it?"

The annalists of Boulogne tell us that, in 1839, Mgr. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati, in traveling from London to Boulogne, took charge of two young ladies who were to enter this famous school of the Ursulines as boarders. His Lordship was most hospitably entertained by the Mother Superior, who invited him to stay with M. l'abbé Rappe, their good chaplain. This event, trivial as it may seem, was the means destined by the providence of God to give three saintly bishops to the hierarchy of the Church in the United States, a band of devoted missionary priests to the Church in Ohio, and two mother colonies of zealous Ursulines, that have since spread their branches far and wide over valley and mountain and plain of this great land.

This visit of the young, enthusiastic pioneer Bishop of the West, was most fruitful in results to his diocese, and to religion in general; he was received on the Continent, as well as at his own home in Ireland, with most distinguished honors. It was his first visit *ad limina*, and the reigning Pontiff, Gregory XVI., showed the distinguished American Bishop not only many marks of paternal esteem, but gave practical aid to his needy diocese. Many pleasant reminiscences of this visit lingered in the mind of our beloved Archbishop, even to the last days of his life, and it was his wont to tell how,

being in Rome during Holy Week, His Holiness invited him to assist on Maunday Thursday in the washing of the feet of twelve poor pilgrims, a ceremony which the Church uses on that day, to commemorate the washing of the feet of the twelve by our Divine Lord on the night before His crucifixion. With his inimitable power of description, he would tell how the Holy Father, on bended knees, washed and reverently kissed the feet of the poor men before him, whilst he, the Bishop, held the basin of water, and the King of Spain carried the towels for this service. In the *Catholic Telegraph*, of August 22, 1839, we find the following:

FROM THE AMI DE LA RELIGION, *June 13*.—"M. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati, who came last year to Europe for the interest of his diocese, is about to quit Paris, to embark soon at Havre on his return to America. This Prelate has made, the past winter, a journey to Munich and Vienna, where the Leopoldine Institute continues to feel an interest in his mission. He has also visited Rome, and passed some time in that Capital. He had, while there, frequent interviews with the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and the Prelate Secretary of the Congregation, communicating on the present state of religion in America, and the hopes which it is permitted to entertain of it for the future. M. Purcell has had frequent audiences with the Holy Father, who has testified his esteem by many marks of his kindness. Since his return to Paris, this Prelate has undertaken with great kindness to officiate for the Archbishop, who is not yet in a state to visit the parishes to administer Confirmation. The Bishop of Cincinnati has administered this sacrament at St. Ambrose de Pepin Court, at St. Gervaise, at St. Etienne-du-Mont, and at St. Jacques-du-Haut-Bas. He has also visited with the same object several communities and establishments. The prelate closed the exercises of the Month of Mary at St. Germaine-des-Pres. He has given, some days ago, Confirmation in some parishes at St. Denis, at Montmartre, at Belleville, etc. It is thus that he has been anxious to render to the diocese of Paris, in passing, all the services which were in his power.

The voyage of that Prelate has not been unfruitful to his own diocese. He returns to America with eight new missionaries willing to consecrate themselves to the exercise of the ministry in this far distant land. This re-inforcement will be very acceptable to a vast diocese, which, at present, has no more than twenty-eight priests, and where the Catholics are disseminated widely and sparsely."

One of the eight missionaries mentioned has left the story of their coming to America, told in his own quaint way, in the columns of the official organ of his diocese, *The Colorado Catholic*, from which we quote as follows:

"In the fall of 1838, the young Bishop of Cincinnati, Right Reverend J. B. Purcell, made his first visit to Rome, and from Paris wrote to Father Confe, then Superior of the Seminary of Mont-Ferand, diocese of Clermont, to procure for him some missionaries for his new diocese. Father Lamy and Father Macheboeuf, having several times expressed a desire to go on a foreign mission, were notified to be ready to go to Cincinnati, the following spring, with Bishop Purcell. In the meantime three more priests, who were already disposed to offer their services to the zealous Bishop, were notified to accompany them. They were the saintly Father Claude Gacon, the zealous Father Cheymol, who succeeded him as chaplain, and the good Father Navarron, who established a mission in Clermont County, and died pastor of the parish he had so long fathered. The holy Bishop Flaget, one of the first bishops of the West, Bishop Purcell, Father McGill (subsequently Bishop of Richmond), three priests for other dioceses, and two sisters, made altogether fifteen in the party. They sailed from Havre on the 7th of May, 1839, in a sailing packet, and after a tedious voyage of forty-four days, they landed in New York City, and resumed their journey to Cincinnati by canal boat and coach, arriving on the octave of the Assumption. After a few days of rest, they received their appointments, Father Lamy as pastor of Danville, in Knox County, a large settlement of American Catholics, emigrants from Maryland."

But we can not refrain from giving our readers an evidence of the simple piety, strong faith, and the beautiful affection that bound them to their new Bishop, and his cordial, active sympathy with them in the great labor and hardships they were about to undertake for the love of souls. This is shown in the subjoined cut—the pact which they made with each other before separating for their respective missions. How beautiful this touching example of the communion of saints! They have all entered into the communion which is eternal, and, we humbly trust, are now all in possession of the ecstatic joys which God has prepared for those who love Him.

But to Father Macheboeuf, more than to any one else, the zealous pastor of four or five counties in the northwest of the state, is due the immediate undertaking of bringing the Ursulines from France. All our readers who recall the bright recreation days, when this energetic Bishop would delight them for hours by the recital of many of the interesting incidents of his checkered missionary life, will be charmed to find that the good Bishop has himself left a record of this event in his own words. Just a few months before his death he began a series of communications to the official newspaper of his diocese, *The Colorado Catholic*, and we find, under date of April 13, 1889, the facts given so characteristically in his own words that we can not forbear to quote them. He begins by speaking of his

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

“In the fall of 1843 Father Macheboeuf received the sad news of his father’s death, and being the oldest of the family, the request was sent to him by brother and sister and other relations to go back to France to assist in regulating the affairs of the family. Although it would have been a great satisfaction under those circumstances to go and give them some consolation, knowing that the good Bishop Purcell had no other priest to take charge of the new parish at Sandusky, he replied that he could not leave so many missions without a priest. But his relations

Union de prières

Monsieur Burrell et nous
soussignés, nous nous engageons à dire
chaque jour trois Ave Maria les uns
pour les autres pour attirer la protection
de la Ste Vierge et sur nos personnes
et sur nos travaux.

Nous offrirons chaque année quatre
foir le St sacrifice de la messe pour le
repos de l'âme de notre défunte.

+ J B Burrell
Ev. de Cin. té.

Garon

Olivetti

Chapman

Fluber

Marshall

Laurie

Narron



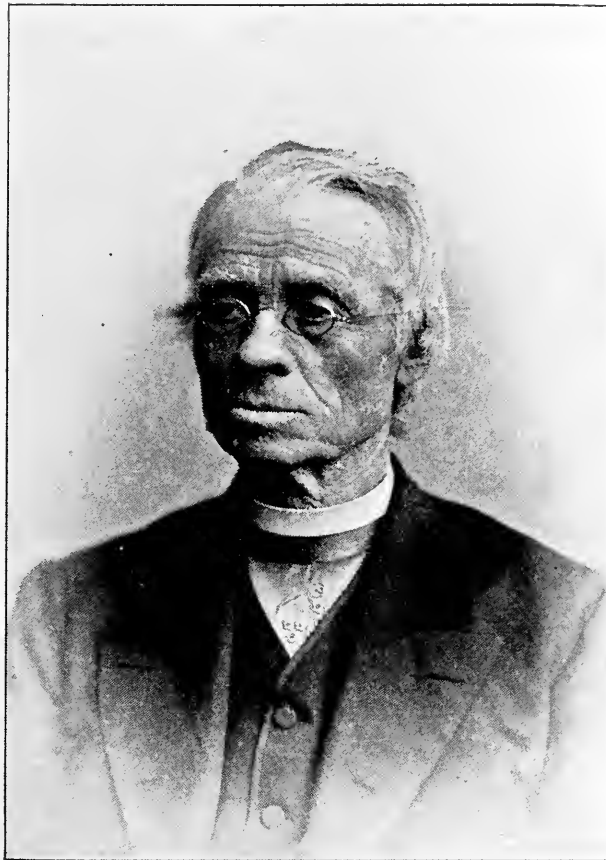
kept writing and insisting upon his going, and as an inducement sent him the means for his traveling expenses. Father Macheboeuf would not answer without first consulting his bishop, who decided that he should go, not only for the family affairs, but in the interests of his mission and of the diocese. He told Father Macheboeuf that some good friends had donated two fine locations for a large academy, and that he did not know where he could find in those early days a sufficient number of competent religious to establish a young ladies' academy, and he had to get them from Europe. The Bishop added that he needed priests or students, sacred vessels and vestments for the missions, that being young and active he should have to attend to these important messages. He gave Father Macheboeuf a good letter of introduction and recommendation to some friends in Europe, and full power and authority to make the necessary arrangements for a good colony of religious students and priests. The Bishop offered to pay his traveling expenses, which kind offer was declined, as he then had sufficient means for the journey.

The Bishop appointed the zealous and strong Father Rappe, then pastor of Toledo, to take charge of Sandusky during the absence of the Pastor, and after a good and hearty blessing from the Bishop, who had always been a father to him, returned to his parish and as soon as practicable, went to pay a visit to his neighbor, Father Rappe. He was astonished to hear that Father Macheboeuf was going to Europe, but after reflection agreed to make arrangements to say Mass on Sunday in the principal towns of the two parishes of Toledo and Sandusky, and to visit the other missions during the week. Father Rappe having been for several years chaplain of the magnificent Convent and Academy of Boulogne-sur-mer, France, not far from the town which had been admitted and handed down by tradition as the birthplace of St. Patrick, wrote a long letter to the good Mother Ste. Ursule, Superior of the Ursuline Academy, recommending to her the first establishment of their Order in Ohio. He also gave a few lines of introduction to Reverend Father Caron, *la crème de ses amis*, the cream of his friends, who came to America after Father Rappe had been appointed the first bishop of Cleveland, was appointed Professor, Superior of the Ecclesiastical Seminary, and later on Pastor

of Sandusky, after Father Macheboeuf had gone with Bishop Lamy as Vicar General of Santa Fé, and the same Father Caron was brought back to Cleveland as Vicar General of the diocese, and died there, beloved and regretted by all. After many other pleasant messages of Father Rappe for his friends in Boulogne-sur-mer, Father Macheboeuf made arrangements to leave for Europe, July 1844.

As soon as he had landed, he went directly to Boulogne and asked the hospitality of the worthy successor of Father Rappe, the Chaplain of the Academy, and following the wise principle not to put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day, he lost no time in going at once to the academy, where the good nuns were enjoying a short recreation after their hard day's work. Being introduced by the Chaplain, as a friend and neighbor of the beloved Father Rappe, was the best recommendation for the traveler. He was immediately welcomed by the venerable Mother Superior. First, the letter of Bishop Purcell, who visited the institution in the fall of 1838, on his way to Rome; next, the letter of recommendation to Father Rappe, were more than sufficient to inspire confidence in the appeal which the American traveler was intending to make. But having to answer so many questions of the Mother and others about Bishop Purcell and Father Rappe, left him no time to touch the main question, and, after he had accepted the kind invitation of the Mother to say next morning the Mass of the community, and partaken of the refreshments they did not fail to offer to their visitors, both returned to the residence of the Chaplain. Although it was late, they could not retire without giving to the good Chaplain and old friend of Father Rappe, the special information which his friendship and zeal for the glory of God required, about the progress of our Holy Religion in the new diocese of Cincinnati, the success of Father Rappe, and his proficiency in the English language, which, owing to his forty years of age, was rather slow, but he was amused when told that when Father Rappe was short of English words, he did not hesitate to throw in a French word to fill up the vacancy.

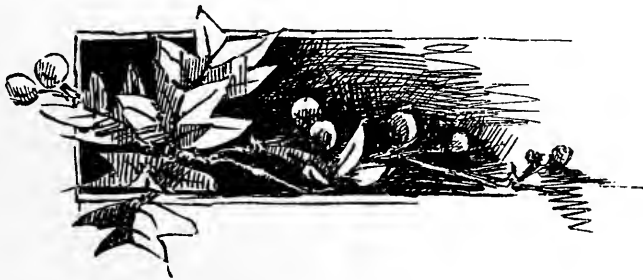
According to the previous arrangements we were in good time at the beautiful chapel of the vast establishment. Immediately after the two Masses and the sweet and holy breakfast which was served to



RT. REV. P. J. MACHEBOEUF, D. D.



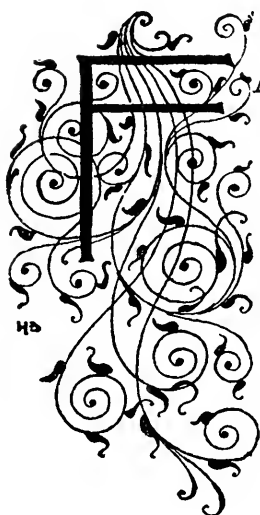
them, they all retired to the private parlor of the Mother Superior, who, in company with the members of her Council, was anxious to know the plan of the American institution, the number of ladies required, etc. Father Macheboeuf commenced by describing the beauty and extent of the location offered in Brown County, containing three hundred acres of land; the fine springs of water, the beautiful groves of different kinds of trees, the high location for the building of the convent and academy. All were delighted with the fine prospects, and already saw in imagination the grand and stately buildings which have since been erected. The Mother Superior did not hesitate to answer that she was willing to send some few competent nuns for the proposed foundation, but could not tell at once how many she could spare, that she required four or five days to consult her Council and communicate to other communities of the same Order for the changes that the colony would cause. Then the good Chaplain proposed a trip to London while the sisters would make their arrangements, and remarked that many of the parents of the English young ladies who were educated at the academy, had invited him to go and pay them a visit, and that he could not accept their kind invitation, for the reason that he did not speak English, but now that he had an interpreter, he was willing to go with him and pay all expenses. It was the first visit of both to the immense city of London, and the Pastor of Sandusky was as well pleased with the visit as the Chaplain of the Ursuline Academy of Boulogne-sur-mer."





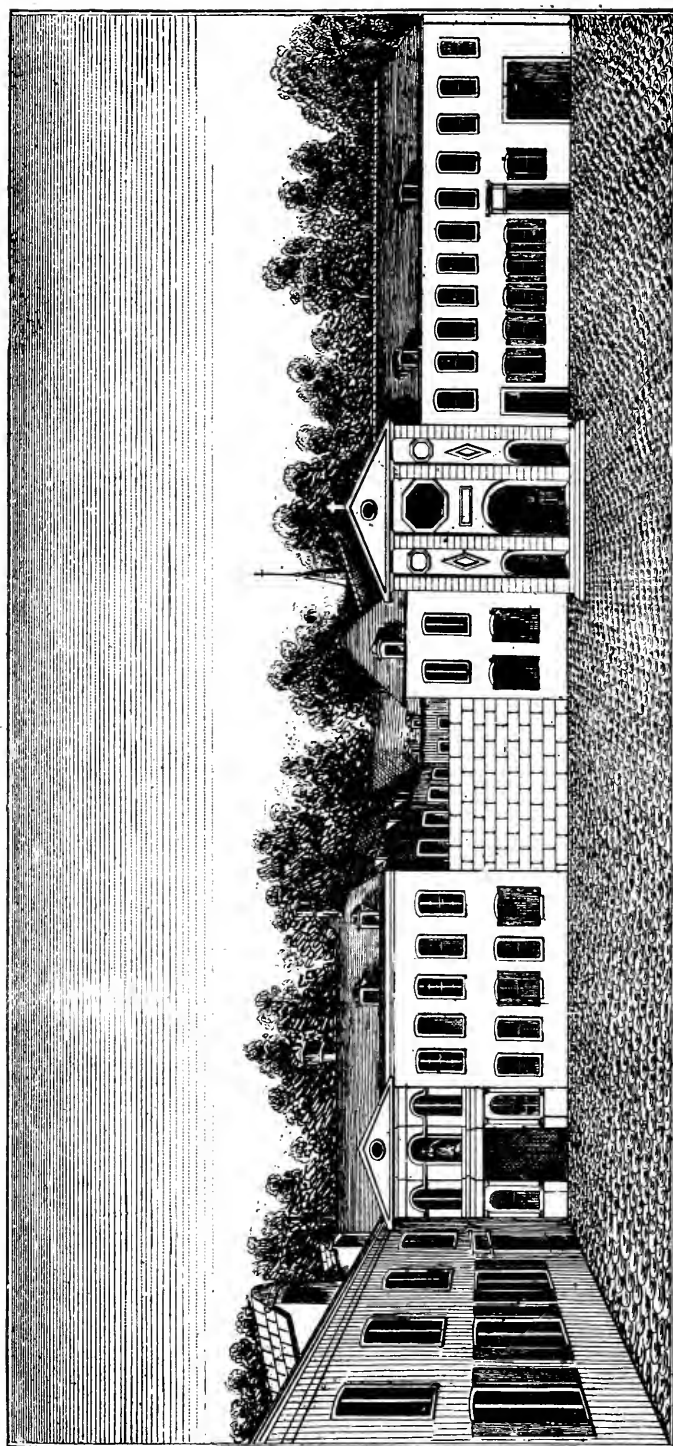
CHAPTER III.

FROM BEAULIEU AND BOULOGNE TO CINCINNATI.



FATHER Macheboeuf's narrative has told us that he sailed for France, July 1844, charged by Bishop Purcell to procure a colony of Ursulines for his diocese. His home not being far from Beaulieu, in the diocese of Tulle, he was not without some acquaintance there. Since the reëstablishment of this house after the Revolution, it had met with many reverses and had lately lost many sisters by death, so that the remaining members of the little community, saddened and discouraged by these circumstances, were on the point of disbanding, to seek homes in other convents of the Order. But the Heavenly Father in whom they put their trust, and the Blessed Mother who watched so tenderly over these children of her predilection, had other fields for the eager





URSULINE CONVENT OF BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

laborers, richer in harvest than the vine-clad slopes of their own sunny France, and to these they are now to direct their steps. They hear that application for a foundation of Ursulines in the United States has been made to the Convent of Boulogne-sur-mer, and Mother St. Theresa, Superior of Beaulieu, writes to Mother St. Ursula, of Boulogne, in August, 1844, to ascertain if what they hear be true. If such be the case, would she be willing to receive several sisters from Beaulieu, who feel a divine call to the missions of America? But these are the days of the *diligence*, and as a matter of so much importance required much balancing and considering on the part of the good Mother Superior and community of Boulogne, we find that no reply reached our good sisters of Beaulieu until the 10th of September. Then it was not encouraging, for Mother St. Ursula, of Boulogne, feared that they would be unable to accept the foundation proposed by M. Macheboeuf, although it was with much regret that she refused, for it seemed to hold within itself every element of success, and to promise a rich harvest for God's glory and the good of imperishable souls. She sent at the same time a small map of the State of Ohio.

The Superior of the Ursulines of Beaulieu, M. Graviche, began at this time a correspondence with M. Macheboeuf relative to the proposed foundation, which continued almost daily until the beginning of January, 1845. On the tenth of this month, M. Macheboeuf determined to visit Beaulieu in person, confident that this would be a necessary step to surmount all the difficulties blocking up the way of his success. And, indeed, it required nothing less than the restless zeal of this ardent missionary—his indomitable will shown in its utmost strength during his ten days' visit in the town—to accomplish his purpose of taking these good sisters from the friends who so opposed the disestablishment of the Convent.

On the 20th of January, Messrs. Graviche and Macheboeuf set

out for Tulle, to secure the approval of Mgr. Bertaud, the good Bishop, and to request letters of obedience from him, allowing the sisters to depart. These were obtained, although his Lordship was somewhat surprised at the undertaking, and loth to give his consent.

On the return of the reverend gentleman, the day of departure was fixed for the 1st of March, and the Superiors of Beaulieu again appealed to those of Boulogne, asking them for two English sisters to aid them in the proposed foundation; one, as Mother Superior, the other as Directress of the school. M. Macheboeuf then leaves for Bordeaux, to make preparatory arrangements toward embarkation.

Having arrived at such important decisions, the sisters thought it their duty to inform the general public, and their relatives, of their intended departure. We can imagine that it required no telephonic communication to spread the news in this little provincial French town,—it went like wildfire, from mouth to mouth, and soon not only the parlors of the Convent were thronged with anxious friends, but a great crowd gathered around the walls outside to learn if the startling report were true. They could not realize, or believe, that they were to lose the sisters whom they loved so dearly, and, with tears, their pupils and the children of their free schools, supplicated them not to leave. Other friends, more bold in their opposition, determined to use the persuasion of the civil law for this end, and before the close of the day, the good nuns found the Sub-Prefect of the Department, the Mayor and the Municipal Council in a body before their doors, demanding permission to enter. They were politely received by the community, who assembled in the parlors to meet them, and they used every promise of support and encouragement on their part to induce the good nuns to change their resolution of attempting what, to them, seemed a most hazardous enterprise. But nothing could shake the constancy of those otherwise timid religious, for, with a spirit of

faith, they believed that the opposition of man would but prove that the undertaking was blessed by God.

Some of the community, who at first supported the project, weakened under the opposition, and added each day their share to the blame received in every direction, and to the burden already too heavy for the zealous missionaries to bear. The relatives of some applied to Mgr. Bertaud, the Bishop of Tulle, who, feeling obliged to listen to their demands, retracted the general permission given to the community, and they found their number—at first fourteen—reduced to eight. Add to this the uncertainty of mind, which was most harrassing, when day after day passed without a decisive answer from Boulogne, as to whether that community could furnish the English sisters, absolutely necessary to the project under any circumstances.

“In all these trials,” say the cherished chroniclers of these early days, “we addressed ourselves to Mary, our good Mother, and our prayers were not in vain.” On the 28th of February came a letter from Boulogne, lighting up their hearts like a bow of promise, a pledge that these darkest days were past, never to return; for it bore the good news that the Cardinal Bishop of Arras was not unfavorable to the wishes of that community, and, in consequence, they would send Mother Julia Chatfield as Superior of that little colony; an efficient teacher, a novice of Irish birth, Sister Hyacinthe Eiffe; while a young English lady, Miss Matilda Dunn, if her health permitted, would join them as a postulant. After some business preliminaries had been discussed between the two communities, the final acceptance of terms was agreed upon by letter from Boulogne, March 10th, and nothing now remained but to make final arrangements for departure.

How to get certain sisters of the number out of the city without rousing too much feeling on the part of their relatives and

the townsmen, seemed a problem hard to solve; but M. Graviche, the Superior, hit upon a solution as novel as it was ingenious. On the 7th of April, M. Graviche returned from Tulle after his last audience with Mgr. Bertaud; knowing that the family of Mother Stanislaus would use every endeavor to prevent her from leaving the town, he decided that she, in company with Sister Bernard, a lay-sister, should steal away that night, both disguised as market women, make their way outside the city, where a friend would conduct them on foot to a neighboring hamlet, St. Ceré, where they would pass the night with an aunt of one of the sisters, who was in the plot; thence to Aurillac and Paris, where they would await the others of the missionary band. These would leave Beaulieu one week later, April 15th, and after a few days' stay in the Capital, all would proceed to Havre, there to meet Mother Julia of the Assumption, Sister Hyacinthe, and Miss Dunn, and sail for New York, on May 4th.

Accordingly, Mother Stanislaus, with her peasant dress, *retroussé*, as was the custom, her feet encased in *sabots*, or wooden shoes of the peasantry, now preserved as a relic of this dramatic little incident, found herself on the bridge crossing the Dordogne at six o'clock that evening, happy to escape the guards that had been posted at the convent gate for several weeks. Good Sister Bernard was to follow her immediately, but, as will happen in such cases, the crowds on the streets seemed to be passing in a constant stream, and the good soul reached Mother Stanislaus only after an hour's waiting on the outskirts of the town. Filled with ever-increasing fears, they prayed and watched for the guide,—an estimable man, M. Puisjallon, a relative of one of the sisters,—who was to conduct them to the neighboring hamlet of St. Ceré. How intense the eagerness with which they hailed his coming may be imagined, but as he was burdened with a bundle containing the religious dress of the two





FLIGHT OF MA MERÈ AND SISTER BERNARD IN DISGUISE FROM BEAULIEU.

FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY MISS ANNE P. JORDAN.

sisters, he seemed to them to walk with unsupportable slowness. Nor was he moved by the anxiety that lent swiftness to their steps; but they did, at length, reach the little village of Bretenour, one league from Beaulieu. Here another difficulty confronted them. The keeper of the gate over the bridge was fast asleep, and despite their knocking and cries, full fifteen minutes passed before they could rouse him from his slumber to open the gates closed upon them. Any of our elderly readers who can recall youthful experiences of waiting at night before a country toll-gate for the keeper to saunter sleepily out from his bed, can partially appreciate the feelings of our dear pedestrians on this trying occasion!

But they have passed the village of Bretenour, and, as they have three leagues to walk before they reach St. Céré, they know that midnight will close round them soon, and only the wee, sma' hours of another day see them at their journey's end. Though trembling with anxiety, they kneel to recite their prescribed prayers for the night, under the starlit canopy of the growing darkness, adding the chaplet to these devotions, begging their dear Mother, on bended knee, to assist and direct them on their way. Filled with that renewed strength that comes from confidence in Mary, they rise, give a last glance over the landscape, to the winding Dordogne,—fast growing like a thread of silver behind them,—and begin again their weary journey. They had not proceeded far when they met a foot-traveler whom they recognized as belonging to the town of Beaulieu, and who also recognized them, though he did not speak.

But the humble dwellings of St. Céré are coming in sight, and our pilgrims know nothing of the whereabouts of the house that is to serve as their refuge, except that in it lives Madame Bennet. The good villagers are all in their beds, for it is now one o'clock in the morning; no doors are open to them except those of the *auberge*, or country inn. But the good keeper knows nothing, not even the name

of the humble family they are seeking. They stand in the street, humbly invoking Divine Providence to send some one to their aid, when they see two men going toward the outskirts of the village. They follow their footsteps, feeling that they will lead them to some place of refuge, and before very long, come to a poor dwelling, which they find upon inquiry to be the goal so long sought,—the house of Madame Bennet.

Receiving all the welcome which her modest home affords, they seek the rest so much needed, after their weary walk of four leagues distance, during which they had not stopped, except the few moments spent in prayer, since the early hour of six o'clock. But they slept well during these few hours, and, after changing their *costume de paysanne* for a secular dress more in keeping with their state, they began their journey toward Aurillac, which was yet three leagues distant.

Here they were received at the Convent of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul with all the tenderness that marks the Sister of Charity wherever found, and here they put on again, with inexpressible joy, the religious habit which they had been obliged to lay aside in their flight. Their hearts, too, ever turned to those of their anxious sisters whom they had left in Beaulieu, and, before leaving Aurillac, they sent a few words assuring them of their safety and their unshaken confidence in God. The good Sister Superior accompanied them to the office where they were to procure passage in the *diligence* for Clermont. Here they made no stay, as they were anxious to press forward to Paris, where they expected to meet the indefatigable M. Macheboeuf. On arriving at the Capital, they hastened at once to the House of Foreign Missions, where he was lodging, but what was the dismay of our poor tired voyagers to learn that he had been absent from the city for more than a week! Alone in the great city, what were they to do? What convent would receive

two unknown, unrecommended religious? It was Sunday morning, too, and they had not yet heard Mass. They applied to the Convent of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, but, engaged in the exercises of their annual retreat, four or five hundred in number, they could not receive them. By turn, they stood humbly asking for shelter at the house of Les Dames Noires, and the Sisters of St. Thomas of Aquin. With these, they heard Mass, but in the end, they felt constrained to lodge at the Hotel of Foreign Missions, where they resolved to await the return of M. Macheboeuf. Here they lodged in a small room and took their frugal meal, not alone to economize their slender means, but in the spirit of that severe poverty which they must expect to endure in their future work. One little incident gave some consolation to our travelers, and provided them an unexpected friend,—at this time so much needed. In the *diligence* which brought them from Clermont to Paris, they had traveled with a priest who, like themselves, was destined for the American Missions, but, as a matter of prudence, neither party spoke to the other of this fact. What was their surprise and delight to hear the reverend gentleman, M. Peudeprat, ask, as they did, for M. Macheboeuf, when they arrived at the House of Foreign Missions! He proved of much help to them, not only during their stay in the city, awaiting M. Macheboeuf, but on the whole journey, which he made with them as far as Cincinnati.

While our good Mother Stanislaus and Sister Bernard are waiting in Paris, let us go back to those whom they left with saddened hearts in Beaulieu, and watch the incidents of their departure and arrival in the Capital. The foot-traveler whom Mother Stanislaus and Sister Bernard encountered, in their flight to St. Céré, had recognized them, and, on reaching Beaulieu, spread the news of their departure. The excited inhabitants of the little town were

filled with indignation, but they at last began to realize that opposition was useless, and that they could do nothing but yield with as much good grace as possible to the strong determination of M. Macheboeuf and the inflexible purpose of the religious.

When that zealous Ohio missionary left Paris, the week before the coming of Mother Stanislaus, he directed his steps toward Tulle, with the intention of making a last effort toward securing the aid of some good priests of that neighborhood for the diocese of Cincinnati. He also hoped to induce the good Bishop Bertaud to keep to his first promise of allowing any of the community of Beaulieu to join the foundation who wished to do so. Not finding the Bishop at home, he journeyed six long leagues, and threw himself at his Lordship's feet, to make this last request. But it was useless, and he found himself again in Tulle with his mission unsuccessful. Here he met M. Graviche, and it was finally determined to fix the date of departure from Beaulieu on April 15th. The funds for the journey of the party were deposited in a bank at Tulle, subject to the order of the sisters on their arrival in Paris, and it was also determined upon at this time, that they should sail from Havre for New York, and not from Bordeaux for New Orleans, as first proposed. M. Graviche wrote these instructions to the sisters, but they would have found it impossible to carry them out, had he not himself arrived from Tulle on the 14th to aid them in facing the difficulties which surrounded them on every side,—the opposition of a portion of the community, and the almost forcible resistance of members of their families. But the appearance of their good Superior at this moment gave reassurance to their agitated minds, and he told them he would make all arrangements for their departure at an early hour on the following morning. Requiring the attendance of a notary were many matters of business which admitted of no delay, so that our poor

sisters were up until a late hour of the night. As early as four o'clock in the morning, M. Graviche appeared, to give the details of their departure, and, glad to escape the sad leave-taking which followed, he awaited them at their carriage, which had been driven to the back gate to avoid the crowd beginning to assemble.

The last tender adieus are spoken; friends clasp each other in fondest embrace for the last time on earth, and in a moment these six brave souls are hurrying northward to the great Ocean which still separates them from the land of their future labors. At seven o'clock they reach Meyssac, three leagues from Beaulieu, from which fact we may infer that their horses were not of the fastest speed, nor their carriage the lightest. Whilst giving the poor animals some few moments' rest, our sisters sought the house of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, where they assisted at a part of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. With renewed strength they set out again at eight o'clock on their journey to Brive, the next town of importance. Arriving here about two o'clock, to their great joy they found M. Macheboeuf awaiting them. At five o'clock they were in the *diligence* for Paris, and, as it was rather crowded, M. Macheboeuf, who had been accustomed for some years to more inconvenient modes of transfer than even the Western stage coach, rode for the next thirty leagues in the *banquette*. Wednesday night, Thursday night, Friday, are passed in the tiresome *diligence*, until late Friday evening they reach Paris. M. Macheboeuf procured two rooms in the Hotel de Cadran, and, promising to call for them early Saturday morning, to accompany them to the Church of Notre Dame, he took leave, for his lodgings at the Hotel of Foreign Missions.

Early the following morning, about seven o'clock, true to his promise, comes M. Macheboeuf, accompanied by Sisters Stanislaus and Bernard. What a joyful meeting of these tried and holy souls!

For some moments not a word was uttered, but their hearts went out in gratitude to God that He had so far sustained them through all trials—and in the firm confidence that He would be their strength in the days to come. Directing their steps to the Church of Notre Dame, there, before the altar of their Mother Immaculate, they passed several hours in prayer, heard several Masses and had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion at the hands of Rev. M. Désgenettes, the Director General of the Arch Confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Here they also enrolled the little community of missionaries, and all its future members, in the Arch Confraternity, and promised to give to their future house the title of “Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.” Of this great privilege we are reminded each morning by the Hail Mary and the invocation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, said after Mass. After the honor of meeting M. Désgenettes in the sacristy, and recommending to the prayers of the Association their voyage and their coming labors, the remainder of the day was spent in making some purchases of vestments, etc., for the future use of their house, among which was one of gold cloth, still doing service in the convent chapel. They also visited the “Salles des Martyrs,” in the Seminary of Foreign Missions, where they venerated the precious remains of the Chinese Martyrs, among them those of their neighboring townsman, the Venerable Pierre du Moulin Borie. They were shown them by his brother, who was preparing for the priesthood and looking forward with holy joy to the day when he should preach the Word of God in the pagan country whose soil had been so lately watered by his brother’s blood.

But the time for their stay in Paris grows short, and on Sunday, the 19th of April, we find them in Notre Dame des Victoires, hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion for the last time at the altar of this noble monument of the devotion of the French

people to the Blessed Mother of God. After a slight breakfast at a restaurant, our travelers took their seats in the *diligence* for Havre, where they arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. Here they were no longer amidst strangers, for the Ursulines of that city had been most cordial in offering them the hospitality of their convent, and the sisterly love with which they received them was a balm of consolation to their hearts, and made them forget for awhile the dangers, the trials, the sufferings of heart and soul that had been their daily portion for the last three months. Their sweet charity and union, their kind thoughtfulness in everything that could conduce to the pleasure and happiness of our sisters, filled them with a sense of deep gratitude, which neither time nor distance ever lessened, and which to-day is most vividly retained by those whom they did not fail to impress with a remembrance of their own sentiments of thankfulness.

But we have come to one of the central points of our little history, and we beg our readers to go back with us to this beautiful Convent of Le Havre. While we roam through its blooming gardens and quiet halls, let us picture to ourselves the scene which occurred there just fifty years ago! News has been received that in ten days, on the 30th of April, our good sisters of Beaulieu will be joined by their future Mother, Soeur de l'Assumption, afterwards lovingly known as Notre Mère. She will be accompanied, as before mentioned, by a novice, Sister Hyacinthe, and a young English lady, Miss Matilda Dunn, a postulant. Did a shadow of anxiety, floating like a summer cloud over a sunlit meadow, darken the souls of these two bands of Ursulines at the thought of this first meeting? Could they—strangers to each other—join their whole lives in one strong bond of labor and sisterly affection? Or was anxious fear smothered in their hearts, until it kindled into a flame of love,—of love for their future work,—of the young souls waiting

in their Western home to be led to a knowledge of the Christian virtues that shone out in their daily life, and thus to a deeper, stronger love for our Blessed Lord?

About eight o'clock in the evening, the Boulogne sisters were announced, accompanied by Mother St. Ursula, Superior of Boulogne, and Mother St. Paul, Mistress of Novices in that community. For the first time, Notre Mère and Ma Mère Stanislaus stood face to face, and at once began the unbroken tie of friendship and religious love that bound them heart to heart in their life-long work. Our band of missionaries is now complete: Mother Julia Chatfield, Mother Stanislaus Laurier, Mothers St. Peter Andral, Augustine Bouret, and Angela Demotat, Sister Hyacinthe Eiffe and Miss Dunn, postulant, afterwards Sister Josephine, as choir sisters, with Sisters Martial, Mary, Bernard and Christine as lay sisters.

It is, at last, determined by M. Macheboeuf that they shall take passage for New York on the vessel "Zurich," which would set sail in a very few days. These soon rolled around, and the ever memorable day, the 4th of May, Feast of St. Monica, brought the hour of parting. At the early hour of five o'clock, M. Macheboeuf said Mass, at which they all received the Bread of the Strong. Whilst M. Peudeprat celebrated, our good sisters breakfasted, and spent a few moments in thanking their sisters of Havre for all their goodness in their behalf. Kneeling for the blessing of the good Mother Superior of Boulogne, accompanied by her and Mother St. Paul, they drove at seven o'clock to the pier, where they were to board the "Zurich." With eyes full of tears, yet with brave hearts, they gave the last embrace, stepped upon the deck of the vessel, and, after she had raised anchor, watched the carriage which held their dear Mothers until it was lost in the crowd. Soon the receding shores of *la belle France*, which they loved so fondly, were lost in the blue distance, and at nine o'clock

the vessel was in full sea. O all ye who have broken the cords that bind the human heart to the fatherland, and to the hearth of home; who have looked for the last time into earnest eyes that have spoken motherly counsel and love—into the eyes that have been guiding stars in the darkness of the soul's night—embalm the sympathetic tear that rises in the heart and set it as a precious pearl in the everlasting crown that wreathes the brow of those who have taught you unto justice!

The voyage was not without many stirring incidents which helped to vary the monotony of the twenty-nine days that the "Zurich" nobly breasted the waves. There were two severe storms during these four weeks, and her brave captain had to furl her sails and let her ride at the mercy of the tossing waves, while the prayers of anxious souls were poured out for her safety. But she bore a burden of noble hearts,—hearts that were precious to the Divine King who rules the storm and commands the sea,—whilst the land that their footsteps were to bless, daily drew the bark closer and closer to its shores.

The joy of the timid little band of voyagers knew no bounds, save that of intensest gratitude to God, when their devoted guide, M. Macheboeuf, informed them that the good Protestant captain, with true American broad-mindedness, had placed no obstacle to his desire of offering Holy Sacrifice every morning. Nay, he had even offered him the use of some piece of furniture in the cabin that would serve as a support for his portable altar, and had desired the reverend gentleman to make known to all the passengers his perfect willingness that they should attend the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. Then they had the unexpected joy of having the Blessed Sacrament reserved; of receiving the Sacrament of Penance weekly; of wearing the religious habit, and of performing all the daily exercises as regularly as if they were in the midst of the dear

sisters, who each day were further and further separated from them. All these blessings had been entirely un hoped for when they set sail; indeed, a generous sacrifice of them had already gone up to the Divine Master, as a part of the cross they had taken up, and their very unexpected and unmerited possession seemed to their hopeful hearts to presage still greater blessings from the Infinite love that followed them.

The "Zurich" carried quite a number of passengers, and although few Catholics were among them, all vied with each other in the attention and respect paid to the sisters. Twice they begged the privilege of assisting with them at the Holy Sacrifice, and the zealous M. Macheboeuf was not sorry of the opportunity thus presented to him of giving them some instruction on points of our holy faith. Among the Catholic passengers they counted a French merchant, from Lyons, doing business in New York, an American lady who had been sojourning some time in Paris, and who had with her an interesting little girl of six years, the mother of an Italian singer in one of the opera houses of New York, and a French modiste, who was coming to establish herself in business in the Empire City. There was also an American gentleman of a distinguished Louisiana family, returning from Italy with his young daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen years, and who, on account of a circumstance in her previous history, was an object of special interest to our good religious. Mr. B——, his daughter and young son, were returning from Italy, where the children had passed several months with their grandmother, a most devout Catholic. She had begged the privilege of having her grandchildren with her, hoping that in that land of Catholic fervor they would be brought into the fold of the one true faith. Little Anna did not disappoint her hopes, and in a few months, convinced of the truth, she ardently sought instruction and admission to the holy sacrament of baptism. But the brother, who was at

Rome, most watchful of his young sister, and under the influence of prejudices, not easily overcome, was not slow to inform his father of the change in his sister's religious views. The father, on his part, determined to save his child from a step which he believed to be ruinous, informed himself of her designs, and, without opposing them, allowed them to proceed so far, that Anna was on her way to church to be received, accompanied by her grandmother, when he stopped the carriage, and, taking her forcibly from the side of her distressed relative, carried her to a hotel and started immediately for his home in New Orleans. Judge, then, of his consternation when, coming on board the "Zurich," he found, among his fellow passengers, two priests and eleven religious! Seized with fear, he asked an audience with M. Macheboeuf and the Mother Superior, and begged them with all the earnestness of his soul, not to speak of religion to his child. Although they reassured his anxious mind, his inquietude during the voyage was constantly showing itself, in watching the young girl if she appeared to be in conversation with the religious, sending her brother to draw her away from their company, etc. We trust their prayers for the dear soul of the child were heard, and that Heaven granted her the opportunity of embracing the faith in which she so earnestly believed.

Monday, the 2d of June, dawns bright and clear, and although land is not yet in sight, the Captain so assures them that they are nearing the harbor, that M. Macheboeuf offers the Holy Sacrifice for the last time on the poor improvised cabin altar of the "Zurich." He consumes the Sacred Species, animated with gratitude to our Blessed Lord for his singular goodness and protection, and all assist at that last Mass with an exultation and joy that only the accomplishment of a long cherished desire can bring. Not many moments after the Holy Mass was ended, came the joyful news, that in a few hours land would be in sight. It sufficed to cure the sea-sick, among

whom our dear Mother Julia had been classed during the entire voyage, and gave appetite for the light breakfast, of which all partook with gay bounding hearts. In another hour, the vessel rang with the sailor's joyful cry of Land, ho! With what meaning these words break upon the ear that has so long listened to the roar and splash of the foamy waves, and the whistling of winds in the cordage of the creaking ship! In the twinkling of an eye, all rush to the deck to assure themselves that what they hear is true, and whilst some cry for joy, our good sisters stand with hearts uplifted to God, that they see at last the land of their adoption, the land which their labors will make blossom as the rose, which will in time yield to them such precious fruit to offer in sacrifice to God. In another moment the decks are deserted, all have gone below to make preparations for the landing. Again they must lay aside their dear religious dress and clothe themselves as seculars, as they feared to draw too much unpleasant notice in a garb so little known in this Western World.

Soon all the circumstances of examination of baggage, the visits of the health officers, etc., are gone through, and our travelers with their effects are taken on board a steamboat to enter the harbor. Carriages are soon found, and at two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, they engage lodging of a good Frenchwoman, Madame Pilet, who was recommended to them by one of the American ladies on board the "Zurich." Here, made as comfortable as possible, they had the inestimable satisfaction of being near a church, which was in the pastoral charge of a good friend and fellow-countryman of M. Macheboeuf, Reverend M. Lafon. This zealous priest, who was himself teaching the little ones of his flock in the basement of his church, kept open for their convenience the little chapel, in which he offered the Holy Sacrifice during the week, and here again they had the unexpected joy of

offering their daily prayers, reciting the Office, etc., in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Happy augury, that our Blessed Lord seemed thus under all circumstances to keep close to His Sacred Presence the souls who had so generously turned away from the loving presence of father and mother and friend, that they might dwell with Him in the courts of the Lord forever.

Their stay in New York was prolonged, much against their wish, by the annoying slowness of the Custom House officials in releasing their baggage. Whilst there, they were caused some uneasiness by contradictory letters received from Cincinnati, referring to the destination which Bishop Purcell intended for them. One announced that Monseigneur intended to settle them in Toledo, where Father Rappe was chaplain; another assured them that the Sisters of Notre Dame were to be sent there. But one great principle governed Mother Julia throughout her religious life,—that of submission to superiors, recognizing in their authority the Divine Will; and the chronicles verify this in declaring these the dispositions of all, as they left New York to begin their route to Cincinnati. After a week's stay, the ninth of June found them on their way to Philadelphia by steamboat, whence they went directly to Baltimore. Here the ever kind thoughtfulness of their good Father, Bishop Purcell, had secured for them the hospitality of the Sisters of the Visitation, on Park Street. They were given substantial proofs of the tender charity and sweetness of the Sisters of the Visitation, and, if any of the good religious of that early day are living, we beg them to accept anew the acknowledgment of the grateful remembrance which "Brown County" still holds for the kind hearts which gave so warm a welcome to its dear founders. Not less cordially did the Visitandines of Georgetown receive Mother Julia Chatfield, who, being charged with a commission for them from some friends in France, visited their beautiful convent, accompanied by Father Macheboeuf

and Mother St. Peter. Charmed with their first introduction to an American convent boarding school, their only regret was their inability to accept the pressing invitation of the good sisters to remain longer with them. They were touched with the deepest feeling on visiting the infirmary of the convent to see the daughter of one of America's most distinguished generals lying on the couch of a poor religious. The daughter of General Scott had, some years before, been traveling in Europe, and there, learning the truths of a faith she had been taught to despise in her own country, she had made the abjuration of her errors in the Eternal City. Returning home, she found herself abandoned and disowned by her family, and she had come to seek, among the meek and lowly daughters of St. Francis de Sales, the sympathy and assistance denied her by those of her own flesh and blood. Though habited as a novice of the Order, she was destined to an early exchange of the uncertainties of this life for the unchanging joys of the next, and she had the inexpressible happiness of pronouncing her religious vows, of receiving on her death-bed that second baptism, in which the soul is born into the supernatural life of religion.

Returning from Georgetown, our sisters did not miss the sights of the Capital, visiting the White House, the Capitol, and all places of interest. Those who remained in Baltimore improved each moment of their stay in the Monumental City by visiting the College of the Jesuits, the Carmelites, who were then engaged in teaching, and, indeed, every point of interest that could serve them in the new life they were to begin among our American people. The Oblate (colored) Sisters were, to them,—as they are to all Europeans,—objects of deepest interest and admiration.

Good Sisters Martial, Christine, Mary and Bernard remained at the convent during some of these visits, and an amusing story is told of them. A French gentleman of some distinction, M. de la

Roque, accompanied by a friend, hearing that Ursulines were in the city, hastened to pay them his respects. They were received by these four good sisters, in the absence of Mother Julia and Ma Mère, and, after conversing with them most affably for some time, Sister Martial was suddenly filled with consternation at the thought that the young community—strange, and in a strange land—should be so lowered in the estimation of her visitors as to be judged by such an unworthy representative as herself! With all the simplicity of manner she knew so well how to use, she began to beg the reverend gentlemen to excuse her if they had not been properly received; that she was but “*une pauvre soeur converse*,” incapable of giving them a suitable reception, etc. The good priests enjoyed very much the simple soul’s discomfort, whilst, at the same time, they were much edified by her humility and modesty of manner.

Now begins the long and tiresome stage-coach journey over the Alleghanies from Baltimore to Wheeling. What a surging hoast of recollections that word “stage-coach” will bring to many an old inhabitant of Ohio! It was a novel experience for our good sisters, accustomed to the smiling, clustering, sunny vineyards of France, to pass through long miles of the unbroken forests of Maryland, and to hear at night the distant cry of the savage beasts that had their lurking places in these still untrodden wilds.

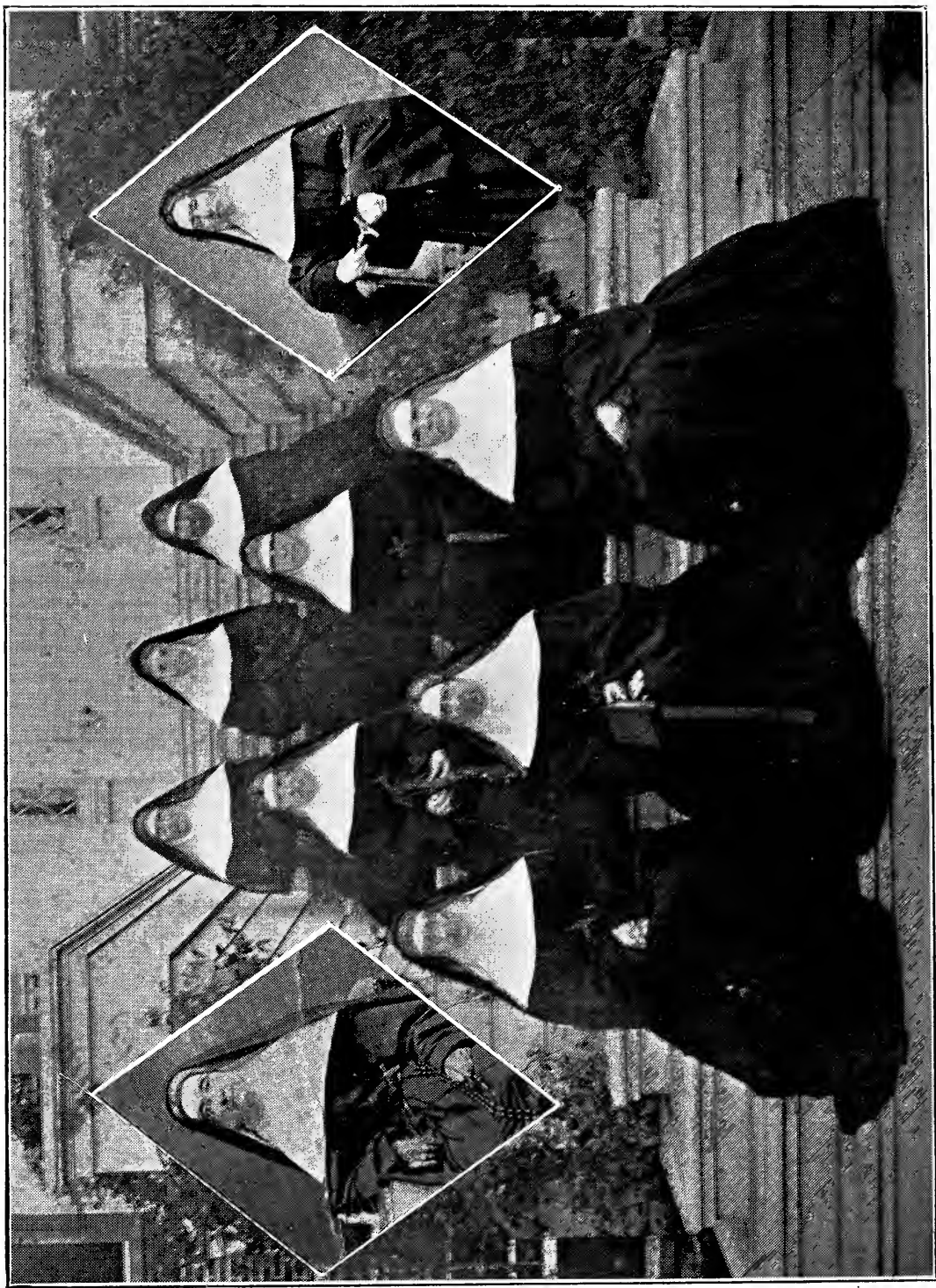
Arrived at Wheeling, on Friday, where they were to take boat for Cincinnati, they met with an unexpected delay. Father Macheboeuf was obliged to go to Pittsburgh to accompany two seminarians whom he had brought over to Bishop O’Connor, and he could not return before Monday. After having comfortably lodged the sisters at a hotel, he placed them under the care of a clergyman who had traveled with them from Baltimore, and who lavished every care and attention upon them until M. Macheboeuf’s return. He was again at the service of our sisters on Monday, and, after making a few prepar-

ations for the three days' journey to Cincinnati, they left the wharf that afternoon. Soon they were carried on the bosom of the broad Ohio, whose very name brought to them a realizing consciousness that they were nearing their future home. At noon of the third day, their steamboat stood facing the Queen City, crowned and enthroned on her majestic hills, and girdled by the circling Kentucky shores that stretched far off in the purple distance. "It would be impossible," said one of these saintly souls, "to describe the happiness, the joy that reigned in our hearts. True, we were not without some apprehension, for we knew nothing of the Bishop's plans in our regard; but believing that what he wished, would be for us the expression of God's will, our minds were at peace and our souls were happy."

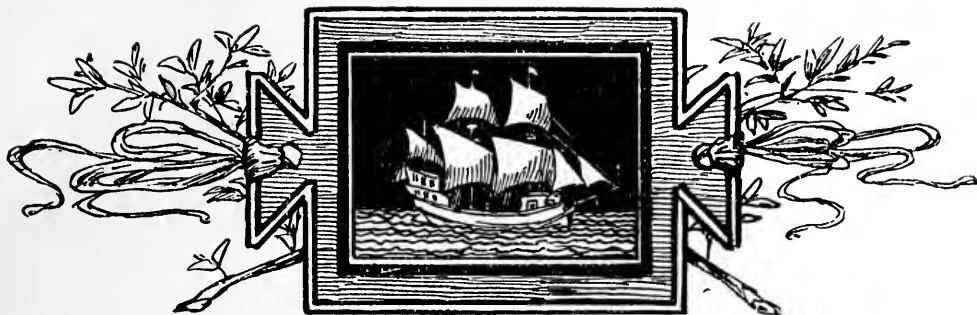
Seated in the carriage provided for them, they drove at once to the Bishop's residence, and in a few moments, presented in due form by M. Macheboeuf, they knelt to receive the benediction of him who was ever to be their father and friend. With a heart full of emotion, he conducted them to the Cathedral, and there, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, he gave then a short exhortation, ending in the most tender expression of thanks that their zeal for the salvation of the souls under his poor care had urged them to undertake so long and painful a journey.

Let us leave this cherished group as they kneel in the beautiful Cathedral, which has just been raised to God's worship by the indefatigable efforts of the noble Bishop—himself the central figure—while they offer to God the homage of grateful hearts, the joy of soul known only to those who, like them, have given *all* to Him—even themselves—in sacrifice.





MOTHER ST. PETER.	SISTER MARTIAL.	SISTER BERNARD.	SISTER MARY.	MOTHER HYACINTHE.
	MOTHER ANGELA.	MOTHER AUGUSTINE.		
MOTHER JOSEPHINE.	MOTHER JULIA CHATFIELD.	MOTHER STANISLAUS.		



CHAPTER IV.

1845 — 1850.



AS soon as the sisters left the Bishop's residence, they were driven to the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Corr, the family who, at the request of Bishop Purcell, felt it a pleasure to receive them with every mark of the most genuine hospitality. When Bishop Purcell made known to Mrs. Corr that a band of Ursulines would reach the city in a few days, this good lady immediately begged the honor of receiving them as guests; thus beginning the friendship and mutual interest which existed between her and the community of Brown County during her entire life-time. Having fitted up a little chapel in her home for their use, each morning they assisted at Father Macheboeuf's Mass, and approached the holy table. On Wednesday, Bishop Purcell came himself to offer the Holy Sacrifice, inviting them to attend Solemn High Mass at the Cathedral the following Sunday. Here he announced that eleven timid Ursulines had left their homes in Boulogne and Beaulieu, in France, undertaking willingly a long and fatiguing journey, to devote themselves to the instruction of the young in the diocese of Cincinnati.

As the wise Bishop had not decided definitely upon a location

for the future school of the Ursulines, it was judged well that Mother Julia and Mother St. Peter should, in company with M. Macheboeuf, visit at least two places open to their choice—the city of Chillicothe, and the farm of two hundred acres in Brown County, donated by General Lytle to Bishop Fenwick, in 1823, for educational purposes. Another donation of one hundred acres had been added to this by Michael Scott, and it is this farm of three hundred acres that now constitutes the site and property of the Ursuline Convent of St. Martin's. Whilst our good Mothers and Father Macheboeuf are discussing the matter of their journey, let us interest ourselves for a few moments in the preceding history of the settlement of St. Martin's, Brown County.

When the Indians, by different treaties, relinquished their claims to those states west of the Alleghanies, and the United States, as a government, owned the soil, we find that the lands now forming Brown County were included in what was known, at the time Ohio was admitted into the Union, as the Virginia Military District, and that they were entered, located and surveyed under the laws of the State of Virginia. General Richard C. Anderson was appointed principal surveyor, opening an office for the reception and location of surveys at Louisville, Ky., as early as August 1, 1784. As the Brown County of to-day, then a nameless tract of unbroken forest, lay directly on the Ohio river opposite the Kentucky shore, it was surveyed early in 1787, but it was formed into a county from the adjoining counties, Adams and Clermont, only as late as March 1, 1817. The great Indian chief, Tecumseh, once held sway over the fields and forests of what is now Brown County, and it is related in its history that, in the year 1792, a battle was fought with this noble Indian on the southeast side of the East Fork of the Little Miami, in Perry township, though the exact location is a disputed point. Some of his people had been stealing horses from the white settlements in Kentucky, and a band of thirty-six men pursued them.

The Indians had crossed the Ohio where Ripley now stands, and the pursuing party, pushing up through the country, found the Indians, under Tecumseh, in camp at East Fork. Our settlers made attack, but, finding them much stronger in numbers than was first supposed, they were obliged to retreat toward the Ohio, losing two of their number, whilst the loss of the Indians was much greater.

An expedition under Colonel Benjamin Logan, in 1786, also passed through this region, and General William Lytle, then a boy of sixteen, was among the party. We are told by the granddaughter of General Lytle that he was born in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1770—not in Cumberland, Penn., as stated in "The History of Brown County." His boyhood was mostly passed in Kentucky, where his family emigrated, and when quite a young man he began to make surveys in the Virginia Military District. About 1796, he laid out the town of Williamsburg, in Clermont County, but in 1810 he removed to Cincinnati, where he died, in 1831. The deed of transfer says the original grant was made by the United States to John G. Lytle, by letters patent, November 14, 1822. To this brave man, and to Mr. Michael Scott, the church of Cincinnati was indebted for this grant of land.

Of Mr. Michael Scott we learn that his was the first Catholic family to settle in Cincinnati; that he was an architect and carpenter, living on Seventh and Broadway, described by those who remember him as a small, wiry man, wearing knee-breeches. He moved from Baltimore in 1805, and of his strong faith and qualifications as a pioneer, Dr. Shea, in his "History of the Church," gives two striking instances. He says: "One of the early known Catholic settlers of Ohio was Michael Scott, from Baltimore, who took up his abode in Cincinnati about 1805. Finding himself cut off from the consolations of religion, he resolved to fulfill his duties at Easter, and journeyed with his family to Lexington, Ky., only to find that the

resident priest was on a distant mission. When Pius VIII., in 1821, by his Bull, 'Inter Multiplices,' of June 19, 1821, to Reverend Edward Fenwick, established the See of Cincinnati, the Bishop determined to move the church—or, rather, barn-like structure of logs, unceiled and unplastered, that had been erected and blessed, in 1819, by his nephew, Father N. D. Young, at the corner of what is now Vine and Liberty—into the city, on Sycamore Street. The pro-Cathedral was drawn by oxen to its new site amid shouts of derision and hatred, for a city ordinance had prevented the erection of a church within the city limits. There is a tradition that on the first Sunday after its transfer, while the Holy Sacrifice was proceeding, the building beginning to sway, Michael Scott jumped over his pew and ran out, followed by another member of the congregation. Scott crept under the building, at the risk of his life, and steadied one of the props till his companion made the supports secure, and enabled him to emerge from his post of danger."

The First Mass offered in Brown County was said by Reverend Father Hill, an English missionary who worked with the saintly Bishop Fenwick about 1823, and the only worshippers at this first Mass were the families of William and Edward Boyle, and Mrs. Bamber. Occasionally some missionary priest would visit the spot and minister to the spiritual wants of the slowly increasing number of Catholics; but in 1830 their hearts were consoled by the coming of a resident priest into their midst. This was the Reverend Martin Kundig, a native of Lucerne, Switzerland. He built the first log church in Brown County, in 1830, on the grounds now belonging to the Convent; it was located on the north side of the brow of the meadow sloping from the entrance gate down to the creek.

He remained in charge, however, only two years, being transferred in 1832 to the growing city of Milwaukee, Wis., where he died, Vicar General of the diocese, in 1876. He was succeeded by

the Reverend James Reed, who replaced the little log church by a larger one, occupying a site on what is now the lawn before the Chaplain's residence. He also built the house used as a seminary for theological students, and, after the erection of the convent, as the dwelling of Fathers Gacon and Cheymol. Remaining but a few years, during which he taught a day and boarding school for the children of his large parish, he was succeeded by Father Masquette, in charge until 1839.

This brings us to the date on which our good Fathers Gacon and Cheymol were sent, by Bishop Purcell, to take charge of Brown and *five* adjoining counties. Their mission extended from Chillicothe through the entire country for numbers of miles. In 1840, the students of the Diocesan Seminary connected with the Atheneum in Cincinnati were removed to Brown County, by direction of Bishop Purcell, and presided over, first, by Reverend Father Joseph O'Mealy, and afterwards by Father Borlando, of the Lazarists. Here most solid work was done in forming the young students of the diocese for the holy offices of the priesthood, in training them to those virtues that afterward shone so resplendently in their sacerdotal labors. The only one of the original band of Brown County Seminary students still working in the Master's vineyard, is Reverend Thomas Boulger.

With these few details fresh in our memory, let us return to our dear travelers, whom we left making plans for their trip with Father Macheboeuf to St. Martin's and Chillicothe. There was no railroad running in this direction from Cincinnati, and all public travel, between the city and these small towns, was carried on by that peculiarly American conveyance known as the omnibus. But our little party, uncertain of the changes which circumstances of their journey might cause in their plans, thought it more prudent to hire a carriage, which would, as well, insure them more privacy.

Accordingly, we find them setting out on their journey, about six o'clock in the morning of June 22, by way of Fayetteville. Their driver was not more sure of the road than the travelers, and several times lost his way and had to retrace his steps. Several other mishaps to the horses and carriage—which were not of the best—helped to lengthen their tedious journey, and they did not reach Fayetteville until the darkness of evening had closed round them. Here they find another horse, to continue their journey of nearly three miles to St. Martin's, where they arrived after nine o'clock. But the warm welcome received from the genial Father Cheymol, whom they had met in Cincinnati, and who now came out to greet them; from the saintly and gentle Father Gacon, in whom they met for the first time their future ecclesiastical Superior, made them forget the wearisome troubles of the day. Soon they were seated in the modest dwelling of the good Fathers, refreshed by some wine, presented by good Father Gacon, which he himself had made, from vines planted since his coming from France, in 1839. During the supper, which was soon announced, they spoke with the reverend gentlemen of the object of their visit, and of the proposed foundation, etc., but as the hour was late, they hastened to seek the repose so much needed after the fatiguing journey of the day. Conducted to a small frame house a few paces distant, occupied by two domestics in charge of the household arrangements of the Seminary, Mother Julia and Mother St. Peter began, with a little of the feminine uneasiness common under such circumstances, to examine the approaches to their room, with the view of making them secure for the night. One window and two doors—one leading into the yard, the other into a little passage—but both without lock and key or bolts of any kind! Two beds, two chairs and a washstand composed the furniture of the little room, and it did not take long to decide that these should be moved from the places they occupied, to serve as a barricade to

the doors. This done, with quiet hearts our dear Mothers knelt to say their accustomed prayers before taking their much-needed repose. But suddenly strange sounds are heard in the small passage outside their very doors! Blows, as from a heavy club, then a monstrous heavy tread, strike upon their frightened ears, and each flies to the unlocked door to add her weight and strength to the light chair and stand, which alone are between her and danger. Does that unwieldy tread fall from the giant form of some of those enormous bears of which they have read, still lurking in these Western wilds; or may it not be one of those American savages, yet living in the lands conquered from him by the white man? But, thank God! some one is coming to the rescue, and these harrowing thoughts are lost in the joy of hearing familiar voices outside. "Whoa! Not there! Not there!" And in a moment the sounds cease. A gentle knock at the door reassures them, and, pushing aside the improvised barricade, they go out into the yard, where stand good Fathers Cheymol, Gacon and Macheboeuf, come to inquire if they had been frightened, and to tell them that one of the *horses* they had driven from Cincinnati had broken loose from the stable, and had strayed into the little passage of their dwelling! They did not sleep very soundly that night,—nor were the circumstances calculated to make a favorable impression of Western life upon the minds of these polished European ladies.

Early the following morning they spent an hour or two in looking over the farm, buildings, etc., and whilst taking a frugal dinner, before setting out for Chillicothe, Notre Mère discussed the advantages of the situation with Father Gacon. The latter, whilst assuring her that she would have at least six or more boarding pupils, and that the air of St. Martin's was healthful and pure, advised her to pray earnestly, and leave the choice of their location to Monseigneur Purcell. This harmonized so thoroughly with Notre

Mère's own views, that she determined more strongly than ever to hold to this decision.

At one o'clock they met the stage-coach which carried passengers for Chillicothe. It was eleven o'clock at night when they reached this thriving town, which had been, conjointly with Cincinnati, the capital of the State, before Columbus was selected for that distinction. Warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, whose hospitality the good Bishop had secured for them, they were soon resting from the fatigues of their journey to gain strength for those of the morrow. After being refreshed by a good night's rest, they were driven by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson to several points in Chillicothe, judged favorable for the location of a school, without, however, being much impressed with the advantages they offered. With gratitude for the many attentions shown them by their kind host, they leave on the twenty-fifth for Cincinnati, where their sisters are anxiously awaiting them.

During the remainder of their stay in the city, our sisters visited the College of the Jesuits, the Convents of the Sisters of Charity, and of the Sisters of Notre Dame, by whom they were most cordially received, and, during spare moments, they deemed it a pleasure to assist the ladies of the Cathedral congregation in fitting and sewing the carpets for the new Episcopal residence, just completed. In the new Cathedral, not yet consecrated, the Bishop formally received Miss Dunn, afterwards Mother Josephine, on the Feast of the Visitation, July 2d, as the first postulant of the new community.

Already over ten days in Cincinnati, their hearts began to turn with an ever-increasing longing toward the home Divine Providence destined for them, for the retirement and seclusion it held in store for them, no matter how humble or lonely the spot. Their joy, therefore, was great when, on the fifteenth of July, Bishop

Purcell waited upon them to learn their wishes and views regarding a final choice of location. After asking if they preferred Chilli-cothe or Brown County; whether they would like to visit other cities in the diocese, they replied with one voice, that they had no choice in the matter, but would be glad to go where Monseigneur wished; that they would regard his word as the expression of the Divine Will. Such generous sentiments touched his heart, and, after a moment's reflection, with the quick, decisive thought so characteristic of the great prelate, he replied that on the following morning he would offer the Holy Mass, begging the Holy Spirit to direct his decision, and that he would then make a final choice. We may be sure that the nuns joined, with heart and soul, in the good Bishop's prayers, the result of which he made known to them the following morning after Mass. He then told them that he believed Brown County to be the place which God destined for their work, and that he would have the seminary vacated for their occupation as soon as possible. To this they yielded their ready assent, glad to know that their days of uncertainty were at an end, eager to enjoy once again the peace and retirement of their beloved cloister.

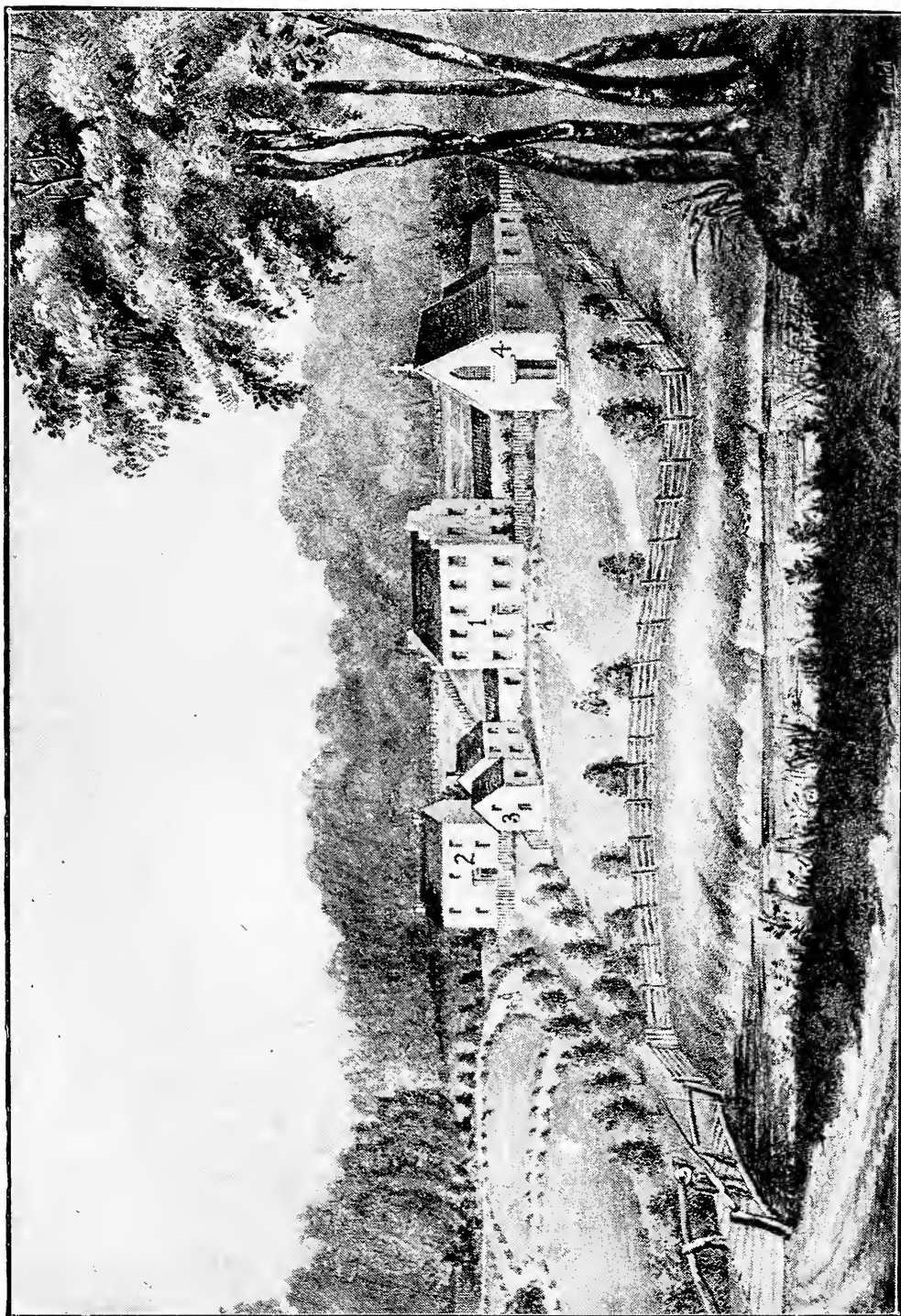
No good work that bears on its surface the seal of God's approval is ever wholly without opposition. This case was not an exception to the rule. Many were found who tried to dissuade Mother Julia from accepting such a location, which they laughingly called the "end of creation," pointing out at the same time the comparative advantages of other places in the diocese. But her staid resolution, the offspring of her unalterable spirit of faith, never faltered, never weakened under these opposing views, and the vanished years have borne testimony to the wisdom of a decision so firmly guided by supernatural principles.

The twenty-first of July our good nuns rose with cheerful hearts and joyful anticipations of the day's close, for it was to bring them

to a home at last. Monseigneur had given them his parting benediction the evening before, with the promise that he would, in a very short time, visit them in Brown County. The conveyances to carry them from the city were on hand at three o'clock in the morning, for after Mother Julia's first experience of a ride to Fayetteville, she wished to run no risk of reaching there after night. These were the regular mail coaches running between Cincinnati and Chillicothe, and the nearest point at which they passed the road leading to the seminary was more than a mile distant. A parting embrace given to good Mrs. Corr, and our travelers are at last on the way. Nothing of importance occurring, after a long ride of eight or ten hours they find themselves, at two o'clock in the afternoon, alighting from the stage-coach to walk across the wood to St. Martin's. Resting awhile, under the shade of a large oak, which sheltered them from the heat of the July sun, they refreshed themselves with some of the luncheon, thoughtfully provided by Mrs. Corr, the large oak and maple leaves doing service for plates and napkins. In after years, Ma Mère Stanislaus would keep this incident fresh in the minds of the younger members of the community by a little "picnic" held on the very spot on which they sat that July afternoon, and the old story would have to be rehearsed, and the fresh green leaves hold the good things prepared, whilst the joyous novices blessed the Divine Hand that led them to so happy a home, and so dear a Mother.

Now, our party of twelve, resumed their walk, and their eager eyes soon catch sight of the wooden cross on the little church of St. Martin's. That cross had surmounted the little log building which served Bishop Fenwick as his first Cathedral, and it had guided many a wanderer from foreign lands in the streets of Cincinnati, to the altar of God, to find in the Holy Sacraments of our priceless faith that bond of union which makes one, men of all





ST. MARTINS IN 1845.

1. THE CONVENT. 2. RESIDENCE OF FATHERS GACON AND CHEYMOL. 3. WORKMEN'S HOUSE. 4. ST. MARTINS' CHURCH AND CONVENT CHAPEL.

nations and of all tribes. Now it stands, visible here and there through the leafy branches of the tall oaks and elms, a guide to rest and happiness for our tired wanderers, a guide to the Hidden Presence and possession of Him, who will so lovingly condescend to dwell with them and theirs, as long as they have an earthly home to offer Him. The wood is crossed, and Fathers Cheymol and Gacon are out to welcome the little party, conducted by their old friend Father Macheboeuf, and to lead them to the little church. Within its lowly walls they bow down their hearts in humblest gratitude to the Divine Husbandman who has at last allotted to them the fruitful field in which they are to reap the golden grain, ripe and ready for the harvest.

The letter of Bishop Purcell had not reached Father Burlando, the good Superior of the seminarists, who began in great haste to make ready for departure, to give up the rooms of the seminary to be turned into a convent. We may judge that in these early days the effects of these young Levites did not require long packing, and soon the house is in quiet possession of our party, and the Ursuline Convent of Brown County has sprung into actual existence! Beds are improvised on the floor for that night, and the following days are spent in packing the furniture of the seminary to be sent to the Bishop, and making ready the house for the occupation of the sisters.

On the twenty-third of July, their good and tried friend of many months, Father Macheboeuf, announced his intention of leaving the sisters who had shared his paternal care for so long. He was about to return to his extensive parish in northern Ohio, and we may fancy that if our good Mothers gave way to the feelings of nature, it was with sad hearts they bade good-bye to this zealous friend, the last link that bound them to their home across the sea. As they knelt at his feet to receive his benedic-

tion for the last time, he promised to say Mass for the little community on the first Saturday of every month, whilst in gratitude they would offer the Holy Communion to impetrate God's blessing on his arduous missionary labors.

One of the inconveniences most keenly felt by Mother Julia and her little band was the want of a chapel, to which they alone might have access. The church was small, and on Sunday filled to its utmost capacity, and some means must be devised by which the religious could offer their devotions apart from the gaze of the public. A small outbuilding stood on the grounds, and it was resolved to form *le chœur* out of this poor room. On the 30th of July this was accomplished by cutting off the projection of the roof, moving the wooden house and joining it to the east end of the little church. A part of the framework of the latter was sawed away and a little grating substituted. The altar of the church faced the west, but by dint of arranging a table at the back of it, our good Mothers heard Mass every morning of the week in their little choir, still fulfilling the obligation on Sunday when Mass was offered for the congregation on the altar of the west side. For two years and two months their office, their fervent prayers, went up to Heaven from under this humble roof.

To their great joy, Notre Mère announced to them that on the sixth of August, the Feast of the Transfiguration of our Blessed Lord, they would lay aside the secular garments they still wore, and again clothe themselves with the religious dress. We can picture the joy with which they resumed the dear habit and veil, with the certainty that it was never again to be laid away. To this joy was added, in a few days, that of receiving their first letter from Beaulieu.

The fatherly solicitude of Bishop Purcell for the new community did not rest until he had made for them a final appointment of an ecclesiastical Superior. Naturally, his mind turned

toward the gentle, prudent, saintly Father Gacon, and we find the record of his appointment in a letter written by him from which we quote:—

CINCINNATI, August 16, 1845.

REVEREND DEAR MR. GACON:

I thank you much for the promptness with which you acquiesce in my request that you should be the Superior of the good Ursulines, —with the aid of M. Cheymol, when absence or indisposition might incapacitate you for this duty. The "*non recuso laborem*" of St. Martin will assimilate you to that great saint in merit. * * * *

Please remember me affectionately to M. Cheymol.

Yrs. in God,

J. P., Bp. Cincinnati.

The twenty-fourth of September their hearts were gladdened by the first visit of Bishop Purcell, and on the twenty-seventh, the first religious reception, or clothing, was held in the little choir. The postulant, Miss Dunn, was clothed in the habit of the Order, and received the name of St. Joseph, in whose honor she had promised this act of special devotion, if her precarious health allowed her to undertake the arduous labors of religious life in a new community.

During this visit, his Lordship also authorized Notre Mère to borrow sufficient money from the mother house of Boulogne, to enable her to build a suitable academy for the reception of pupils.

But the small brick house occupied before as the seminary, is now comfortably fitted up for the winter, and Notre Mère finds that it can accommodate a few boarding pupils. They have already begun classes for the children of the neighborhood, but on October 4th, 1845, their good friend, Mrs. Corr, brings the first three pupils entered as boarders,—her adopted daughters, Misses Mary and

Josephine Corr, and another young lady, Miss Margaret McLenan, of Cincinnati. These ladies, who are still living, Mrs. David Haire, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, Mrs. J. D. Mackenzie and Mrs. Laboiteaux, of Cincinnati, have thus the honor of forming, as it were, the corner-stone of the spiritual monument which is every year rising higher and higher from the sacred soil of St. Martin's, and sending forth from its height to the world around, hearts bright with beams of faith and love, to light and warm the coldness and false-ness that mark a world without faith in God. Soon several other boarders are brought, nine in all having been entered the first year.

The proper celebration of the different festivals was carried on during the year with a true spirit of piety and as much outward ceremonial as their poor means afforded. The little choir was blessed by good Fathers Gacon and Cheymol on October 20th, and on the beautiful Feast of the Immaculate Conception we find Notre Mère consecrating the assembled community in a special manner to the Blessed Virgin, naming Her the first Superior of the House, and remitting her own responsible charge in Her hands. The same day a novena is begun to implore Her intercession in their behalf. They are about to ask the Superiors of Boulogne to interest themselves in procuring for them the funds necessary to build an academy. With a faith that knows how much alms-giving avails with our Lord, Notre Mère promised, if her prayers were heard, to receive an orphaned child into the House as a boarder, to be prepared for her First Communion. She also promised to continue this charity as many successive years as circumstances would allow.

On the seventeenth of December, Notre Mère began the religious instruction of the First Communion Class, one of those composing it being about eighteen years old. One the day follow-

ing, she drew the first sketch of the plans for the new house, and sent them to Bishop Purcell to be submitted to an architect of Cincinnati.

The winter had now fairly set in, and it proved to be a severe one. The religious, accustomed to the mild climate of central and southern France, had not made sufficient preparations for the rigors of an Ohio season, and many discomforts—and, we might say, hardships—had to be borne. On the eleventh of December, several of the neighbors of the parish of St. Martin's, who from the beginning had shown much friendly feeling for the religious, came to offer their services to good Father Cheymol for a "wood-chopping," that sufficient fuel for the winter might be at once secured. For this kindly labor Notre Mère showed her appreciation by inviting them to the Convent, and distributing what it was then almost impossible to procure, medals and beads. On the twenty-second we find the supply of chopped wood at the house given out, and the little community, with Notre Mère at their head, spending their recreation in wading through snow-drifts in the woods to replenish their exhausted stock!

On Christmas day, the High Mass was sung by Notre Mère, assisted by Sisters Hyacinthe and Josephine, but they were glad to be replaced very soon by a choir formed in the parish. They were also fortunate enough to secure the help of two French women, lately come into the neighborhood, to aid them in the domestic work.

Seven or eight boys were prepared for their First Communion this winter, and, on the eighteenth of February, the Holy Sacrament was received for the first time by the boarder, who, although eighteen years of age, had lived far away from any opportunity of receiving religious instruction.

Since the month of November workmen had been busy quarry-

ing stone and burning brick for the prospective academy, and as early in spring as the weather would allow, ground was broken for the foundations. On the morning appointed for the beginning of the work, the Holy Sacrifice and Holy Communion were offered, that God might deign to bless this enterprise begun for His greater glory, and when the Mass was over, all repaired to the destined spot. There each sister, in her turn, threw out a spade full of earth, no doubt with a heart full of gratitude to God, and of renewed confidence in His divine assistance. "Monseigneur," as he was called by the French sisters, much to their joy, paid them a visit whilst the excavating was in progress, and, by his advice, Notre Mère, Ma Mère and Mother St. Peter went one afternoon to Fayetteville to inspect the foundations of the residence of Father Butler, which he preferred to the plan being pursued for those of the new convent. The change was willingly made by Notre Mère, and the digging continued until all was ready for the laying of the first stone.

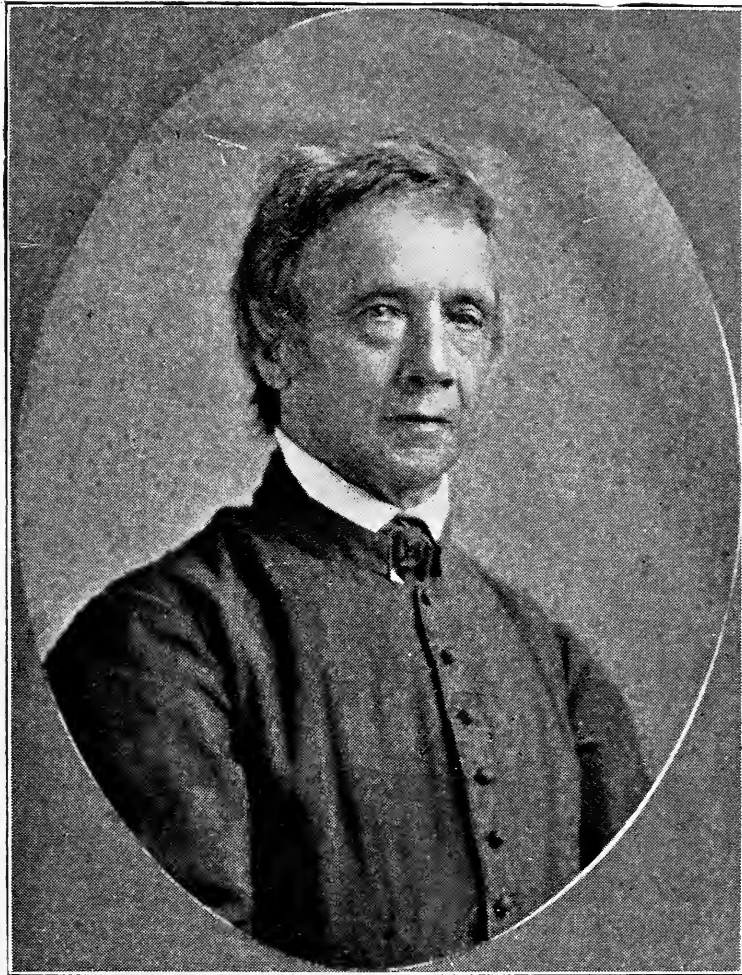
On a bright morning in May, the month of Mary, who looked down in complacent love on the small band, the ceremony took place, attended with all the solemnity possible to the occasion. Mass and Holy Communion were offered as usual, after which the little procession formed in line to proceed to the chosen spot. It was headed by good Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, reciting in a low tone the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, followed by Notre Mère and her ten sisters, with Mrs. Corr and six pupils, Misses Mary and Josephine Corr, Jane Belt, Margaret McLenan, Kate McConn, and Maria Hughes. Arrived at the spot where the master mason had everything in readiness, he presented to Mrs. Corr a trowel, ornamented with a pretty ribbon, and after she had spread the mortar, he laid the stone in position. In the center of the stone a box was placed, containing a great number of medals,

pictures and relics of saints, a paper setting forth the end and purpose for which the house was to be erected, the date of the laying of the stone, and the names of the persons present. And to-day, closing our eyes to the sunlight and shadow lying in softest beauty over the greensward of the Convent gardens, we glance in spirit back to that fresh May morning, fifty years ago, while the modest procession of surpliced-priest and black-robed nun, and happy mother and gay-clad child, fade from our vision, and we see instead, an endless train of Christian mothers and consecrated virgins, reaching from the earthly walls, that were laid this day in gladness, even unto the dazzling Presence that lights the jasper walls and pearly gates of the everlasting city of God. The day was in every respect one of rejoicing for the happy household, and for the becoming celebration in all quarters, Notre Mère invited the workmen engaged on the building to a dinner prepared for them at the little home of Fathers Gacon and Cheymol. Mr. and Mrs. Loiseau, who were at the head of the farm, under good Father Cheymol's supervision presided on the occasion, making every effort possible, on their part, to manifest their interest in the great work about to begin. We say great work, for it must be remembered that at this early day, very few of the fine colleges and academies that now adorn the land, were yet in existence in our Western country. Therefore, the new building, one hundred and twenty feet long by sixty wide, was considered a marvel in size to the people of the surrounding country. Even Monseigneur thought the sisters were *grandiose* in their ideas, but he encouraged the work and bade them have confidence that God would bless it.

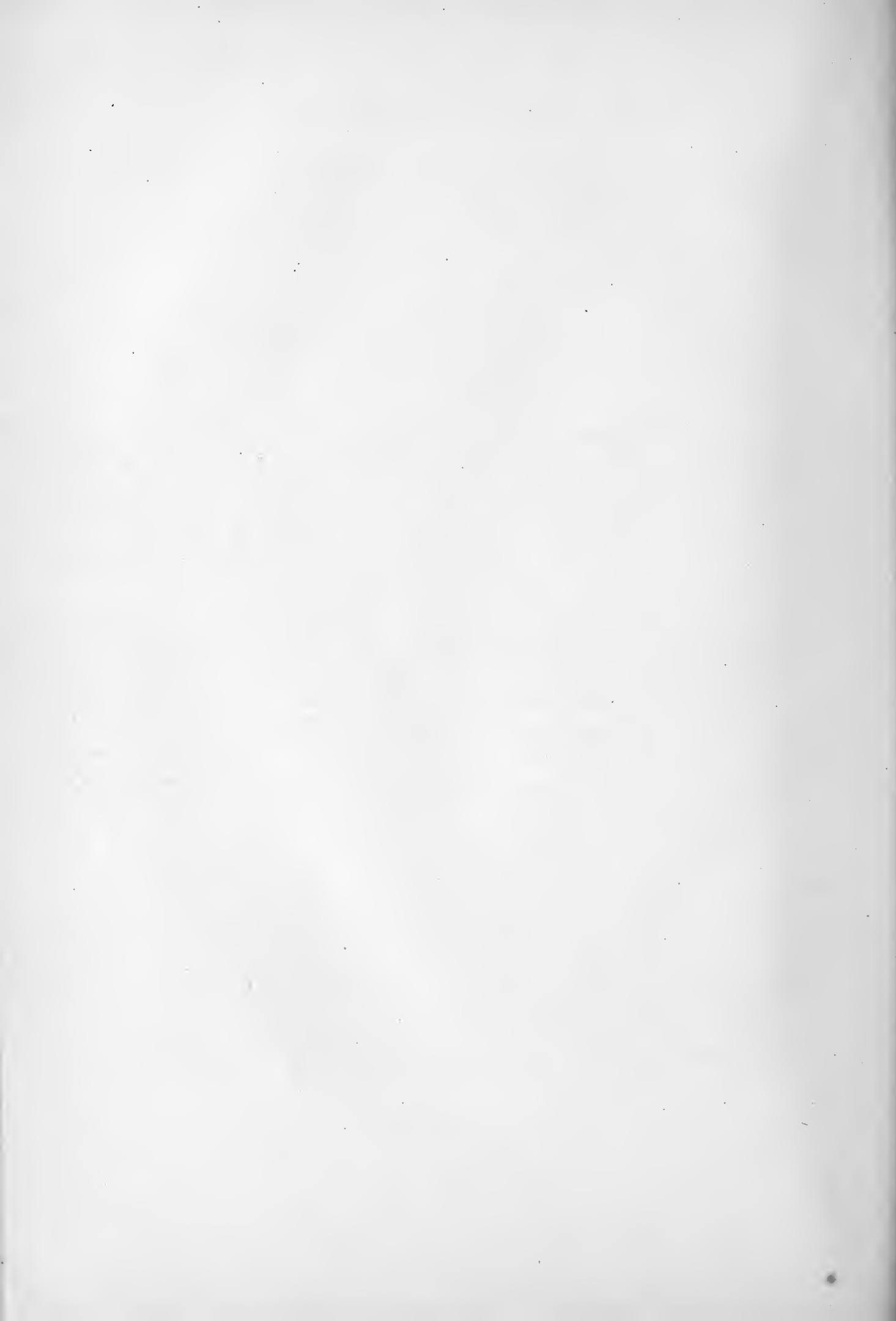
The stone foundations went up during the months of May, June and July, and on the twelfth of August, the laying of the brick-work began. During these months Father Cheymol was untiring in his surveillance of the workmen, scarcely quitting the spot, and to his

great solicitude and care, are due much of the solidity and enduring character of the work. As the walls went up, and danger threatened the workmen, the community offered public prayers every day that God would vouchsafe to preserve the laborers from all accident. These were graciously heard, for although one of the masons one day lost his footing, and fell from the third story, he received no serious damage from the fall, and was again at work in a few days. At another time a brick falling from the hand of a mason in the second story, struck a workman below, but he escaped without serious hurt. By November 12th, the structure was under roof; the weather having been so favorable throughout the season that the workmen had never been obliged to suspend their labors one entire day. Through the winter and ensuing spring, the plasterers and carpenters were busy in the interior, and it was earnestly hoped that it would be ready for the occupation of the nuns and pupils, at the opening of the next scholastic year in September.

Among the notable events of the year 1846, which we are still recording, was that of receiving the money, from the Ursulines of Boulogne, for the purpose of building the new house. Grateful hearts welcomed it; coming, as it did, just as the foundations of the house were begun, in May, it was at hand to enable Father Cheymol to pay weekly the workmen engaged, and thus relieve Notre Mère's anxious mind of a great burden. It was deemed best, however, not to leave so large a sum of money in the house, and, after keeping sufficient for present purposes, the remainder was deposited with a merchant of Cincinnati, whose reputation as a man of business was above reproach. But soon after reverses came to him, and it was greatly feared that the money of the community would be lost. What was to be done? To those who have faith, all things are possible, and our dear Notre Mère was full of confidence that the Blessed Virgin would not allow the work on the Convent of the Immacu-



REV. WILLIAM CHEYMOL.



late Heart of Mary to be impeded by any such unfortunate event. To their good Mother, then, they had recourse, Notre Mère promising, not this time to receive and instruct a child for First Communion, but that the first postulant presenting herself to join the community should be called by the name of Sister Coeur de Marie. A young French girl was soon after sent by a good lady of Cincinnati, whose daughters were boarders, to ask admission as a lay-sister, and the promise was redeemed, for just at a very needy moment, the money had been returned with interest due.

Often, during the progress of the work, Mother Julia found herself embarrassed for the want of money to carry it on, and she related one instance in which she received aid in a remarkable way. A sum of six hundred dollars was due, to a creditor, and her little treasury was empty. Kneeling at her *prie-dieu* in the chapel, she addressed herself with all earnestness to the intercession of the great St. Augustine, to whom she frequently had recourse in moments of pecuniary need. Whilst yet pouring out in fervent prayer the anxieties of her heart, she was startled by the sound of the door-bell, and in a few moments the portress entered with the message that a gentleman requested to see her on urgent business. Presenting herself in the parlor, she found a person of portly mien and benign aspect, who, after a few introductory remarks, proceeded to tell her that he was on his way to England, and that before embarking he wished to place a sum of six hundred dollars in her hands without interest, which she could dispose of as she wished, adding that if he should die, the money would never be called for. Filled with gratitude at this graciously sudden answer to her prayer, Notre Mère received the money which her benefactor laid on the table before her, and in the future addressed herself to St. Augustine with a confidence that nothing could weaken.

The school was duly incorporated by an act of the Legislature of Ohio on the sixth of June, 1846, this measure being essential to the holding of property. The title of incorporation is, "The St. Ursula Literary Institute."

The little Ursuline *choeur* attached to the village church in which the nuns daily offered their prayers to God was, on the tenth of August, the scene of that most impressive ceremony with which the Church invests the reception of perpetual vows, that strong act of the soul who desires to consecrate herself *forever* to the service of God. On that day, Sister Hyacinthe, the white-veiled novice who accompanied Notre Mère from Boulogne, pronounced the vows which bound her forever to God and to her work. As the young and graceful novice, who had left all that a high social position and devoted family love could bestow upon her, knelt amidst her sisters in this solemn scene, all hearts were thrilled with emotion at this joyful sacrifice. The Bishop presided, assisted by Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, who attempted to chant the *Te Deum* over the prostrate figure, "but," says the early annalist, "they were so choked with glad emotion that they were forced to recite it in a low voice."

The festivals of St. Angela, St. Ursula, and St. Augustine were celebrated by Mass, Holy Communion, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and toward the end of August the first retreat was made—needless to add, without director other than Mother Julia.

The winter of '46-'47 was not nearly as severe as the previous one; a fact which greatly helped toward the completion of the new building. During the Lent of '47, Monseigneur informed Notre Mère of the coming into his diocese of the Ursulines of Charleston, S. C., and of his hope that the two communities would affiliate. Owing, however, to wise reasons, the Charleston Ursulines were located at Covington, Ky., and the fusion of the two communities did not take place until some years later. The number of pupils

this year increased to as many as the small seminary building could accommodate. The circular of the boarding school begins to be published in the *Catholic Telegraph* in this year, and in the issue of June 14, 1847, we find the following:—

“FAYETTEVILLE, BROWN COUNTY, OHIO.—The new Convent and Boarding School of the ladies of the Ursuline Community is under roof, and contracts for the completion of the building have been made, so that possession can be taken early in the summer. This magnificent edifice is of brick, four stories high, one hundred and twenty feet long by sixty deep. It is in the midst of a very large and flourishing Catholic settlement, which is daily increasing. We know of no place in the West which holds out greater inducements to emigrants wishing to purchase land than this colony of Fayetteville. There is a large quantity of land for sale, which can be purchased at a very moderate price, and there is a fine brick church and a resident clergyman at Fayetteville. The distance from Cincinnati is about forty miles.”

Our good friend, Mrs. Corr, is watching the progress of the work with eager eye, and toward the end of July she makes a visit for the purpose of inviting Notre Mère, Ma Mère and Mother St. Peter, at the request of the Bishop, to accompany her to the city in order to make all necessary purchases for the new academy. Some days are spent in this duty, and whilst in Cincinnati, they visit the Ursulines of Charleston, who are finally located in Covington. These ladies afterwards removed to the residence of Major Gano, on Bank Street.

The month of August is spent in preparing the academy for the reception of pupils; the nuns remaining in it all day, but continuing to take their meals and sleep in the old house. From the first of August, Father Cheymol, fearing some accident to the unoccupied building, had determined to remain in it at night, and here he slept until it was ready for occupation by the nuns.

Toward the end of the month of August, great joy was brought

to the hearts of all by a visit from Father Macheboeuf, who had left them in the little parlor of the seminary just two years before, and who now found only a few days of relaxation from the hard duties of his field of labor, to visit his old friends. Delighted beyond measure to find the spacious convent building, and the many evidences of a successful beginning, the visit of this good friend and zealous priest gave great encouragement to the sisters. He was invited to sleep in the new house, where Father Cheymol was lodging, and they were proud to feel that their good, tried and trusty friend was one of the first to whom it had the honor of giving shelter and hospitality.

The eighth of September, the beautiful day on which the Church commemorates the spotless Nativity of the Blessed Mother of God, was chosen for the first offering of the Holy Sacrifice in the new home. The chapel was not yet ready, the altar unfinished; but a portable altar was placed in one of the rooms, and here all knelt to worship Our Divine Lord in the dwelling which loving hearts had raised to Him, to beg that it might be His as long as time shall last. The chapel was not completed so as to be used daily, until Christmas, nor was the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the new house until that day.

From the eighth of September the old house was given up, except to serve for the taking of meals. The kitchen arrangements in the new house were not completed, nor ready for use, before the early days of December.

The following month, the seventh of October, the little chapel, the large room now occupied as the first department class-room, was ablaze with light and decorated with its best ornaments to witness the holy profession of Sister Josephine. Her two years of novitiate were happily over, and she, the child of wealth and high ancestry, kneels in the humble choir to offer herself and her life to God's

service. Her vows were received by the Bishop, assisted by our own good fathers, Father Lamy, afterwards Bishop of Santa Fé, and Father Butler, of Fayetteville. Father Badin, the first ordained priest of the United States, also honored the occasion by his presence.

The prospects of the little community for subjects are also brightening, for we find two presenting themselves during this autumn. About the same time that the Oxford movement was at its height in agitating the English church, Bishop Purcell received into the fold, in 1841, an English woman, living in Cincinnati, who had long been seeking the truth. Born in the Church of England, she had, after coming to mature years, joined successively the Methodists and other sects, hoping to find in them the truth and consolation of religion she so earnestly desired. But all failed to satisfy the cravings of her keen intellect and true heart, until she happened to hear a most eloquent sermon, preached by the zealous Bishop of Cincinnati. His words sank deep into her heart, and at its close she knelt and, pouring forth the high-wrought and inexplicable feeling prevailing her soul, she said within herself, "This is a man of God. I will do whatever he tells me to do!" Truly had this man, sent from God, fulfilled the mission of the Baptist Precursor, and clearly now did he say to this ardent soul, so confused and puzzled by the contradiction of conflicting creeds, "*Ecce Agnus Dei!*" A few months of instruction over, the soul regenerated by the waters of Baptism and fed by the Bread of the Elect, longs for that higher life pointed out by our Divine Lord when He said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all that thou hast and come follow Me." These longings were for a time hidden in the depths of her own heart, fearing that she would be found unworthy of so great a grace, but after much waiting and many trials of the sincerity of her vocation, at the hands of her spiritual father and guide, Mary Choppin—in future to be known as

Sister Ignatius—enters, September 15, '47, as the first choir postulant received by the Ursulines of St. Martin's.

The fifth of November brought another postulant from the mother convent of Beaulieu, Mademoiselle Suzanne Nave, who received the name of Sister Conception. Thus, we find new laborers coming to the aid of those already overburdened, and new pupils constantly added to the ranks of the old, so that this scholastic year of '47-'48 seemed to lay a strong and sure foundation for the success of the coming years.

As soon as the religious were fairly settled in the new academy, Monseigneur asked a privilege which the nuns were only too glad to grant, that of using the old building for the dwelling of his mother and sisters, who had lately arrived from Ireland, so sorely distressed by famine during this year. Here Mrs. Joanna Purcell, with her daughter, Miss Kate, lived for several years; Miss Margaret, having married in a short time, lived in New Orleans.

The twelfth of October, '47, brings a day in the annals of the Convent marked by a most special protection of Divine Providence. About six o'clock in the morning, a heavy thunder-storm sweeping over the country, the lightning struck the north end of the house. Tearing away about twenty feet of the cornice at that end, and, passing through the walls, it set on fire some shavings in a room used by the carpenters, who were still working on the building. A sister, out at that early hour to superintend the affairs of the farm, saw the lightning strike the house, and, hastening to give the alarm to the workmen, who were at breakfast, they hurried to the spot, to find the room filled with the smoke of the shavings, just in time to save the house from further danger. Father Gacon coming at this moment to say Mass, it was offered in fervent thanksgiving for this most evident proof of God's protecting care. The house was very soon insured against fire; light-

ning rods were placed at all prominent parts of the building. At the same time Notre Mère made generous use of supernatural means of protection in the shape of medals and scapulars, etc., put in interstices in the walls. The winter and spring months passed quickly away, all busied with the work of the boarding and day schools, the latter having been opened soon after the arrival, and now counting a goodly number of pupils.

But the crowning event of the next year, the delight of which still lingers in the hearts of those who witnessed it, which brought ecstatic joy to the heart of good Bishop Purcell, was a Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1848. We leave our readers to judge of its effects on the public mind from the extract copied from the columns of the *Catholic Telegraph* of June 29, 1848:—

“CONFIRMATION PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.”

“CONVENT OF THE URSULINES, FAYETTEVILLE, BROWN COUNTY, OHIO.—The Right Reverend Bishop Purcell confirmed twenty-eight persons, of whom fourteen were pupils of the Academy, in the convent chapel of the Ursulines, on Corpus Christi morning.

At 9 A. M. the Bishop commenced a Solemn Pontifical Mass in the vast hall of the new convent, Reverend Father De Smet being assistant priest, Reverend Messrs. Gacon and Pachowski, Deacon and Sub-deacon, and Reverend Messrs. Butler and Cheymol masters of ceremonies. Extensive preparations had been made, under the skillful direction of Reverend M. Butler, to celebrate the festival of the Real Presence with all possible solemnity, and it was intended that the Holy Sacrifice should be offered on one of the magnificent altars erected in the woods. But this, the rain, which fell at an early hour in the morning, prevented. After the High Mass and sermon by the Bishop, the weather became clear, and the sun had so effectually dried the rain on leaflet, tree and flower, as to admit of the Procession taking place without the slightest inconvenience. First was borne the cross between two

Acolytes—then came the young girls of the school and congregation, from fifty to a hundred couples in purest white, each one gracefully waving a banner on which was inscribed "*Ecce Agnus Dei!*" Besides the small banners there were three large ones—the Infant Savior, the Immaculate Mother,* the Holy Patron of St. Patrick's Church—with appropriate mottoes, admirably designed and executed by Reverend Mr. Butler, and followed by a devout and silent multitude of at least ten or twelve hundred persons. Before the beautiful dais or canopy, under which the Holy Sacrament was borne by the Bishop, supported by Reverend Father De Smet on one side and the Reverend Deacon and Sub-deacon on the other, the canopy itself being carried by four worthy Catholics, of as many different nations—America, Ireland, Germany, France—there were two thurifers who knelt at concerted signals, and swung their glowing censers, while immediately after, six of the little girls, looking more like angels than beings of earthly mould, looked up toward the August Sacrament, like children gazing into their father's countenance with affectionate reverence, and scattered roses and fragrant flowers in the paths of the Savior! Meanwhile, the Fayetteville choir continued to sing most delightful hymns in honor of the "Present God," who makes it His delight to be with the children of men. At each altar overarched by the twining foliage of the ancient oak and maple, benediction was given with the Blessed Sacrament, and short addresses were made to excite the fervor of the assistants. The last altar or station was in the chapel of St. Martin, near the Convent, on which is still seen the small wooden cross, which once surmounted the first Catholic church in Cincinnati. Here terminated one of the most edifying religious ceremonies ever witnessed in the diocese, a ceremony, the like of which many an aged Catholic, especially from persecuted Ireland, had never seen before, and one, we humbly hope, which was looked complacently upon by our Heavenly Father, whilst it kindled in the hearts of His children a new flame of devotion, to the sun and center of Catholic piety—the Eucharist!

The Academy of the Ursulines has been, is, and bids fair to be hereafter, with God's continued blessing, in a very prosperous

* These are still used at the Convent for processions.

condition. Besides day scholars, it has already thirty-two boarders. The place is so remarkably healthy, the water so pure and abundant, the woods near the Convent afford such a delightful retreat from the exhausting heat of summer, the diet is so wholesome, and the sisters are so devoted to the happiness and improvement of their pupils, that this place must be a favorite with parents who desire to secure for their children advantages like those we have enumerated. Leaving Cincinnati in the morning, persons can reach the Convent by noon of the same day. To all, therefore, who desire a good school, at a distance from the city, but within half a day's ride from town, for the mental and physical welfare of their children, we conscientiously say, send them to the Academy of the Ursulines, Fayetteville, Brown County, Ohio."

During this beautiful procession, the zealous Bishop, whose heart seemed to burn with divine fire, caught from the Sacred Heart he carried so reverently near him, preached four times. His fast was not broken until three o'clock in the afternoon, and he was so overcome with fatigue, that by dint of persuasion on the part of his good mother and the religious, he remained several days to take a much needed rest. This gave them the opportunity of celebrating the feast day of St. John the Baptist, on the twenty-fourth of June, with some simple songs and plays, in a way that delighted the child-loving heart of the good Father. Never was this holy man happier than when surrounded by the little ones of the flock.

The first Distribution of Premiums took place July 17th. For a description of this important event—we say important, because it probably gave color and tone to all succeeding exercises of the kind—we are indebted again to the *Catholic Telegraph* of August 3, 1848:—

"URSULINE CONVENT, ST. MARTIN'S, BROWN COUNTY, OHIO.—The first exhibition of this young and admirable institution took place on

Monday, August 17th. Although no announcement had been made and no formal invitations given, a large number of the friends of the pupils, and those interested in the primary duty of the education of youth, were assembled at an early hour after noon on the day above named. The very spacious and beautiful chapel and choir of the convent, which were arranged and adorned for the occasion with chaste and admirable skill, were more than filled by the audience, a large number of whom were from the city of Cincinnati.

The exercises were opened by a dramatic piece, which occupied an hour and proved a varied and exceedingly interesting display of the grace, talents and acquirements of the young ladies engaged in it. Several of them evinced, by the justness of their elocution, the truthfulness of their tones and the feminine dignity and ease of their manners, a high degree of cultivation. As we are acquainted with many of the pupils, we can not withhold the expression of our gratification at witnessing the early display of so much talent, and its rapid development is certainly the best evidence of the skill and judgment exercised so happily in the training of these successful pupils.

The story of "*Le Petit Ramoneur*" was simple, yet it was so lighted up with gems of wit and wisdom that alternately the smiles of mirth would play upon every countenance, or the tear of sympathy would well suddenly up from almost every heart; and so refreshing was the lovely scene and so forcible its eloquent appeals to the heart—and to the conscience, too—that every spectator seemed young again, as the expressions of admiration burst forth: 'how beautiful!' 'how just!' 'how true!'

We have frequently heard it objected that the introduction of dramatic exercises into institutions of this kind is of evil tendency. In this instance, at least, the moral lesson conveyed so agreeably was irresistible. Of this we were convinced by the tearful eyes and softened voices of the experienced men or the world who sat around us.

The recitations in English were exceedingly well selected. The original matter in excellent taste and well expressed; it formed but a small proportion of the exercises, owing to the fact that the school is too young to have formed, as yet, ripe scholars. The French recitations sounded very sweetly; they were delivered with just emphasis and much feeling, and, in our opinion, with a very correct pronunciation. Indeed,

the most fastidious Parisian ear would be delighted with the pure and graceful enunciation of their native language by several of the accomplished teachers of this most promising nursery of science and virtue.

The display of skill in the ornamental department utterly surprised us, as we could hardly have expected from pupils of so short a period so large and beautiful a variety of finished specimens of difficult art. A very large worsted piece, some four by six feet, riveted our attention for some time. It represented the Adoration of the Wise Men, and in many points it is superior to the original, which we had observed in the chapel of the convent; we learn that it is the work of Miss Catherine McConn, and whether its superiority to the excellent original be owing to the special talent of the pupil, or to the skillful guidance of her teachers, it is quite an honor to the school. We regret that the crowd and hurry of the occasion prevented us from noticing the names attached to many of the specimens. We would, however, notice a purple vestment with pattern of exquisite taste; also, a priest's stole, and many remarkably beautiful worsted patterns of large size, for various uses, and all in genuine good taste.

The needle-work was rather beyond our criticism, the forms of the various articles seemed graceful, the drawings of the patterns unusually distinct and true, and the work so fine and regular as to suggest the idea that it looked more like the work of machinery than the handiwork of playful, happy school-girls.

The large and tastefully arranged pieces of ornamental and plain text penmanship were very gratifying proofs of great skill and care on the part of the teacher, as well as of progress of the pupils. Indeed, all the scholars have delighted their friends by their success in this very necessary accomplishment.

In the department of vocal music, several of the young ladies have developed, in a most happy manner, the heavenly faculty of a clear, melodious and truthful voice. The premium of excellence in this branch was awarded for equal merit to the Misses Margaret McLenan and Mary Jane Foster, of Cincinnati. The second premium to Miss Ada Hoskins, of the same place. The Misses Margaret Duer and Francis Meara also distinguished themselves in this angelic art.

In the class of instrumental music several of the pupils executed

pieces of much power and beauty, and some of considerable difficulty, in a manner rarely surpassed by scholars so young. In the first division, the premiums were obtained by Miss Mary Jane Foster, Margaret McLenan and Harriet Moreland. In the second division by Miss Esther Fisher, Emily Moore and Emily Mosset. Miss Fisher well deserved the first premium of her division. Her tasteful touch of the instrument, in the gentle and soft passages of the sweet piece she executed, and her excellent time, seemed fully to convey the sentiment of the composition, and her proficiency was a matter of much encomium from an experienced judge of the Orphic art. Her ear had not, previously to her entering the Institution, been accustomed to the sound of any kind of music, and her talent is more evident, as she has not enjoyed the advantages of city life.

We have named a few of the pupils who have deserved especial notice; we must, in justice to the others, add that we do not feel competent to the task of placing them in the exact order of their merit. The name of Miss Fannie Bracken, however, must not be omitted from the honor list, as she received the largest number of premiums, and, among them, the first premium of Good Conduct. As we hope to see the list of premiums awarded in the Academy published in the *Telegraph*, we shall refrain from any further notice of the meritorious pupils; and as for the claims of the Academy and its humble and accomplished teachers, we have every confidence that when they shall be better known to the public, the Institution will become one of the foremost of the successful ones of the West." B.

The Institution is fast becoming known, and with its merits thus lauded by the public press, new pupils are constantly seeking admission at its doors. When we reflect that only three of the members of the community spoke the English language, we may form some opinion, approaching perhaps but slightly to the truth, of the labors sustained by these few teachers, who had the management and direction of all the classes of English, music and drawing. Mother Stanislaus was fast learning the language, and she, with Mother St. Peter, knew sufficient English to use the French-English text-books which

were then in vogue for the teaching of the French language. Much efficient aid was given them in the person of Sister Ignatius, who took charge of the parish school and of the religious instruction of the boys and girls of the neighborhood.

Two other English-speaking young ladies entered during the spring of 1848, under the advice and spiritual direction of Father Rappe, of Cleveland, and Father Junker, who was laboring zealously in Dayton and its neighborhood. These were Miss Katherine Carolan, who, at her religious clothing, received the name of Sister Xavier, and Miss Mary Birrer, who bore the name of Sister St. John. Again, on the sixteenth of November, three young ladies arrived from France, sent by the mother house of Boulogne, Miss Elizabeth Dodds, of the County of Essex, England, and two sisters of Irish birth, the Misses Ellen and Sarah Healy. All three of these young ladies had been educated in different convents of England and France, and their coming not only helped to lighten the labors of the overburdened few, but it enabled Notre Mère to begin the formation of a regularly established Novitiate, in which the future members of the community might be trained to the observance of rule, and to the acquiring of virtues that form the groundwork of the perfection of the religious life. Of the three thus coming to consecrate themselves to God in a strange land, in the flower of their youth, and in the promise of many days of usefulness to the community, one gave in future years a much-loved Mother Superior to the well-established house; another's hands were folded early over the young heart, and she, first of all, slept the long sleep in the little grave-yard, while her sister, finding no vocation in herself to religious life, returned in two years to Europe. Mademoiselle Lamy, a sister of Father Lamy, also entered this year, but after some months, finding herself in ill health, and resolving to return to France, she went with Father Lamy to New

Orleans, but there became so ill that she died, after some months spent with the Sisters of Charity in that city.

Thus the scholastic year of 1848-'49 proves to be one of happiness and success. The Distribution of Premiums was largely attended, and we find the usual laudatory communication in the *Telegraph*. The writer says, "As one who shared largely in the general delight, I take upon myself to offer this public expression of the unanimous approbation with which a large assembly witnessed these exercises. Taken altogether, everything would seem to recommend this Academy very strongly to the patronage of those who have daughters to educate, and to the admiration of those who have none."





CHAPTER V.

1850 — 1860.



LOOKING back at the opening of the second half of the nineteenth century, the thoughtful mind is filled with astonishment at the growth of the Church, not only throughout the whole of these United States, but especially in the dioceses comprising the western section of this great country. Cincinnati has now passed the twenty-fifth year of her elevation as an Episcopal See, the little frame hut which served Bishop Fenwick as a pro-Cathedral has crumbled into dust—forgotten in the exulting pride of the growing city, over the numbers of noble church buildings which ornament it, and stand in the towns as landmarks of the ever-growing faith of the people throughout the State. As the Catholic population increases, schools and academies for girls flourish; hence, we find those belonging to the diocese of Cincinnati gradually filling in numbers and the teachers

raising the standard of their curriculum, to keep pace with advanced methods in pedagogics adopted in the schools for women throughout the country. In the Academy of St. Martin's, the zealous teachers spared no efforts; no personal sacrifice was considered too great that their work might be found worthy of its end. But none of the visitors who admired the modest parlors, the neat dormitories and airy class-rooms, thrown open to their inspection, ever suspected the self denial on the part of the nuns necessary to secure these comforts which their pupils enjoyed. When, in September 1847, they took possession of their new house, but three doors were hung in the whole building, the front door and two on the lower floor, closing in the corridor from the outside. Others were put in place during the winter, but work was continued only when Notre Mère found herself in possession of the cash necessary to meet the payments for material and work. The good community at Boulogne had responded again to her call for aid with another loan during the year 1848, and she was thus enabled to proceed to the finishing and furnishing of that part of the interior which was in constant use. But we find that up to 1850 there had been, as yet, no such convenience as a *cupboard* or washstand purchased for the use of the nuns. As examples of true religious simplicity their rooms were furnished like those of the prophet of old—with a bed, a chair and, in some cases, a candlestick, though this latter luxury was by no means a common one. Empty soap and candle boxes, curtained with pieces of calico to keep their treasures from the dust, served all the purposes for which tables, wardrobes and cupboards are used, and when, by degrees, the proper articles were substituted, the satisfaction that springs from sacrifice was gone, and the sisters could not help feeling that something dear to Him who lived a life of poverty had been taken away from hearts that loved it.

On the fourth of August we find that tables were placed for

the first time in the refectory. Up to this date, the lids of piano boxes placed on two flour barrels, had served as dining tables! One can imagine the caution necessary to conduct a dinner on a table with such unsteady supports!

The want of a bell large enough to be heard over the farm and in every part of the house, had long been felt, and Notre Mère desired most earnestly to make this very necessary purchase as soon as her means would allow. With great pleasure, then, she heard that a good friend would gratify this desire, in a manner and at a time most unexpected. A new bell had been ordered by Father Butler for St. Patrick's Church, Fayetteville, but finding it too small for the use intended, he presented it to the Convent. It was blessed in Fayetteville, on the nineteenth of March, and on account of its destined use, Father Butler baptises it under the beautiful and significant name of "Ursula." Long and faithfully has "Ursula" fulfilled a mission similar to that of the saint whose name she bears, in calling a virgin band, not to the sudden and glorious death of martyrdom, but to that hourly living death to personal convenience and so-called freedom, which the religious must practice in exactness to her summons.

The city of Cleveland, where the indefatigable Mr. Rappe had been laboring since his coming to Ohio, has been raised by this time to the dignity of an Episcopal See, with this zealous priest as its first incumbent. He has just brought four Ursulines from Boulogne, to found a Convent in his episcopal city, and, at his urgent request, Bishop Purcell desires Notre Mère to visit in Cleveland the dear sisters whom she had so generously left five years before. Accompanied by Sister Hyacinthe, she makes this journey, leaving home on the eighth of August, 1850, and returning about the twenty-fifth. There was great joy when the travelers came back, Father Cheymol going out several miles to meet them.

The admission to holy profession of the first three novices received in America, takes place this year; that of Sister Conception Nave, and Sister Ignatius Choppin, January 29th, and of Sister Coeur de Marie, September 12th. At the former, the venerable Father Badin preached the sermon for the newly professed, the last delivered at St. Martin's by the holy missionary, who was worn out with his sixty years of labor in the wilds of Michigan, Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana. Reverend Father Gacon, assisted by Father Cheymol was delegated to preside in the name of the Bishop at both ceremonies.

Among the good helpers of the house at this time was Mrs. Dr. Charles Snowden, of New Orleans. After placing her daughter and an adopted child in the school as boarders, she had accommodated the struggling community by a loan of money without interest, at a moment when it relieved them from great embarrassment. These and other considerations induced the Bishop to grant to Mrs. Snowden the privilege she so much desired of occupying a room of the house in which Mrs. Purcell had taken up her residence. She remained here about eighteen months, when circumstances obliged her to seek another home, much to the regret of all who knew her.

A new brick building is put up in November, to serve the purposes of a laundry and bakery. It measured fifty by thirty feet, and afforded a much needed convenience in the domestic arrangements of the house.

At this time Notre Mère found that she could at last fulfill a promise, made in Paris, before sailing for America, by Mothers Stanislaus and St. Peter, of placing a statue of Our Lady of Victory on the altar of the chapel in their new home in the Western World. A new harmonium was also used for the first time at the Christmas Mass.

Among the many pupils who had come into the Academy during these five years, there had been a goodly number of Protestants. Toward the close of this year, Miss Anna Haughton, the first convert, is baptized.

Of the band of eight missionaries whom we saw crossing the Atlantic at the invitation of Bishop Purcell, in 1839, one is now called to a more distinguished, though not less laborious, field of labor in the service of the Church. Father Lamy, the life-long friend of Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, is named Bishop of the far-off western See of Santa Fé, there to build up an American church out of the remains of the faith planted three hundred years ago by the Franciscan missionaries who followed in the march of the Spanish conquerors of the Pacific Slope. Before bidding farewell to his home and friends in Ohio, he comes to seek the solitude he desires in order to pursue the exercises of a spiritual retreat before his consecration. This he does under the direction of his life-long friend and adviser, Father Gacon. How tender the friendship that binds together these devoted priests, and yet how detached from its personal enjoyment when their holy vocation calls for its sacrifice! The good Fathers Gacon and Cheymol accompany him to Cincinnati, when his retreat is over, assisting at his consecration on the twenty-fourth of December. Here the four friends, Fathers Gacon, Cheymol, Macheboeuf and Lamy, spend a last few hours in converse before the two missionaries set out for their journey over the plains, before the separation which will be life-long, if we except an occasional re-union at St. Martin's; a separation now joyously ended, we trust, in an eternal union in the ranks of the anointed of the Lord.

The newly consecrated Bishop and Father Macheboeuf reached Santa Fé only in September, and many letters were received by their friends in Ohio during this long and fatiguing journey. These are so full of interest, written as they were before the iron horse had

ploughed its way over the Great Plains and lofty mountains that separate us from the western coast, that we reproduce them from the columns of the *Telegraph*:—

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, March 10, 1851.

REVEREND AND DEAR FRIEND:

I should have answered your letter sooner, but I had been absent three weeks from this place, and it was only at my return that I had the pleasure to see your favor. Now I have three priests with me: my little band is ready to start at any time, but, with the best will in the world, we are obliged to wait until the train goes. On account of the scarcity of grass on the plains, they put off starting from week to week. I hope they will go soon, but we do not know yet precisely what time—this gives us a good opportunity to learn Spanish.

Mr. Macheboeuf arrived here a month ago, with the young priest whom you have likely seen in Cincinnati. Mgr. Odin, of Galveston, would like very much to keep this young clergyman. I may leave him in Texas for some time, if he is willing to stay himself.

As Bishop Odin has given me full jurisdiction in his diocese, I have visited some places. Last month, at the invitation of a young officer, a convert to our Church—a quartermaster and lieutenant at a military post called Fort Gates—I went there. The distance from San Antonio is one hundred and eighty miles: the young officer came to meet us half way. I found one-half of his company Irish Catholics. They had not seen a clergyman for two years, and some among them for a longer time. I kept church there three days; a great number of soldiers approached the sacraments, the young officer himself giving the example; indeed, he is very pious. His young wife is not yet a Catholic, but I think she is very well disposed. As it is very dangerous to travel on the frontier of Texas, on account of the Indians, the Lieutenant gave us two dragoons for my escort to return to San Antonio. The Reverend Mr. Macheboeuf is going to visit another military post adjoining the headquarters of the Comanches.

Sometimes we have a day or two of cold wind, but generally the weather is delightful. The boundless prairies of Texas are a beautiful

sight, and the rivers and the springs are also admirable. We have two rivers which run through San Antonio, one of which gives the name to the place, and the other called San Pedro. They come from two springs five miles above this, and they form, all at once, two grand streams. The San Antonio would be deep enough for navigation.

There is here only one Spanish priest, who is very kind to us, and he gives us hospitality with the greatest cheerfulness. About one-half of the population is Mexican—perhaps three thousand—but most of them live in wretched huts. They are more like Indians than Europeans. The church is a very ancient building; strong, but without much taste. There are in the neighborhood several old churches called “missions,” which have been very flourishing in the last century; now, nothing remains but ruins, yet one of them could be repaired with very little expense, if there was a Catholic population about it. Some of the Mexicans seem to be very industrious and independent. This is the largest congregation in the whole diocese of Texas. The convent is just built. Bishop Odin has also a large building occupied by the troops. The Government pays him \$1800 of rent every year. He intends to make a college of it.

Very few of my books have been saved—you know, I lost many other valuable articles. God was pleased to send me this trial from the very first for my new mission. May His holy will be done.

My expenses will be three times greater than I expected, but still Providence comes to my help.

Pray for me, that I may prove myself a worthy instrument in the hands of God, to work with zeal and resignation in the vineyard entrusted to my care.

Yours devotedly, in Christ Jesus,

† J. LAMY, Vic. Ap., N. Mexico.

How changed to-day the scenes which our good Father Lamy describes! And how great the debt of gratitude which the people of New Mexico owe to these two zealous lovers of God and Holy Church! We can not forbear following them to their jour-

ney's end, and listen to the details of events transpiring along their route to the friends they had left in Ohio:—

EL PASO DEL NORTE, June 29, 1851.

We arrived here last week, after a journey of six weeks on the plains. I did not suffer much on the journey, though both feet were sore. During the whole time the weather was serene, the air quite warm, and the nights so pleasant that we did not require the shelter of our tents when we slept. On almost every morning we offered the Holy Sacrifice. To the officers of the expedition we were under many obligations. They were invariably kind—had our baggage transported in government wagons, and supplied us with provisions at a very reasonable price and often presented us with game and fish.

There are three beautiful pueblos or villages, on the Texas side, which belong to the diocese of Galveston, and the charge of which was confided to me by Bishop Odin. They are within four miles of El Paso. On my arrival they gave me a grand reception; particularly in the fine town of Socorra, from which all the inhabitants came out to meet me, headed by the civil authorities, the *Padre*, music, and National Guards. Near the entrance of the town, they had erected a triumphal arch under which I had to pass. On the next day, being the Festival of St. John, I said Mass in the church, which was quite crowded. As I had left the good Spanish priest, who had accompanied me from the States, at the first village, to perform missionary duties for a day or two, I requested the *Padre* to tell his people that I was very grateful for the great respect they had manifested for the Episcopal office; an honor which should be referred to God alone, whose humble and unworthy ambassador I was. The good *Padre* did so; but he added so many other good things about me, which I thought he should not have said, that I was constrained to interrupt him. I then made my first public essay in the "*Lingua de Dios*." After leaving the church, the *Padre* excused his eloquence and treated us with great kindness. The Bishop of Durango, who had charge of these pueblos of New Mexico, of Chihuahua, and other adjacent states, had given him the administration of ecclesiastical affairs of the villages situated on the Texan side; but the old *Padre* is not overwell liked by

the people. This little spot, and the vicinity for a few miles on the Rio Grande, is truly beautiful; particularly so to me, arriving from a journey of six weeks over barren plains, and mountains without a tree to conceal their rocky precipices. Here he is delighted to find a country covered with verdure, the fields waving with grain, and the trees loaded with fruit.

El Paso is a scattered village, of at least eight thousand souls. Though it seldom rains (for they have had scarcely a drop of rain for three years) yet, by a system of irrigation, they have managed to make their country like a garden. Their wine is excellent, also their peaches, apples, apricots and pears.

The *Padre cura del Paso*, from whose house I write, has kindly given me hospitality. He is a very intelligent priest. His name is Urtez. The houses are low and remarkably clean, and well arranged for commerce, and to suit the climate. The churches are large, but they might be kept in better order. So far as I could form an opinion, the people are well disposed. They certainly manifest a strong attachment to their religion; but especially to its exterior observances. I can not say much, for it will take some time to form a correct idea of their customs and practices.

I leave this week for Santa Fé, distant four hundred miles, and in performing this journey, I will see two-thirds of my district

Reverend Mr. Macheboeuf is busily engaged with the Irish soldiers at the military posts. He unites with me in presenting to your Grace his respects, as well as to other friends in Cincinnati.

JOHN LAMY, Vic. Ap., N. Mexico.

SANTA FÉ, Eve of the Assumption, 1851.

MOST REVEREND AND DEAR FRIEND:

On last Sunday, the ninth of August, we reached Santa Fé. I thought it probable that some of the Faithful would come forth to meet us, but little did I expect to see several thousands in the procession! A great number of carriages were seen, and among them that of the Hon. Mr. Cathorn, Governor of the Territory, who came out several miles, at the head of the authorities, civil and military, to meet us. Along the road, a number of tasty triumphant arches were erected, under which I

was obliged to pass, whilst the canon fired a salute. I entered the Governor's carriage by his special request, attended by the Vicar-General and Reverend Mr. Macheboeuf. On our arrival in the city, we proceeded, amidst a vast concourse, to the church, through a fine street, lined on each side with beautiful cedar trees, which the day before had been brought in and planted for the occasion. The houses were decorated with fine carpets, and silks hung over the doors and from the windows. I wore the purple cassock, surplice maseta and stole. After solemn benediction in the church, we entered the dwelling, which is situated on the same lot as the church. Here the finest refreshments, and in great abundance, had been prepared and served in the hall, to which all the authorities, and many of the Americans and Mexicans, had been invited, as they were, also, to a public dinner which took place at a late hour. The house prepared for me belongs to the Vicar-General, and is one of the best here; it is, indeed, an Episcopal palace. When he heard that a meeting had been held, some weeks previous to my arrival, to prepare a proper abode for the Bishop, he most graciously offered his own, which is most conveniently situated, and he retired to the home of his mother. We are now comfortably lodged.

There are fine churches in Santa Fé, and one or two capellas. All are built in the shape of a cross. Some of them, with little expense, might be made quite handsome. In all of them are good paintings, but they have not been taken proper care of, as their appearance attests. There is one church here which, under the Spanish and Mexican governments, had been frequented by the troops, with which I have been much pleased. It is not very large but admirably proportioned, and the sanctuary is enriched with a great deal of fine work in stone. The military authority seems to allege a claim on this property, though the territorial legislature has relinquished all right to interfere. I hope I shall not have much trouble in its recovery. The building stands in the middle of the square, fronting the plaza.

JOHN LAMY, Vic. Ap., N. Mexico.

SANTA FÉ, September 2, 1851.

MOST REVEREND AND DEAR ARCHBISHOP :

We recovered, a few days ago, the first church in the city ! Since the war it had been in the hands of the American troops. Having procured the necessary documents, I appealed to the authorities to restore the property. There was at first some difficulty, but when it was known that I was determined to have justice done, and that not only all the Mexicans, but three-fourths of the Americans, were in my favor, and that there was much impropriety in using our church for a court house, they surrendered the building with all the formalities of law. The court being in session in the church, I entered, and the Judges gave me the keys. I addressed the people in Spanish and English, and on the spot I commenced a subscription for the repair of the edifice and its restoration to the uses of religion. The Governor and the Chief Justice headed the list, and in a short time we had a thousand dollars.

This church is built in the shape of a cross, fronting the plaza, in the finest part of the city. By next Christmas the Reverend Mr. Macheboeuf will have it ready for divine service, when I hope to officiate at its altar, on my return from Durango.

On the same lot there is a church dedicated to Our Lady de la Luz ; also, a dwelling house and four stores which rent for a hundred dollars a month. As everything is extremely dear, this rent will be of some help to us. There is also a large farm, containing several thousand acres, some of it quite fertile, which belongs to the Church, and which I hope to recover before long.

JOHN LAMY, Vic. Ap., N. Mexico.

It is needless to follow these good friends of St. Martin's through the hardships and trials, by which they both built up an enduring monument to their apostolic labors in the respective dioceses of Santa Fé and Denver. Leaving them in the vast plains and mountains, which they must traverse to find the flock entrusted to their care, we find that, during the time of this correspondence with the western Bishop, our own city of Cincinnati has been

raised to an Archiepiscopal See, and that Bishop Purcell sails for Rome, to receive the pallium from the hands of the Holy Father himself. This is the first visit *ad limina* made since the great Pontiff, Pius IX., had mounted the throne of Peter. Taking passage at New York on the steamer "Africa," he wrote a Pastoral to the clergy and laity of the diocese, on the Feast of the Epiphany, announcing the Jubilee proclaimed by his Holiness, a Pastoral most touching in its fatherly love and tenderness, and received by his flock with every reciprocal mark of affection. But there are children across the water who are awaiting his arrival in the Eternal City with the same longing that these at home await his return,—a proof of which we find in a communication from Rome, published in the *Catholic Telegraph*, of March 29:—

ROME, January 17, 1851.

REVEREND MR. PURCELL:

Having heard that the Bishop is probably on his way to Europe, I direct to you the letter which it is now full time for me to write home. I did intend to write to you on the day of the Epiphany, but what with the various rites, in the morning, followed by the Pontifical Mass of the Most Reverend Archbishop Hughes, of New York, with the sermon of the same, after the gospel, and in the evening the Solemn Vespers, kept me nearly all the day in the church, and since then all my time has been taken up in things, if not as pleasant as writing home, at least more necessary.

The scene the little church presented on that morning is still present to my mind. You should see it before you could judge of its beauty and its effect. There are in it five altars—one high altar and two small altars on either side of the high one. The floor of the church is unencumbered with aught save kneeling worshippers or standing spectators, for, in Rome, they have not the custom of filling a church with benches or cribs. At each one of these altars there was a Mass of a peculiar rite. At the high altar, you see an Armenian Pontifical with a splendor of vest-

ments and of numerous acolytes and thurifers, and attendants not equaled even by the Latin Pontifical Mass in a Catholic country.

At the first side altar to the right was a Latin Low Mass, by a Polish bishop; at the second, a Maronite Mass, in which either the assistant or the priest is continually singing, and in which the vestments are the same as the Latin. At the left, on the first altar, you saw a Chaldean, with his long vestments and flowing beard, carrying you back to the time when the apostles themselves first said Mass in Syro-Chaldaic. In this Mass, also, there is a continual chant, either of the celebrant or of the assistants. And, finally, at the second altar on the left, you might have observed an aged priest saying Mass in the Slavonic rite, dressed in the long white robe similar to that used by the Latin celebrants at vespers.

I have seen nothing more beautiful and impressive in my whole life; no symbol so striking of the Church's vastness and unity,—vastness that comprehends all lands and time; unity not strained, external, material: a union of forms and ceremonies, while hearts and intellects remain far asunder; but unity internal, spiritual, real, in seeking the same great end by means of the same faith; the same baptism by the same holy sacrifice, through which faith is possible, and baptism efficacious.

The Protestants—who were present in great numbers, as you could see by their eye-glasses and vacant looks—might have been silently refuted as to that demagogic objection they make about concealing the Gospel and Liturgical prayers from the people. All the rites, except the Latin, are either in the tongue used by the people, or else in the tongue once the language of the nation, but which has been left in its purity to the Liturgy in the downward "progress" of ages.

After the High Mass, Cardinal Frasoni confirmed Viscount and Lady Camden, Archbishop Hughes and the Princess Doria being sponsors. The poor lady wept for consolation at finding herself thus safe with her husband in the ark of Peter. Archbishop Hughes had already had the consolation to receive their first confessions, and gave them their first Communion. He had also received into the Church, at Marseilles, the abjuration of the curate of Archdeacon Manning.

A curious anecdote is told of the conversion of Lord and Lady Camden. They had a private audience with the Pope, who, after talking

with them some time, was struck by observing their little girl, almost like an infant, walk before him and make a low bow. The tender heart of Pius IX. was touched by the unconscious homage of guileless innocence, as contrasted with the cold doubting and hesitation which the world and the flesh throw in the way of age, and, stretching out his arms over the little child, he burst into tears, as did also—as if taken by the same thought—both parents. After a little more conversation, they parted about nine o'clock in the evening; Lord Camden to hunt up Archbishop Hughes and prepare himself for being admitted into the Church.

On the fourteenth of this month was the Academy of Languages at Propaganda. There were forty-two. The English piece, making allusions to the present intolerance of the English, seemed to irritate some of those who understood it—a thing not to be wondered at, since there were many Protestants there.

With regard to Rome and Roman affairs, I have no need to tell you anything. There is a rumor out, especially among the foreigners in Rome, that Dr. Hughes is to be made Cardinal, and though it may be well founded, still I have no reason for saying that it is so; and even if I had—as, in fact, I have—something that might be construed into a foundation, I would not tell it to you, because you are an Editor.

Yours &c.,

S. H. R.

These initials will be recognized at once as those of Silvester Horton Rosecrans, the future coadjutor of Cincinnati, and the first Bishop of Columbus, who will soon finish his studies in Rome, and enroll himself as one of the most talented and efficient workers in the newly created Province of Cincinnati.

Much of interest marked this visit of the Archbishop; we notice particularly, in the columns of the *Telegraph*, of August 30th, that the Countess Ida de Bocarme, mother of the Count of that name, had been very anxious to thank the Archbishop of Cincinnati for his attendance upon her son during his last days, but had been unable to meet with him; when, just as he was departing from Italy, she met him at the railway station, about to take his departure for America.

Throwing herself at the Archbishop's feet, she twice demanded and received his blessing, and declared aloud that she devoted the rest of her life to the employment of making religious ornaments and vestments, which she would send to the Prelate for the decoration of the chapels which he might erect each year.

We find that the Archbishop arrived home, as was his custom when he wished to avoid any public display in his honor, at an unexpected hour, on the morning of August 24th. It was at the early hour of three o'clock, but a little rest refreshed him, so that he preached in the Cathedral the same day to an immense audience. "He is," the next issue of the *Telegraph* says, "in excellent health, and since his arrival, has been in constant communication with the clergy of the various churches and large numbers of the laity who have hastened to offer him their congratulations on his safe arrival. The discourse of the Archbishop on Sunday was naturally suggested by his travels, his interviews with the Sovereign Pontiff and sojourn in the Eternal City. His hearers were startled by some of the details which he gave of the manner in which the Church is slandered. In conclusion, the Archbishop recommended charity—in thought, word and action—no matter how great the provocation received from our opponents."

The Archbishop was not long in visiting the Convent to see his aged mother, and convey to her the gratifying intelligence that the Holy Father had, in making His Grace a Prelate of the Throne, conferred upon her the title of a Roman Countess. The Archbishop and his mother were thus ranked among the nobility of Italy, and though most highly appreciated as a mark of the great esteem of the Holy Father, it was often the subject of many a happy pleasantry between the good lady and her democratic sons. On the occasion of this glad visit, more ceremony than usual was added to the testimony of affection which always greeted His Grace. A

handsome throne was erected in the main corridor opposite the vestibule entrance, the house was illuminated with countless lights, the pupils met him at the entrance door, dressed in spotless white, and, after being escorted to his throne, the nuns, arranged along the sides of the corridor, approached singly in turn to receive his benediction. During this time the *Te Deum* was sung, and when the little ceremony was over, the gracious Father mingled with his happy children, until the lateness of the hour closed the joyful scene.

About this time Mrs. Corr, having lost her estimable husband by death, was invited by the Archbishop and his venerable mother to take up her residence with the latter. Here they lived most happily together until 1854, when Mrs. Corr removed to "Rose Cottage," a short distance from the Convent, where Mrs. Purcell, with Miss Kate, made her home for several years. During the month of August, several Sisters of Charity visited Mrs. Purcell, among them the now venerable Mother Josephine, of Mt. St. Joseph's, Delhi.

The band of nine choir sisters, has, by the fourteenth of November, 1851, increased to thirteen; for, on that day, four chosen souls had the inexpressible happiness of pronouncing their religious vows: Sister Xavier Carolan, Sister St. John Birrer, Sister Ursula Dodds and Sister Pauline Furnell. The Right Reverend Bishop Michael O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, delegated by the Most Reverend Archbishop to officiate on the occasion, delivered a most beautiful and eloquent sermon.

The Distribution this year gave a most excellent programme to the public, and much praise was given to the first Valedictorian of the school, Miss Margaret McLenan, of Cincinnati. She had faithfully gone through the course of studies during the six years of her stay in the Convent, and though, in those early days, young

ladies finishing the course were not known as "graduates," they deserved the title not less than those of later days. The Very Reverend Father Collins presided on the occasion, and in responding, on the part of the Assembly, to the beautiful valedictory of Miss McLenan, he regretted that so bright and cheering a scene had not been witnessed by the cherished and honored founder of the institution, whose place he had been requested to fill.

The notice of the events of this year, would be incomplete to many a heart, then buoyant and fresh with the brightness of youth, were the fact left unrecorded that the first "May Party" was held this year, Miss Ada Hoskins as Queen. What a red-letter day this May-day was in the Convent! None who shared its joys will ever forget the interest, the toil cheerfully assumed by the dear mistresses, that this day might be a never-to-be-forgotten one for the pupils.

Early in 1852, Mr. Gross, a successful and most respected merchant of Cincinnati, brought to the Convent his eight motherless children, begging the favor of leaving them in the care of the good nuns, whilst he undertook a voyage to France, on business of importance. Five of the oldest girls were entered as boarders, while the two younger, and the little Charles, aged eighteen months, were comfortably lodged, with their grandmother and nurse, in one of the large rooms of the house occupied by Mrs Purcell. The older members of this family, always so esteemed, and whose relation with the Convent through future years continued to be of the most loving nature, after finishing their English education within its walls, were entered as boarders at the mother house at Boulogne, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of French.

That beautiful and most practical devotion of "The Way of the Cross," now so widely known and loved in every church of city or village, was given to the pupils for the first time, as a help to the knowledge of the Blessed Passion of our Lord, on the

fourth of May of this year. The stations were blessed and erected by Fathers Gacon and Cheymol in the spring of 1852. Many a heart now worn with care, and sore with the pain that has been its portion with the coming years, recalls with deep gratitude the precious graces of love and patience that have sunk into its depths before these simple representations of the Sufferings of the Man of Sorrows, while kneeling in the dim twilight, or in the quiet darkness, relieved only by the ever faithful gleam of the lamp of the sanctuary.

The visit of two old friends came to add its share of joy to the household during the early summer, Monseigneur Lamy on his way to the National Council of Archbishops and Bishops, held in Baltimore, and Mr. Peudeprat, whom the nuns had not seen since their arrival in Brown County. This estimable priest was on his way to join Bishop Lamy on his return to the diocese of Santa Fé, but his zealous labors were ended by an untimely death, in St. Louis, at the house of the Jesuits, from that dreaded disease, the cholera, which was then scourging the country.

It is now four years since the first Procession in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament had borne the Sacramental Lord under the open canopy of His own bright sunlight, and the heart of the Archbishop, His most High Priest, longed to have a portion of the earth of his vast diocese blessed again by a public triumph of the Hidden God. The sixth of June, the Feast of Corpus Christi, was all that could be desired; a bright and glowing sun shed its tribute of surpassing splendor on the day, which began by the solemn ceremony of a religious profession. The celebrant was the distinguished Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburgh; the newly-professed, his accomplished sister, Miss Mary Ann O'Connor—in religion, Sister Aloysia—who had been for many years a pupil of the Sisters of the Visitation, at Georgetown. Her reverend brother, Mr. James O'Connor, afterwards Bishop of Omaha, with the Reverend

Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, assisted in the sanctuary, while the sermon was preached by the Most Reverend Archbishop. The Holy Sacrament was borne in Procession by the Archbishop under a magnificent canopy, carried by four laymen, to an altar erected at the entrance of the woods, in a deep shade formed by the arching boughs of leafy oaks and maples. Here Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop, and this altar, thirty feet high, worthy of the temple of the God of Nature, displayed the taste, the energy, the patience, the devotion of Reverend Father Butler, who had prepared it, and another altar in the woods, to be as little unworthy as he could make them of the God who came down from Heaven to receive the homage of His people, and to walk among them and to bless them. The choir of the Church of the Mother of God, Covington, under the direction of Reverend Mr. Kuhr, deserved great praise for the aid it kindly rendered to enhance the splendor of the festival. Benediction was given at the second altar in the woods, and again, when the Procession reached the entrance, from an altar on the front porch. The day, a marked one in the annals of the Convent, shall never be forgotten by any who shared in its graces and favors. The *Telegraph*, from which we gather the main particulars of this sketch, adds: "The pupils enjoy the best health. They all improve, and are—how could they be otherwise?—happy, and devoted to their kind teachers."

In August, 1852, Sisters Augustine, Baptist and Charles, from the Ursuline Convent of Bank Street, spend a few days, at the suggestion of the Archbishop, in the quiet retreat of St. Martin's; while this month is also made memorable by the fact that the first young lady from the ranks of the pupils of the school, Miss Mary Morgan, is admitted to the novitiate, receiving the name of Sister Francis. Almost each succeeding year there were other followers in the footsteps of Sister Francis. In August, 1853, Miss

Anna Haughton, who had been received into the Church the previous year, obtained from her mother the permission to gratify a long cherished desire to visit again the Convent she loved so well. She had in the secret of her heart listened long to the voice which called her to rank herself among the chosen ones of our Lord, and here she finds that, to be obedient to that voice, she must remain and not return again to the fond embrace of the mother she had just left. But the pain, the agony, she would cause that dear mother! With eyes flooded in tears, and a heart torn with conflicting emotions, she begs Notre Mère not to send her away, but to admit her into this blessed company of St. Ursula on the coming Festival of the Assumption. Her sister Lucy, backed by the influence of good Father Cheymol who accompanies her, accedes to Anna's request of going down to her mother to ask the required consent. But all her efforts are useless, neither the prayers of the good Archbishop, nor the remonstrances of her friends can obtain it, nor keep Mrs. Haughton from going herself to St. Martin's to bring back her child and rescue her from such a danger. But the brave girl, while recognizing her mother's rights, knew that the call of God to leave her was stronger than the strong cords of a mother's love, and she followed the voice, which afterwards, in virtue of her sacrifice, spoke not less clear and loud to the mother's heart, and led her also into the one fold of Christ's holy Church. This grace was granted her just before her holy death, in 1857.

The scholastic year of 1852 closed, as usual, with much satisfaction to all concerned;—there are now over fifty boarders, and the day free-school of the parish is well attended. The novices are sufficient in number to allow the exercises of the house to be carried on with regularity.

No event of importance occurs during the winter and spring months of 1853 until about the fifteenth of March, when a violent

storm bursts over the surrounding country, tearing up many of the trees, breaking windows and throwing down several chimneys, the damage in all amounting to about three hundred dollars. On the seventeenth of May, another, less violent, spent its fury in breaking down the wooden bridge crossing Solomon's Run, proving itself a blessing in disguise in this way, that it secured another built of stone instead of the rickety wooden structure it replaced.

An improvement made before the close of '53 was that of erecting a handsome porch at the entrance door, to replace the steps of rough lumber which had preceded it. The painting of the interior woodwork was also continued, and thus a wise and cautious Mother, little by little, provided for the comfort of the community without leaving it a burden of debt, to hinder its advancement in coming years.

The saintly Bishop Baraga, who had labored so zealously among the Indians round the Great Lakes, was brought by His Grace to visit the Convent, during the month of November, 1853. It was on this visit that the good Archbishop appeared most unceremoniously at the door of the refectory, whilst the nuns were at supper. Although the apparition was a most unexpected one, they recovered sufficient presence of mind to carry them through the ordeal of His Grace's visit, and the good Father left the refectory, not only well satisfied with the menu, but still better with the pleasant discomfiture of the religious, which he knew so well how to enjoy.

This year witnessed the holy profession of Sister St. Clare Healy, and of the cousins, Sister Anne Labrousse and Sister Martha Labrousse, their vows being received by the Most Reverend Archbishop early in January.

A most evident trait, not only of the refined nature of Mother Julia, but of her strong spirit of faith, was that which marked her entertainment of bishops and priests. Convinced that their coming

brought untold blessings to the house, every ingenuity was used during their stay to make their visits agreeable. It was, then, with great joy that she was granted, on the twenty-fourth of April, 1854, the distinguished honor of entertaining the Most Reverend Archbishop, Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburgh; Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, and the newly consecrated Bishop Young, of Erie. In presenting the community to them she begged that they might all give their benediction at once. How touching a scene in the sight of Heaven when these five holy prelates, with hands outstretched upon the humble daughters of St. Angela, kneeling before them, begged that the blessing of the Triune God—Father, Son and Holy Ghost—might descend upon them and remain with them forever!

The *Telegraph*, of April 29th, says, in speaking of this event: "The good sisters and pupils were delighted with the unexpected honor of a visit from so many distinguished prelates. Owing to the suddenness of their visit, it was not expected that any entertainment beyond the ordinary Brown County hospitality could be prepared for them, but the zeal and talents of the sisters defeated this anticipation. In the evening, with an array and disposition of lights and scenery that seemed to have been studied for months, a number of *Tableaux Vivants* were represented in the programme, of which the following appeared:—

The Mother's Surprise.

The Child of Prayer.

The Schoolmistress.

Balthasar—in four scenes.

The Guardian Angel.

After this exhibition, Right Reverend Bishop Rappe officiating, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Convent chapel. Three of the Right Reverend Prelates paid a visit to Fayetteville, and partook of the hospitality of the Reverend C. Daly, pastor of that place.

All expressed themselves delighted with their visit and full of

admiration for the excellent institution, which has already been so full of benediction for this diocese. They return to the city on Wednesday."

The interesting character of the exercises given at the annual Distribution of Premiums had attracted such crowds of visitors, and were looked upon by the public as so elevating in their tendency to the minds and hearts of the many who witnessed them in the halls of the Convent, that it was deemed a wise and necessary measure, by the Superiors of the house, to devise some means by which greater space could be secured for the rendition of the usual programme and for the accommodation of the guests. Many of the respectable citizens of the neighboring counties and towns, who knew nothing of the nature of the Catholic religion except to hold its name in holy abhorrence, witnessed these exhibitions, and went away with the conviction that a school showing such results must be constituted under, and governed by, principles true in their nature and correct in their applications, and that they could unhesitatingly entrust their children's education to the direction of those who were guided by them. For the purpose, then, of securing sufficient room, a temporary hall was improvised on the grounds, until the limited means of the community would permit them to erect a more substantial building for this purpose.

Under a large tent, one hundred feet long by forty wide, in the space now occupied by the gas house and the noble linden trees, on a beautiful July day in 1854, were gathered the pupils and visitors, the actors and audience, of this first *al fresco* exhibition day. As to the merits of the programme, and the appreciation of the audience, we again glean our information from the official organ of the diocese: "The magic charm that lights upon everything said or done at the Academy of the Fayetteville Ursulines, was this year more magical than ever. The exhibition took place under a tent in the open air,

raised about ten feet from the ground, the platform on which the pupils were placed, raised still higher, and so arranged as almost to make one forget the vertical sun that was pouring his burning rays on all outside that bright but cool enclosure. The *dramatis personæ* of the play of "The Sorceress of the Village," the Misses Mary Snowden, Lily White, Mary Townsend, Susan Bradley and Agnes Wilson, of New Orleans, Ravenswood, Va., and Cincinnati, and their companions, drew peals of laughter and applause from the audience; whilst the coronation of the graduate, Miss Ada Hoskins, which took place amidst flowers, poetry and graces the most exquisite, excited the admiration of the assembled multitude and drew tears of sympathy and delight from even other eyes than those of a devoted parent and uncle. But we should never have done if we spoke of the little Misses Woodworth, the little Misses Gross, Miss Clague, of New Orleans, Miss Mary Cody, of Cincinnati, the Misses Matson and Misses Kearney, of Covington, Miss Eggert, Miss Ewing and Miss Van Trump, of Lancaster, and many others whose names will be found among the lists of successful candidates for literary and other honors. At the close of the exercises, the Reverend Mr. Butler made some feeling and appropriate remarks, and gave some salutary admonitions to the young folks, and congratulated the faithful and able sisters upon their devotedness and success."

During the vacation, Mother Joseph Woulfe and Mother Baptist Lynch made an eight days' visit to their sisters of Brown County, with the view of making some decision in a most important matter. It had long been the wish of the Most Reverend Archbishop that the Ursulines of Bank Street should unite with those of Brown County, and form but one community, as there was question of the dissolution of that of Cincinnati and of its members returning to the mother house of Black Rock, near Cork. Both desiring to accede to the wishes of the zealous Prelate, who was loth to lose the services of these talented

ladies in the education of the young in his diocese, it was finally agreed that such of their numbers as would so desire should make their future home in Brown County. Accordingly, about the end of October, Mother de Sales Coleman, Mother Ursula Dignum, accompanied by Sister Catherine Pohlman, Sister Joanna Rowland, Sister Monica Coffey and Sister Teresa Lamb, affiliated themselves to the Brown County community. They were joined, early in the spring of 1855, by Mother Joseph Woulfe, Mother Charles Maloney and Mother Baptist Lynch, the first two mentioned having just arrived from Ireland, whither they had gone on the disbanding of the community, while Mother Baptist had joined them on her way from the Ursuline Convent of New Orleans. They rendered great services to the community as accomplished teachers and most edifying religious, until they were called to other fields of labor in the cities of Springfield, Ill., and Columbia, S. C.

The choir novices admitted to Holy Profession on November 21, 1854, were Sister Agnes McGee, and Sister Francis Morgan, the latter mentioned before as being the first boarder blessed with a vocation to the novitiate.

The scholastic year closed, as we have seen with great success, and school was resumed again in September '54, with sixty boarders.

The winter and spring of '54-'55 passed without incident other than already noted; but the beautiful May month brought a visit from the friend of former years, the Very Reverend Father Macheboeuf, now Vicar General of Santa Fé. The pupils had prepared the beautiful play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the holy missionary sat in their midst, as pleased and happy in listening to their simple plays as if he knew nothing of the danger and sins of border life and Indian camps, or the hardships of travel over desert plains.

The Distribution this year of 1855 seems to have given more than usual pleasure to the patrons, and to the distinguished prelates

of Cincinnati and Detroit, Right Reverend Bishop Lefevre and Very Reverend Mr. Ferneding and other clergymen present. After the Valedictory delivered by Miss Juliet Rogers, Judge J. W. Piatt, of Cincinnati—whose daughter Arabella was among the pupils—at the request of the Most Reverend Archbishop, made a few remarks to the audience, expressing in his own name, and that of all present, the respect, the veneration and gratitude due to the devoted sisters under whose careful tuition the young ladies had reached the height of excellence which their exhibition displayed. From the rare success of the sisters' schools in this country, he took occasion to advert to the *completeness* of the Catholic religion, which is adapted to all phases of civilization; equal to any exigency in the social condition. After he was seated, the Most Reverend Archbishop said a few words to declare the satisfaction of the Right Reverend Bishop of Detroit, as well as his own, with all parts of the exhibition. As the country was just then passing through the highest stage of the Know-Nothing political excitement, he made use of the opportunity to say, that though many of them were not of the Catholic religion, he could not but eulogize the good sense and liberality of sentiment, the fearless adherence to principle, which their parents and guardians manifested in disregarding popular prejudices in the selection of the best schools for their children.

On the morning following the exhibition, the Most Reverend Archbishop, the Right Reverend Bishop of Detroit, the Very Reverend J. Ferneding and Dr. Rosecrans, who had stopped at the beautiful "Rose Cottage," departed for the city.

The annual retreat, which closed on the Feast of the Assumption, was preached by Reverend Father Dubleek, S. J., and on August 28th the obligations of the holy vows of religion were assumed by Sister Bridget McCarthy and Sister Claudine Lynch. September brought back the merry troop of school girls, who had closed their books in July, ready again for the work and fun and frolic, which with the sweet atmos-

phere of God's love and protection that enveloped their woodland home, gave a joy to their young life that has since soothed many a sorrow in the more responsible duties that the yet unveiled future had in store for them.

Of the rosary of years, which the community has since completed and offered as a crown of good works for the brow of its Immaculate Mother and Queen, one decade has now passed,—gone, with naught but notes of triumph and praise sounding through the years, for the mercies and blessings they have brought. But the second decade opens with a minor chord underlying the harmony of its swelling strains. For in the little chapel—where for so long only the triumphant notes of the *Te Deum* have been sung over prostrate forms—the sad strains of the Requiem are echoed back, one bleak morning in February, and the lifeless form of death's first victim is laid beneath the spotless covering of snow in the little graveyard. Sister St. Claire Healy had long been declining in health, and months before, physicians had declared her case to be one of incurable pulmonary consumption. With youth and energy of will she had fought bravely at her post in the class room and music room, but months before, she knew that she must die, and at last, after much suffering, she breathes forth her pure soul to God, on the second of February, 1856. She had but reached the early age of twenty-two when God called her from her earthly work in the community, to assist it by her intercession among the saints of God. But whilst one was taken from earth to heaven, four were added to the number of workers, by the Holy Profession, on March 31st, of Sister Margaret Halloran and Sister Patricia English, and on June 12th Sister Philomena Haughton and Sister Alphonse Wise.

Miss Mary Townsend was the valedictorian of the year, and delighted all at the institution by the evidences of her musical talent on harp and piano.

During the vacation, the little chapel and sanctuary were frescoed in delicate colors and simple designs, while the corridors and class rooms were beautified by the painter's art.

The violent storms—either cyclones or of cyclonic nature—which of late years have visited the valley of the Miami—were in those early days almost unknown. On October 3d, in this year of 1856, however, the country round the Convent was visited by one very destructive in its effects; trees uprooted and outbuildings overthrown, and the brick building used as a laundry was one-half unroofed. Notre Mère, with the words of the morning office: "*Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam,*" daily on her lips, hourly in her heart, offered special prayers of thanksgiving to God, and renewed the vigilance and precautions—ever alert against dangers of fire and storm.

When the warm April showers came, in the spring of 1857, to loose the springing grass from the grasp of the ice-bound earth, and dot the woods and meadows round the Convent with the rose-tinted spring beauty, the pale anemone and the blue violet, there was a day of mourning within its walls. This time, death summons, not the gentle novice of twenty summers, but the faithful servant of God, who had spent well nigh a century of years in His blessed service,—Mrs. Joanna Purcell, who died at "Rose Cottage," the home of Mrs. Corr, near the Convent. The story of her death is thus told in the *Catholic Telegraph*, by the Reverend Editors:—

"Of your charity, pray for the soul of Mrs. Joanna Purcell, who died suddenly, on Wednesday, April 15th, at 4 o'clock, A. M., at 'Rose Cottage,' near the Ursuline Convent, Brown County, Ohio. In August of last year, she had received the last Sacraments, but soon recovered—apparently—to perfect health. Three weeks ago she received the Holy Communion; and she had the happiness of receiving the last absolution and indulgence from Dr. Rosecrans, who was providentially in the cottage at the time of her departure."

It is unnecessary to speak of the virtues of the deceased. Had she lived until the first of May, she would have completed her ninety-second year. Her long life was a preparation for eternity. May she rest in peace!"

Dr. Rosecrans immediately hurried to the city to acquaint the Archbishop and Father Purcell with their sad bereavement, and on the following day, the sixteenth, His Grace, accompanied by Father Wood, arrived to officiate at the last rites of the Church over the lifeless, beloved form. The strong maternal heart that had always gone out to him in loving embrace was stilled, and reverently he knelt beside her, his eyes bathed in tears, to kiss the hands that had so often caressed her most loved and loving son. Slowly and tenderly the remains were carried by the parishoners of St. Martin's to the little church, where the assembled nuns, bearing lighted tapers, and the pupils in long white veils, were waiting to accompany the procession to the little graveyard. A solemn Requiem was celebrated by the Archbishop, while Father Wood delivered a few heartfelt words, remarking how much in keeping with the refined tastes and humble soul of the deceased mother were the simple but beautiful surroundings of her funeral. As the procession wound slowly to the little cemetery, the Archbishop chanted the *Miserere* with the sisters, and when all was over, walked back to the presbytery with Father Wood.

Thus passed from earth to heaven a woman of no ordinary mould; a valiant woman, who gave to the Church sons who rose up and called her blessed, and whose zeal and learning and piety made them shining lights in the early church of the United States; a woman who, of humble rank in her own persecuted and down-trodden country, had been raised to the highest social dignity which could be bestowed upon her by the munificence of Christ's Vicar

on earth. Most deeply did the community feel the honor which His Grace conferred upon them, in thus giving the sacred remains of his saintly mother to their keeping, and most jealously do they guard the spot where, with her little family by her side, she and they await the joys of a glorious resurrection.

In the summer of this year, the Reverend Father Cheymol sailed for France, thus taking a much needed rest from the hard labors of almost twenty years of missionary life, revisiting the friends of his youth and an only sister, a religious of the Visitation Order at Riom.

The Distribution exercises were well attended, and the Valedictory delivered in a feeling and graceful manner by Miss Snowden of New Orleans.

Brown County has been exclusively engaged during these first twelve years of its existence, in gathering to herself a sufficient number of members to satisfy the ever increasing demand for laborers. But they have now increased to the number of twenty, professed with a goodly number of novices, and whispers are heard that a foundation has been asked for by the Bishop of Alton, Ill. Two members of the Bank Street community, Mother Joseph Woulfe, Mother de Sales Coleman, and one of Brown County, whose profession we have noticed, Sister Aloysia, with three lay sisters, are selected for the expected mission. They leave in August 1857, and are located by Right Reverend Bishop Juncker, at Springfield, the capital of Illinois. In a few days they are joined by Mother Charles Maloney, who replaces Sister Aloysia.

Three novices are admitted to holy profession November 10, 1857, Sister M. Teresa Sherlock, and Sister M. Dolores O'Brien of Rochester, and Sister Elizabeth Mahoney. The Archbishop celebrated the Mass, assisted by Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, and preached from the 83d psalm.

The 7th of June, 1858, was made memorable in the annals of the Convent, as on that day, the elections for Officers of the community, which are by rule tri-ennial, were held for the first time. Notre Mère has now begun her thirteenth year of office, and it would seem that she might claim some respite from its duties and responsibilities, but yielding to the urgent wishes of her sisters as well as to the judgment of the Most Reverend Archbishop, she consents to a re-election. Mother Stanislaus is chosen Assistant, and Mother Saint Peter, Zelatrice and Treasurer.

That dreaded disease, consumption, so common in our American climate, bore away another beloved novice to the little cemetery covered with the winter snows, for on the night of February 1st, Sister Alphonse Wise was summoned to her eternal reward. Long and patiently she fought against its wasting inroads upon her delicate frame, but having done a great work in a short life, she was admitted to the repose of the Saints, in the happy childhood of her religious life. Another victim followed in a few months after, Sister Elizabeth Mahoney, who had been professed but a few months before. May these blessed souls intercede for us before the throne of God!

The Distribution exercises were rendered more interesting than usual, by the rendition of a play, written expressly for the young ladies, by the skillful and racy pen of Dr. Rosecrans, who was now living at the Cathedral, and holding the position of Editor of the *Telegraph* with Father Purcell. The music, drawing, painting and needle work receive their meed of praise. Miss Mary O'Connor of Pittsburg, spoke with much grace and dignity a most sensible and feeling Valedictory, and the Reverend Editor closes his remarks by giving an invitation to all to go and see for themselves the beauties of the exhibition. "Don't mind the roads, or other inconveniences, which will all be "reformed" next year, and

even if they were not, who is so effeminate as to heed the trouble when he thinks of the pleasure. Rome is all the finer, for its desolate access the Campagna."

Another foundation is applied for this year, by the lately consecrated Bishop of Charleston, who preached the retreat for the religious. His accomplished and learned Sister, Mother Baptist Lynch is selected as the head of the new Colony, and with Mother Ursula Dignum, both formerly of the Ursulines of Bank St., with two or three lay sisters, leave for the South in August. Bishop Lynch opens for them a fine and commodious house in Columbia, South Carolina. It was a most flourishing Academy at the breaking out of the Civil war, and though it met with many and untold trials and reverses, resulting from this terrible struggle, it is still flourishing and prosperous in the capital of South Carolina.

The holy vows of religion were pronounced this year, February 1st, by Sister Genevieve Wood, of Rochester, and Sister Mary Ann Torpy, August 11th. In both cases they were received by the Most Reverend Archbishop, who preached on the occasion.

As the young ladies had been so fortunate the preceding year '57-'58, as to enlist the talent of Dr. Rosecrans in writing the drama for the Distribution exercises, they had every reason to feel proud this year of the distinguished honor conferred upon them in eliciting a beautiful production from the pen of the poet-priest, Reverend Xavier Donald McLeod. An author of no mean fame, and by God's Grace a convert to the faith, from his first introduction to Brown County, by the Archbishop, he proved a most genial visitor and an interested friend in all that concerned its welfare. Recognizing in some of the pupils, dramatic talent of no mean order, he wrote for this especial occasion, the commencement of 1859, the beautiful drama of "Haroun al Rasheed, or the Just." With most kindly interest, he came to the Convent a

day or two before its rendition, to be present at a rehearsal, and to make any suggestions which might aid in its proper representation. After the exercises were over, he wrote for the *Telegraph* a most beautiful description of the Convent, which he afterwards embodied in his beautiful work, "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America." These exquisite thoughts from his poetic pen speak the beauty of the poet's soul and heart, which so enhances surroundings, commonplace and dull to minds not gifted with the finer powers of fancy. He writes :

"Col. Monroe, of South Carolina, who spoke a few kind words at the end of the exhibition, likened this place very beautifully and appropriately to the Happy Valley of Rasselas, a valley in, but not of the world. We would rather liken it to the mountain top, as being more isolated and higher up,—nearer to God than valleys are or may be. Mountain top or valley, this place is clearly the result of the traditional recollection of Eden. The broad plains covered with corn, vineyards and orchards, or lying in the wide sheets of dark green meadows, daisy-spotted and arabesqued by brooks; the stately calm nobleness of ancient forests, linden and oak and maple and locust; then through all this the humming of bees and golden beetles in the noon; and the flashing of phosphoric fire-flies, diamond like, luminous in the dusk, and the constant varied song of unhunted birds,—from the pure sweet whistle of the golden yellow-bird, through robin and red-bird, quail-pipe, screech of the blue jay, low coo of purple-throated dove, to the various utterances of the redish mocking bird, and the jolly sweet rollicking don't care-a-rap-for-anybody song of the intoxicated bob-o-link, rocking on a mullen top."

"First you see the little church, usually with half a dozen birds upon its cross, making you think of '*Ecce enim passer invenit domum &c. Behold the sparrow hath found her a house, and the turtle dove*

a nest where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord God of Hosts, my Lord and my God.' Then you see the presbytery, where two holy priests, Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, have, like their Master, been doing good for twenty years, and then you see amid the trees the noble Convent of the devoted daughters of St. Ursula."

Go in there, and you will be received with a rare courtesy and a pure sweetness of Christian politeness that our poor *world* has lost entirely; for here is still living that sacred root, from which alone true courtesy can spring, abnegation of self.

Well, let us suppose you arrive about three o'clock in the afternoon (we had a magnificent shower between twelve and one, and the drops still sparkle and quiver on the grass blades), you enter the hall and diverge thence into the parlor, where the beautiful needle or pencil work of the young ladies claims your attention. There you may examine that chasuble and Benediction veil, delicately splendid in white and embroidered gold; or those gay butterfly opera cloaks; or "Cæsar's Commentaries," in oils, up there; or the Italian scene in chenille just opposite; or those Roman and Greek heads; or that grand Saint Theresa, so finely done in crayon; or the jargonelle pears on their glass dishes; or the table with its handsome leather work, from which you might devour those pears, or the grand doll dresses, from the nimble fingers of the little fellows; or the slipper patterns, making the gouty man sigh for prospective joy.

Then you run out of that, through the house and under the sheltering canvas, where the crowds are, and thus you see the Most Reverend Archbishop, and the Reverend Father, Rector of St. Xavier's, and the Father Superior of Mt. St. Mary's and another clergyman, and behind and around them a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen, parents or friends of the pupils, and beyond these again the crowd of country people, for whom this is

a great annual holiday, whereunto they flock from miles around.

But the Overture is over and the curtain swept back. There clothed in white,—pure, fresh, full of health,—sit the young girls, a flower-garden of immortal souls, all, please God, destined for the upper and eternal Paradise. Now they are to show their proficiency in music, vocal and instrumental, and in rhetorical exercises. The beautiful programme was rendered, the “Last Words,” spoken by Miss Susan Freamer, who was graduated with Miss Annette Rogers, and now all is over,—brought to an end by a piece spoken by a plump little four-year-old, little Annie Haire, who, by the way received a magnificent premium for *being good*; no small matter, when deserved, my tall friends: the merchant and lawyer!

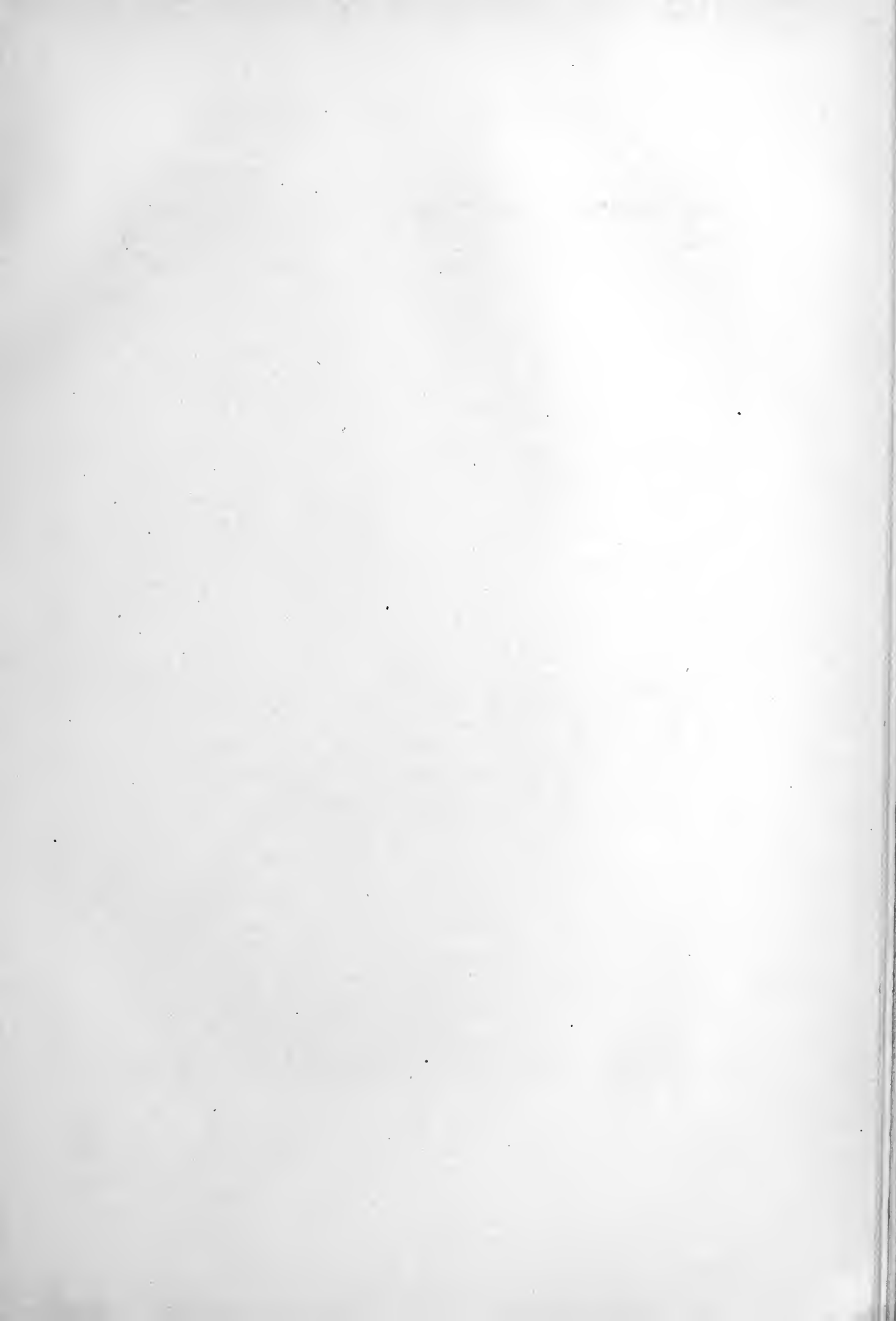
It was—by the united voices of all present, of individuals, when the excitement was over next morning, and by our own notoriously cool and critical judgment—an exhibition of singular unity in excellence. At its close, Col. Monroe spoke with Southern elegance and dignity of expression, carrying out his figure of the Prince of Abyssinia, describing the softening effects of the scene upon his own heart, and noticing, eloquently, the power of purity in education, confined to Catholic educational convents. Then followed a few words from the Most Reverend Archbishop, giving thanks to the children, their pious instructors, and, above all, to God. Upon the heads of all present, he invoked the blessings of the Holy Trinity, and then all knelt to say the *Angelus*.

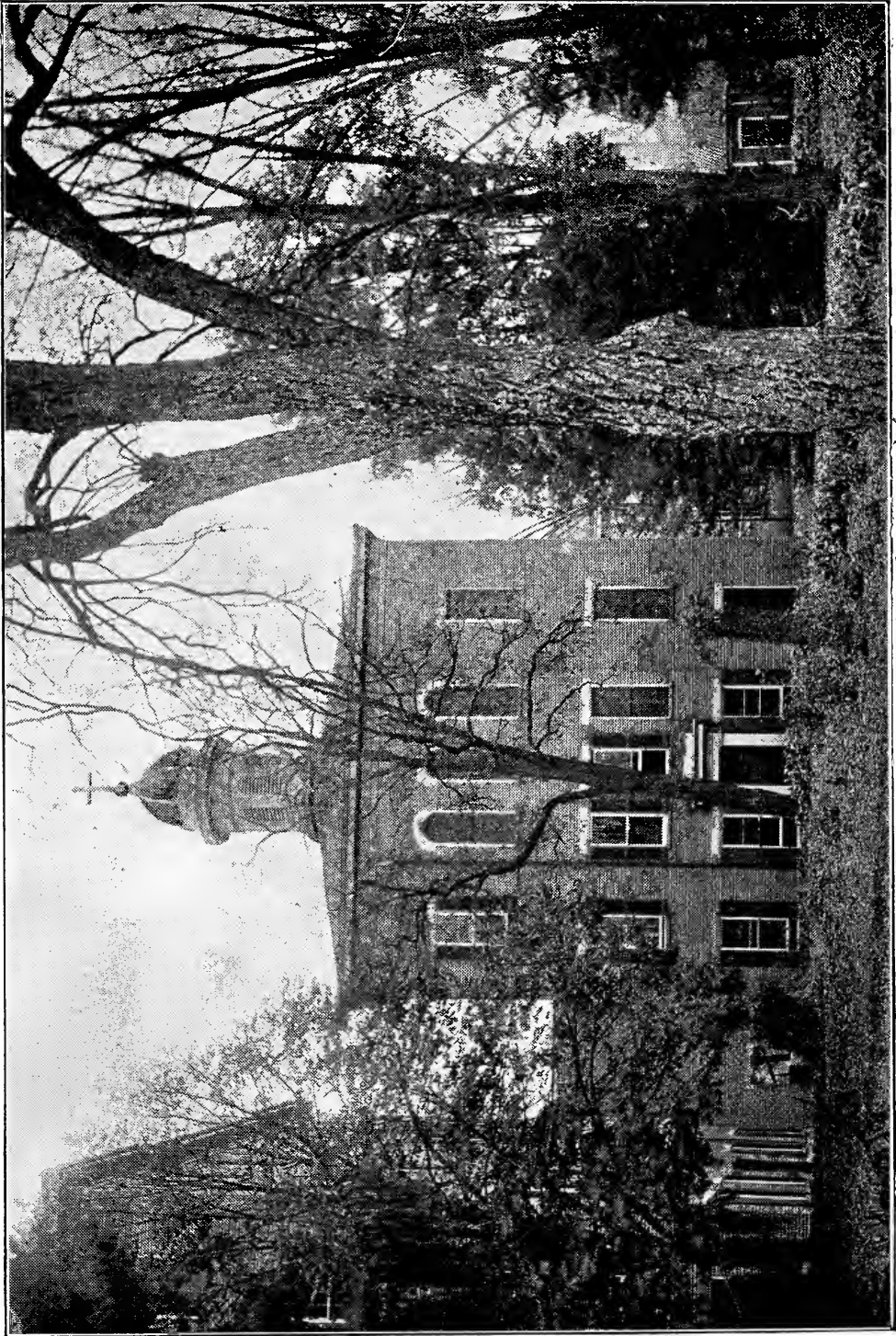
So it was over. Away went girls and patient sisters to a live-long night of trunk-packing; and the early wind of the morning scattered the pupils like rose-leaves in every direction.

“Mother Mary be beside them—
Lead and guide them
Reassembled to that shore,
Where no pain, no parting cometh, ever, evermore.”

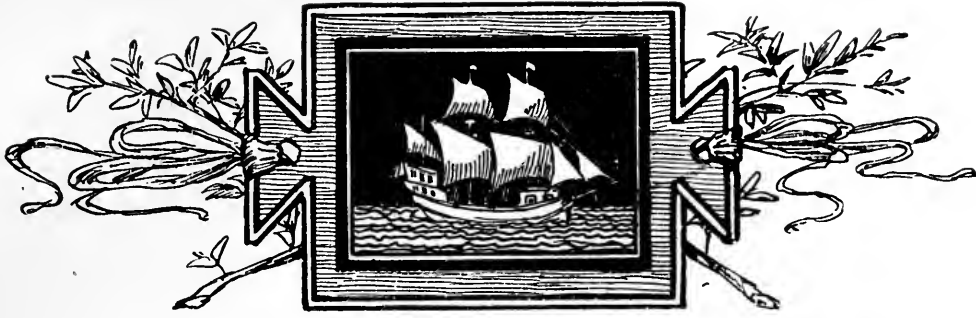
The first pain of parting with a beloved pupil was brought home to the heart of Notre Mère and her sisters this year. Two young girls, Mary and Sarah Bennett had been confided to her loving care, the elder of whom, Mary, contracted a severe cold during the spring of 1859, which at last attacked the lungs and developed into consumption. Tender nursing could not stay the hand of death, and, after a lingering illness, from February to September 21st, it stilled the heart-strings of the bright young life, and her remains were laid to rest in the little graveyard,—the first of the four pupils who rest within the sacred enclosure,—followed by the nuns and her younger sister, who still deploras her loss.







COMMENCEMENT HALL AND MUSIC ROOMS.



CHAPTER VI.

1860 — 1870.

IF any one member of the religious family growing larger every year, by the admission and profession of new subjects, were asked to name the event which stands most strongly marked in the annals of 1860, the answer would point unhesitatingly to the erection of the second building. The increase in numbers of religious and pupils made this an imperative necessity. And when such necessities arose, the kind Providence that had so far removed every difficulty standing in the way of their being supplied, was again at hand, to dispense the requisite means. A novice entered in 1858, who brought to the community in her person, not only intellectual gifts of a high order, with corresponding energy and capability of endurance, but also a dower sufficient to enable Notre Mère to entertain hopes of the realization of her long cherished desire of building. For three purposes accommodations were most loudly demanded,—first of all, a larger chapel; next, a hall in which the commencement exercises could be held,—and sleeping rooms for the religious. After much consideration, it was decided to erect a

building of three stories, the upper of which, a large Commencement hall, would serve during the year as a temporary chapel, until such time as another could be built, as worthy of the Divine worship as the aggregated means of future years of labor and economy could make it.

Plans were made out early in 1859, and the work of burning brick and quarrying stone carried on until the laying of the foundations in the spring of that year. Work continued all through the summer, and carpenters and plasterers fitted the interior, so that it was ready for the annual Commencement Exercises of 1860. We glean from the *Telegraph* of February 18th, 1860, a notice of the profession of Sister Michel, in which the new building is spoken of: "Miss Susan Bradley, for ten years a pupil of the Ursuline Institute, was admitted to her solemn profession, on the 2nd of February. The Most Reverend Archbishop preached. Reverend Dr. Rosecrans, the Reverend Superior, Claude Gacon, and Reverend Father Cheymol assisted on the interesting occasion. The name of the professed in religion is Sister Michel. The pupils of the Academy are all in the enjoyment of fine health and spirits, notwithstanding the hard winter. The new building is closed in, and bids fair to be completed in July."

These anticipations we find happily realized, and on July 10th a large and appreciative audience from the West and South, filled the new hall to witness the rendition of the elaborate programme prepared for the occasion. Again we find Father McLeod and Gen. Scammon, both members of the faculty of St. Mary's Seminary, lending their aid in the most kindly manner. Father McLeod gave from the field of his ever-fertile imagination, a beautiful production as a Prologue, in which the purposes for which the new hall was to serve, were most aptly brought out, while Gen. Scammon used his well-known artistic skill in engrossing on parchment,

an edict in Latin, to be used in the play of "The Syrian Mother." The notices of the press praise highly the exquisite specimens of drawing in crayon and India ink and oil colors, as also the beautiful embroidery which seemed especially to fascinate all. "A suit of vestments, by Miss Jennie Springer, opera cloaks by Miss Ball and Miss O'Donnell, and works of rare merit by the Misses Dutton and Kate Magevney, shared in the general delight and admiration. The crayon drawings by Miss Margaret Scammon, were remarkably fine. In addition to all this, we can not forget the exquisite music, vocal and instrumental, which distinguished this memorable and happy day at the Ursuline Academy. At the conclusion of the exercises, short addresses were delivered by Judge Carter, of Indiana, by the Right Reverend Bishop of Natchez and Fort Wayne, and the Archbishop. The graduates were Miss Frances Molyneux, and Miss Kate Magevney, the latter delivering a beautiful Valedictory."

This Commencement was memorable also in the fact that the Right Reverend Bishop of Natchez, mentioned above, made on this day his first visit to the Convent, that in after years was to be under his spiritual jurisdiction, and to share his most kind interest and paternal solicitude. A reporter for the Cincinnati Commercial gave some witty turns to the incidents of the day, and says, "that if the prelates in whose company we traveled can pray as fervently as they laughed, we would have great faith in the efficacy of the prayers." He also says: "The general features of the Institution are entirely different from those of any educational establishment we have ever visited. It approaches more closely to those descriptions given of European schools, in which ladies of the higher classes are trained, than to any we have seen in this country, and as such it is worth the careful study of all interested in education. We must also confess our mistaken idea of nuns;

we had pictured to ourselves a community of bilious old maids, on the contrary we found them quiet, affable, intelligent and gentle ladies, with numerous accomplishments, well fitted to adorn any rank in life, and in no wise differing from their worldly Sisters, save in seclusion and dress."

Thus the brilliant closing of the scholastic year 1859-1860 foreshadowed nothing of the apprehension and anxiety that marked the opening months of the succeeding term. The John Brown Raid in 1859, and in November of this year, the election of President Lincoln pointed ominously to the conflict which was fast approaching, and as many pupils were residents of the South and Southwest, the fortunes of the Convent must needs share in those of its patrons. But with that prudence and charity which are so eminently the marks of the true love of God, Notre Mère forbade among the pupils all talk of the coming troubles, and all political controversy on sectional questions. One of the French Nuns wittily remarked upon this fact, "*nous primes pour boucher la priere!*" Would that this *bouchée* were more frequently resorted to as a remedy, and it would stop many of the great and little social ills caused by the unruly member in every state of society. The winter and spring of 1860-1861 are full of rumors of war, culminating finally in open declaration. On account of the disturbed state of the country, the inconvenience of travel arising from the moving of bodies of troops over the railroads, and for other prudential reasons, it was deemed best not to have a public Distribution, and all were satisfied with an informal close of school early in July.

A visit from the Most Reverend Archbishop on April 23rd, brought a joyful day to many, as His Grace administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to some of the pupils and many of the children of the parish of St. Martin's. The same morning

witnessed the profession of three Sisters, Sister Liguori Hammer, Sister Ambrosia Kelly, and Sister Anthony Griffith. The *Telegraph* says of this happy occasion, that the ceremony was exceedingly impressive, that the pupils are in excellent health, the grounds have been highly improved, and all looks as happy as an earthly paradise.

But another circumstance occurring just a few days previous to the Archbishop's visit, is certainly worthy of record. Early in the spring months of 1859, Sister Christine, one of the four lay sisters who came from Beaulieu in 1845, showed symptoms of disease of the brain, which, before many weeks, developed into hopeless insanity. With a sad heart, Notre Mère found herself obliged to follow the advice of the physician consulted, to make arrangements to send the afflicted sister to Mt. Hope Retreat, near Baltimore. Here the good Sisters of Charity in charge of the Asylum, lavished every care upon our helpless sister, and in the course of the year 1860, a great improvement in her mental condition began to manifest itself. She was allowed to leave the ward of the incurables, and after a while, to her great delight, she enjoyed the freedom granted to the convalescing. The outcome of this favor on the part of the Sisters was that good Sister Christine used the liberty given her, to watch the opportunity of making her escape from the Retreat, and one bright day in April while the Brown County Sisters were at breakfast in the refectory, the astounding news was brought to Notre Mère that Sister Christine was quietly seated in the kitchen, quite worn out with her walk from Fayetteville. The poor soul was almost wild with joy at being home once again, and although her return was at first a shock, because so unexpected, all hearts went out in compassion with her longing desire to be with those she loved. When questioned as to her escape and journey, she said that when the Sister

in charge of her had gone to Mass, she walked to the entrance, found a bonnet and shawl of a Sister of Charity, and watching her chance, made her way to the city of Baltimore. How she ever found the depot of the B. & O. no one knows. She spoke no English, and all she could say of the route she wished to take, was Brown County. When asked by Notre Mère how she got her ticket, she would say, "Oh! Notre Mère, good people *partout*." When the conductor made his rounds and questioned her, she answered by pointing to her head and saying "Crazy." And thus she traveled from Baltimore to Fayetteville, the passengers on the train kindly seeing that she did not lack food or protection. She lived many years after, and although it was deemed better not to clothe her with the religious habit, she was ever faithful and exact to her duties of prayer and obedience. We trust that her long life of penance, and of the greatest suffering to which poor humanity is heir, gained for her an instant entrance into the joys of the blessed.

In the month of June 1861, the Most Reverend Archbishop made his decennial visit to Rome, with the intention of remaining only until September, on account of the unsettled state of affairs in this country. During his absence, the Convent was thrown into quite an unusual commotion by the application for a foundation of religious, to go to Opelousas, La. This was made by Archbishop Odin of New Orleans, and the Reverend Father Raymond was commissioned to apply in person for a sufficient number of religious. Notre Mère deciding after much prayer and consideration, to yield to the solicitations of Father Raymond, Mother St. Peter was selected as the Superior of the new house, with Mother Hyacinthe for her companion, and a professed novice, Sister Vincent. Of the party there were also Sister Rose, Sister Jane and Sister Loretto. All were ready by October, and we find



THE CHAPLAIN'S RESIDENCE.

in the *Telegraph* of October 29th, a notice of their passing through the city.

“Last week, Reverend Mr. Raymond, formerly of St. Mary’s, Baltimore, took with him the pallium which the Archbishop of Cincinnati brought from Rome, for the Most Reverend Dr. Odin, Archbishop of New Orleans. The same Reverend gentleman also conducted six Ursulines, who volunteered at the call of Archbishop Odin to found a new house of their Order in Opelousas.”

On reaching Opelousas, after some detention, the nuns found a house and school ready for their acceptance, and during the war the Institution was well patronized and maintained. But when the struggle was over, many circumstances arose to hinder its progress and success, and in the year 1877 it was deemed advisable that the few members composing it should join other older houses of the Order. Mother St. Peter and Mother Hyacinthe both of whom had borne the burden of Superiors of the little band, returned to Brown County. Mother St. Peter, worn out with the fatigues of two missions, soon ended her active life in the service of religion, and she sleeps quietly in the little cemetery with her co-laborers, Mother Julia and Mother Stanislaus. Mother Hyacinthe, joyfully welcomed back to the community of Boulogne, where she had first been received, is still a prominent worker in the large *pensionnat* of that famous Convent.

In the course of the year 1861, the building of the new residence for Fathers Gacon and Cheymol having been completed, in November it was ready for their occupation. Well had these devoted priests of God earned the hours of repose that were to follow the heat and burden of the day, borne so patiently in the noon tide of life, and Father Cheymol on entering Father Gacon’s room for the first time, found him on his knees bathed in tears of gratitude to God, for the comforts which he said, surrounded

him on all sides. The little frame building of two or three rooms, that had first sheltered them, was demolished the following month, and the workmen of the farm were more comfortably lodged in the house that the good Fathers had just left.

The Most Reverend Archbishop arriving home from his journey to Europe in the month of September, a warm reception was made ready for His Grace, on his expected visit in October. He had not forgotten his devoted children while in Rome, and brought a beautiful gilt crown for the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The coronation of the little statue in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin took place on October 18th, by the hands of the Archbishop himself, while the children proceeded thither in procession, clad in white, singing hymns in honor of their beloved Mother and Queen.

Darkly the cloud of war hung over the land, when the year 1862 was ushered into time, and our little world was full of rumors of dangers and of anxieties, lest many a loved relative or friend should fall in the ranks of those who had gone forth to battle, at their country's call. Notre Mère had recourse to her usual means of help under all difficulties, and prayers in public, long and fervent, were offered that God might, in His Mercy, stay the dread tide of battle, and keep it from our doors. These anxieties did not in any way interfere with the regular routine of Convent life, and we find on February 5th, four candidates presenting themselves for holy profession. The *Telegraph* of February 12th, says:

“On Wednesday last, the Right Reverend Bishops of Philadelphia and Erie, accompanied by the Archbishop, visited the Ursuline community at St. Martin's, Brown County, Ohio, where the Right Reverend Bishop Wood received the profession of four Sisters, Sister M. Berchmans O'Connor, Sister M. Gertrude O'Reilly,

Sister Martina Gravière, and Sister Dominic Daly. The brief address of the Prelate was most impressive, and the ceremony most effecting and interesting to all who had the happiness to witness it. The Reverend Messrs Claude Gacon, Superior, and his devoted confrère, Abbe Cheymol, were of course, as they always are, at their post of usefulness and honor. In the evening the pupils of the Academy gave an admirable dramatic entertainment to their guests, including singing by five young ladies from Cincinnati, who had graduated in the Academy, and two gentlemen, whose children are in the school. All were, it is needless to say, delighted by what they heard and saw at St. Martin's."

The Most Reverend Archbishop had petitioned in his last visit to Rome, that the burden of the vast diocese he had built up, might be laid upon younger shoulders, that he might spend his coming days in retirement, and preparation for the eternity which was ever present before him. But the Holy Father would not listen to his pleadings, saying to him, "Nemo salvabitur, nisi perseveravit." "None will be saved unless he persevere." But he selected a young co-adjutor for the aid of this veteran of the field, Dr. Sylvester H. Rosecrans, who had been for ten years a most valued helper in the diocese of Cincinnati.

Dr. Rosecrans' name was a household word in Brown County, and here he came to spend the time of his retreat preparatory to the ceremony of his consecration. Bishops Rappe and Wood had sought the same solitude, as did Fathers Macheboeuf and Quinlan in later years. His consecration as Bishop of Pompeiopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, and co-adjutor of Cincinnati took place in the Cathedral, March 25th, 1862.

Here we would fain linger over the many happy hours of the pupils of those days, which the presence of these holy friends made still happier. The familiar lines which follow, are from the gifted pen of the Doctor, which he was ever as ready to use for

the amusement of his young friends, as for the more serious duties of the ministry, or professor's chair. They will doubtless send a smile over many a face now furrowed by life cares, and they will recall, too, the talented little musician Rosa Woodworth, afterwards Mrs. James McPhillips of Mobile, Ala., who set them to music.

"Solomon's Run is roaring high
The Run that used to run so dry,
You ne'er would have thought it more than I
That Solomon's Run *could* be so high!

The boarding house bridge is swept away,
With the willow boughs the waters play,
And the dell with briars and grass once green,
Is a lake where a hundred isles are seen.

Solomon's Run, etc.

Hark! how the yellow billows roar!
Like the surf on the North Atlantic shore.
See the eddying masses of drift
Sweeping downward arrowy swift.

Solomon's Run, etc.

Planks and rails and chunks of wood
Panels of fence that long have stood,
Boxes and boards and tufts of grass—
Oh! the hurrying eddying mass!

Solomon's Run, etc.

You can hear the roar through the distant wood
And see the broadening yellow flood;
Perhaps by the break of another day
A steamboat will come puffing up this way!

Solomon's Run, etc.

We'll make a wharf of this rustic bridge,
Or mount on the top from off the ridge,
And start it off on a summer trip
Exploring Solomon's Run in our ship.

Solomon's Run, etc.

And as we go down the width will grow,
And the depth increase and the turbid flow,
Be stiller and calmer, degree by degree,
Till Solomon's Run will become a sea!

Solomon's Run, etc.

So life's stream broadens as we sail on,
So the dreams of youth too soon are gone,
And the head that runs wildly off to explore,
Oft returns to its moorings, alas! no more.

Solomon's Run, etc.

Mother most Holy! thine the care
To watch and ward from us every snare.
Into thy hands our hearts we lay,
Hold them sweet Mother, fast we pray!
Till thy smile shall have chased our gloom away.

In May, the lately consecrated Bishop preached the annual three days retreat to the pupils, continuing this good service yearly, until his removal from Cincinnati to the see of Columbus.

The Distribution of premiums took place this year in the main corridor of the convent, and it was consequently very private. Miss Julia Worthington of Chillicothe spoke a beautiful valedictory, in which she referred in most feeling terms to the gift of faith, which through God's Providence, she had found in the Convent.

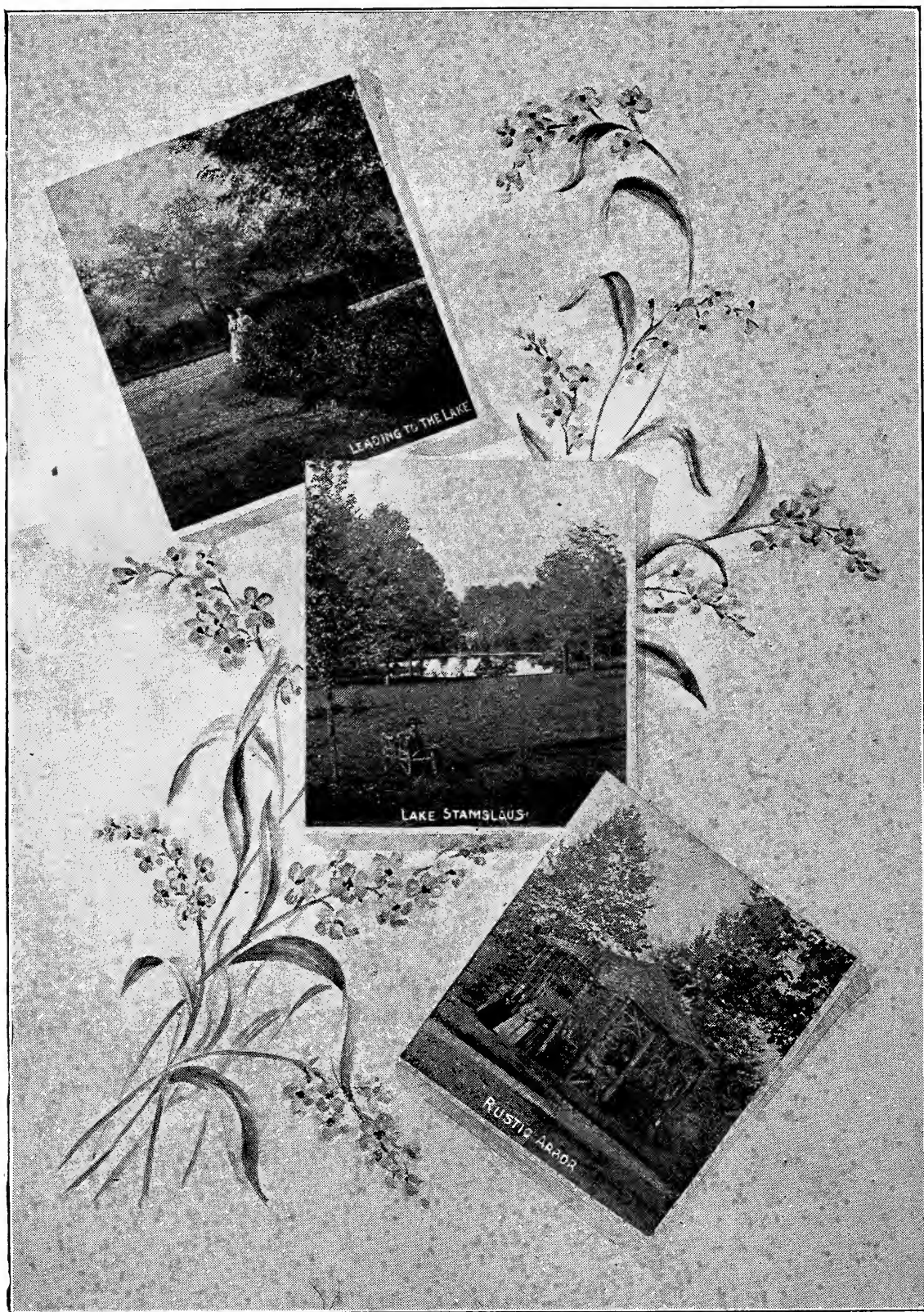
This year was marked by a steady course of improvements in every department of the house. New ranges in the kitchen, lessened the inconveniences of cooking for such a large household; the bay window was substituted for the double door at the south end of the main corridor, whilst the cells were completed and finished. On June 30th they were blessed by Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, and July 2nd the nuns moved from what was conventually known as "our corner," into the bright airy rooms of the new building. The grounds were also tastefully laid out by a most skillful landscape gardener, Mr. Kelly; the little lake, the joy of Ma Mère's heart, was dug, and received in her honor, the name of Lake Stanislaus. Not only has it added beauty to the landscape, but as a water supply, fed as it is by several large springs, its utility has been incalculable.

May 3rd, a fine set of physical and chemical apparatus was added to the appliances of the house for scientific study, and so well preserved has it been that much of it is still in use. A large electrical machine, an equatorial telescope, air pump with appliances, apparatus for the illustration of the mechanical powers, a fine microscope with polariscope attachment, pneumatic cistern, bags and glass receivers for collecting gases, hydrogen jar, Woulfe's bottles, retorts, Hessian crucibles, test tubes, with a full assortment of chemicals for laboratory experiments,—in fact everything necessary for good illustration of the various topics of physics and chemistry is included in this equipment. Father Walker, Professor of science at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, very generously gave several days' time to the mounting of the different instruments, and trial experiments for the benefit of the teachers, as well as to test the efficiency of the various instruments. His invaluable assistance left the Sisters under an obligation to him, which they can not repay in words.

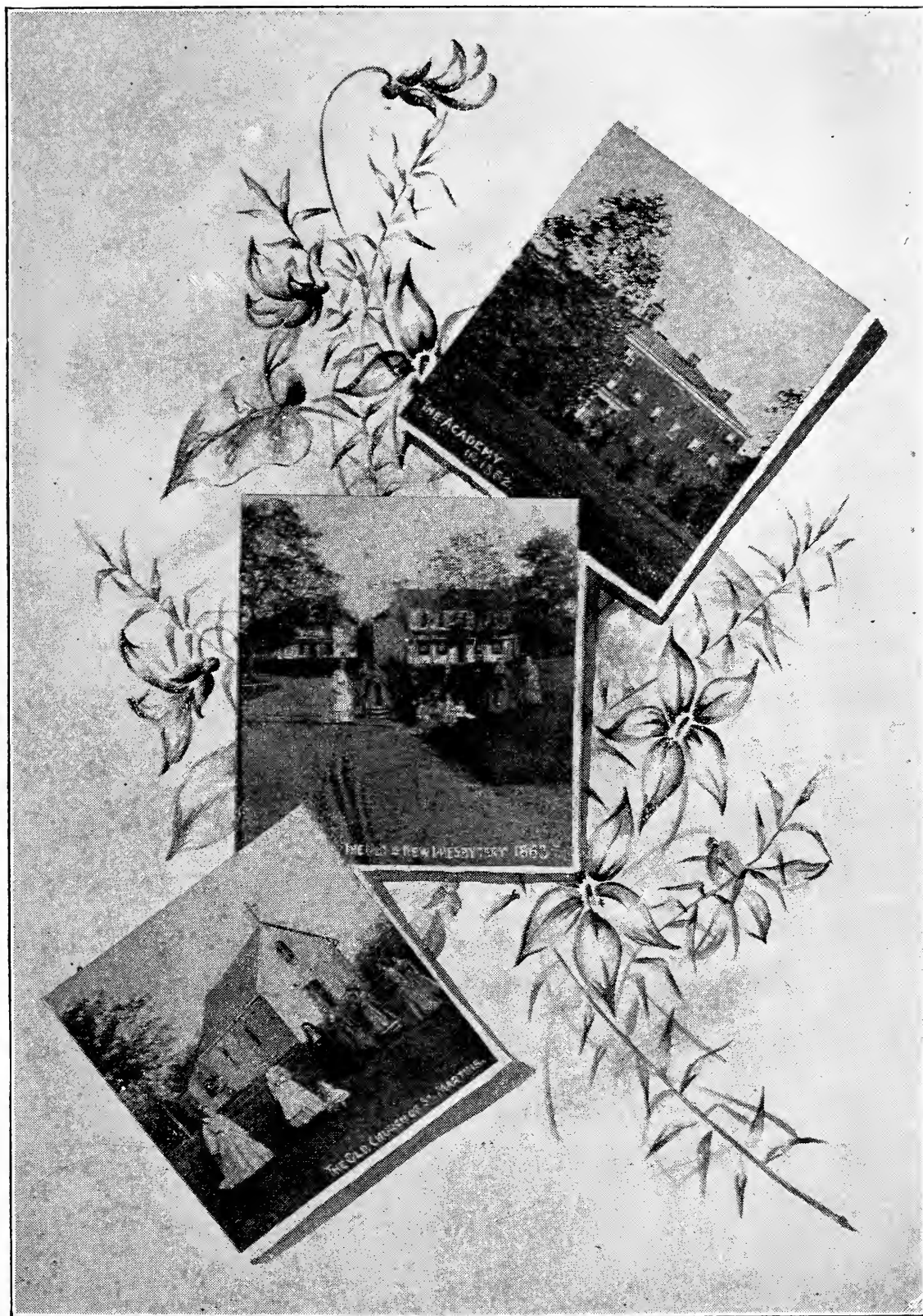
All this time the country is alive with the exciting scenes of war. These are brought a little more vividly into our secluded world, by a visit from Mother St. Peter of Opelousas, about September 12th. En route for France to seek postulants for her little community, she has gone through many trying scenes, in making her way from the South. She made the journey in a vessel from New Orleans to New York, meeting with many inconveniences, owing to its being crowded to excess. Her mission to France, however, repaid her zealous efforts, for she returned in November with five postulants, two lay sisters and three choir sisters. Two of the former pupils of the Convent also accompanied her to aid in the schools, Miss Lucy Haughton and Miss Jennie Birrer.

The spring of 1863 was a season of anxiety to many hearts,

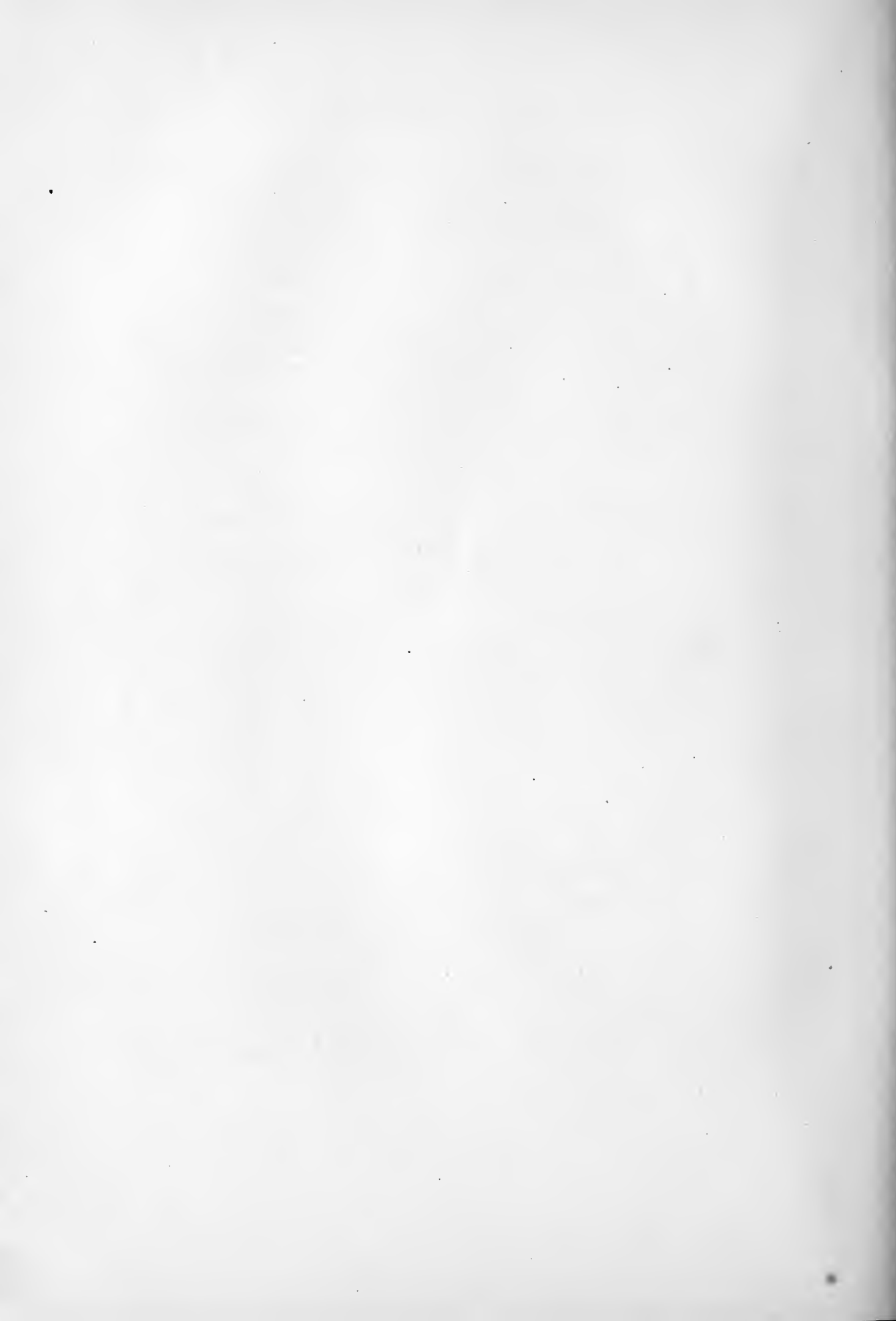




BITS OF LANDSCAPE IN 1863.



BITS OF LANDSCAPE IN 1863.



owing to the ill health of Notre Mère. Disease of the heart complicated by an attack of erysipelas developed to such an extent as to give grave subject of alarm, and Dr. Blackman was summoned from Cincinnati to consult with Dr. Hall, the resident physician, on the treatment of the case. Thanks to an unusually strong constitution, she was enabled to battle many a long year with this insidious disease, and to make its attacks serve as the one of the most edifying marks of the noble patience, and self-denial that shone so brightly in her life.

We turn to the *Telegraph* for an account of the profession of Sister Kostka Chalfant, which took place April 23rd of this year :

“ Sister Mary Kostka, in the world, Laura Chalfans, made her solemn profession in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, Brown County, on Thursday morning. Archbishop Purcell presided on the occasion. Right Reverend Dr. Rosecrans, Reverend C. Gacon and Reverend W. Cheymol were present in the sanctuary. Miss Chalfant became a convert to the church about six years ago, and has been for three years a postulant and novice in the community of St. Martin's. Her brother-in-law, Col. Scott Carter, of Vevay, Indiana, who lately returned from his regiment, Third Indiana Cavalry, Army of the Potomac, arrived at the Convent on Friday morning. It had been many months since our last visit to the Convent, and we were much gratified by the improved appearance of the adjoining grounds. Forest trees, shrubs, flowers, the tasteful arrangements of lawns and graveled walks, and last but not least, an artificial lake, with hundreds of fishes, and a romantic islet—the skillful combinations of Mr. Kelly's and other wise heads, made of the tout ensemble a veritable fairy scene. The new and beautiful chapel has recently been furnished with an organ, the gift mainly of kind pupils of the institution, which, in compass, sweetness and variety yields to none of the best from Schwab's celebrated factory.

The young ladies of the Academy entertained their visitors with a literary and musical soirée of the highest order of merit ;

an admirable moral effect, not the least effective for being pleasant, resulting from the evening's exercises. There are a large number of pupils in the Academy, who are destined by the elegance of their manners, their rare intelligence, and the purity of their minds, to grace and bless our best society."

The new organ mentioned above was the generous gift of "the three cousins," as they were then familiarly known in the Convent, Miss Mary Jane Foster, Miss Margo Duer, and Miss Jennie Springer. About this time also, Miss Jennie Springer built and furnished the beautiful little cottage which still adorns the grounds, and in which she was ever happy to renew the memory of her pleasant school days.

The Commencement this year, a private one, a very few friends being present, consisted of a quiet, classic, elegant entertainment, presided over by the Most Reverend Archbishop, with Bishop Rosecrans, Fathers Gacon, Cheymol and Dutton attending. About his time the crown and star, which have since become the distinctive mark of the Brown County graduate, were bestowed upon the young ladies of this class. The march was also introduced this year as one of the most popular features of the Distribution. Miss Margaret Scammon and Miss Sarah Dutton of Cincinnati were the only members graduated.

The opening of the classes in September brought a large increase of pupils, and changes whereby room might be gained, became necessary. It was determined to move the chapel to the new Distribution hall, and on October 4th the Holy Mass was celebrated for the first time in the more spacious and appropriate room. By the eighth of the same month, the First Department pupils took possession of the former chapel, and the opening between it and the sanctuary closed in by a lath and plaster partition, the latter formed in every way a most suitable room for the Cabinet of physics. The

number of pupils began to run over the hundred, and every device possible became necessary for increased room. The *Telegraph* says in speaking of the influx of pupils this year: "This institution steadily wins its way to public confidence from year to year. The only drawback to its prosperity in past years, was a bad road. Some ten thousand dollars are now being expended in the construction of a new one, which will be ready for travel as speedily as many hands can accomplish the work. It will be two miles shorter than the old road from Westboro."

A most touching incident connected with the cruel war raging throughout our land, occurred in the November of this year. A pupil of former years, Mrs. Hope, arrived at the Convent from the South one dreary evening in the fall, to pour into the tender and sympathetic ear of Notre Mère, the story of her woes. Her husband had fallen in one of the late battles, her home had been burned in the strife between the contending forces, and she was left with the little girl of two and a half years, that played at her side, to battle in the struggle of life, unaided, unprotected, and it might be added, unfitted with the necessary qualifications. But her brave spirit and her love for her child, buoyed her hope, and after Notre Mère's consenting to keep her child until such time as she could again give her a mother's care, she bade the little one good night. But the baby heart could not live without the mother's tender caress and smile, and at a late hour the same night it was found necessary to call her to the side of her child. Seeming to foresee that her mother would in some way be lost to her, she sickened and pined until the little heart-strings lost their power, and she slept away into the bosom of the blessed Father, who said, "Suffer them to come to Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." She was placed in the cemetery, the only little child in the keeping of that God's acre, and her mother went

out from the refuge of her Convent home, to begin alone her bereaved life.

The Holy Week of 1864 was more memorable than heretofore, in the solemn celebration of the beautiful ceremonies of the Liturgy, which the new chapel favored on account of its space. Hitherto the Repository for Holy Thursday had been arranged with a very beautiful and inspiring effect in the small chapel of the Blessed Virgin. This year, however, it occupied a space in the new chapel at the east end, in front of the organ gallery. Here a large platform was erected for the temporary tabernacle, closed in by beautiful hangings falling gracefully from the tall pillars which supported them. These days of Holy Week and the yearly Retreat were always seasons of great grace to the pupils and of consolation to those who left nothing undone, which could render exterior aid to the kindling of their young hearts' worship. The Retreat was preached as usual by Bishop Rosecrans, of whose solid and beautiful instructions, the pupils never grew weary.

"Sister Gonzaga, in the world, Miss Cynthia A. Moran, was admitted to her holy profession at St. Martin's on May 12th, 1864, by Archbishop Purcell. This community is indebted to Rochester, New York for several accomplished novices. The pious mother of Sister Gonzaga came to witness her beloved daughter's profession, and considered the day the happiest of her life."

Reverend Mr. Borgess and Reverend Mr. Dutton, will give St. Martin's congregation, the benefit of a mission, from this day until next Sunday inclusively."

Thus reads a notice in the columns of the *Telegraph*, May 18th. There follows also a laudatory account of the Commencement held June 30th, presided over by Bishop Rosecrans, as the Archbishop was absent at a funeral. After the Distribution, General Rose-

crans and Judge Thurman, whose children were among the pupils of this year, addressed the audience.

But the good Father was again in the midst of his children in November, when three novices were clothed with the holy habit, one of them a former pupil, Miss Kate Magevney. "The visitors" says the *Telegraph*, "were invited by the young ladies of the institution to assist at a sacred drama composed by a pupil. It was preceded by the Luzerne Toy Vender, sung with magical voice and acted with perfect witchery by a sweet child of eleven years, whom we shall name Rosalia of Rochester, and followed by a poetical address of great merit."

But in the early spring of 1865, there comes a contrast to the fresh joyous life of the budding trees and singing birds, for the lifeless form of a child is again carried to the woodland cemetery. Katie Duffin, who had been confided to the care of the religious several years before, had succumbed to the fatal heart disease preying on her weakened frame, and after a long and trying illness, she exchanged her young, suffering existence for the never ending life and blissful joys of the world above.

There is a sentiment sweet and consoling to the heart, coming with the death of an innocent child, something which brings heaven and earth in closer and more sensible union, and it may be said that this same feeling pervaded the community when told that their loved Superior and guide of many years, Father Gacon, was stricken with his last illness. Something of the grace and sweetness of childhood shines forth in those whose hearts are simple, and whose lives are pure, and this distinguishing mark was most sensibly felt in the presence of this holy priest. Born at Riom, in the diocese of Clermont, in 1797, of pious and exemplary parents, he was imbued from his earliest childhood with the love of God, and taught the inestimable grace of keeping un-

spotted the garment of innocence received in holy baptism. When quite a child, he was taken into special favor for his candor and purity of manners, by an aged priest, who had suffered much for his faith in the great French Revolution. By this saintly ecclesiastic, whose Mass he daily served, he was inspired with an ardent desire of devoting himself to the service of Almighty God, and as a preparation for the studies of the priesthood, began his Latin lessons with one of the assistants of the good curé.

After going through the Seminary of Clermont, under the direction of those admirable instructors, the Sulpitians, with the closest attention to his studies, and in practice of the virtues that fitted him for his future state, he was ordained priest at the Trinity ordination in 1824, and immediately entered on the zealous exercise of the holy ministry. For fourteen years he had labored with marked success in the salvation of souls in his native diocese, when Archbishop Purcell, passing through Clermont on his way to Rome in 1839, and in quest of laborers for his vast see of Cincinnati, represented to him, to his young assistant the Abbé Cheymol, his friends, Reverend J. Lamy and P. J. Macheboeuf, and other priests of the old and ever faithful Auvergne, the destitute condition of the church in the great West. Hearing in his words the voice of God, they left all things and followed him. The voyage over the broad Atlantic was made in company with Bishop Purcell, Dr. McGill, afterwards Bishop of Richmond, and the venerable Bishop Flaget, who was returning from Europe after his memorable visit of four years, from 1835 to 1839. Embarking from Havre on the ninth of July, they entered the bay of New York after a rather rough voyage, on the twenty-first of August, reaching Cincinnati on the ninth of September. We find in an old and worn diary, a few notes jotted down in lead pencil by Father Gacon, from which we take the following:

“ Le 3 Octobre, le lendemain des Sts. Anges gardiens, nous avons quittés Cincinnati pour aller dans l’église de St. Martin dans le Brown County; le 4 j’ai dit la Messe pour la paroisse, j’ai prêché a la grande Messe, c’est la première fois que j’ai prêché dans l’Amérique.”

“This parish of St. Martin’s was the first and only mission of the two friends; here together they bore the burden of labor of fatigue of the bad roads, the rude lodging and the scant coarse fare, attending the churches of St. Philomena, Clermont County; St. Patrick’s, Fayetteville, and more distant stations, until the happy change took place, which, chiefly owing to their zeal, their devotedness, their patience and their prayers, we enjoy and admire to-day. Later on, other good priests came to divide their labors, and for the last twenty years, their spiritual charge has been confined to the Convent and Academy, and the congregation of St. Martin’s. It pleased God, who had given twenty-six years of the sacerdotal life of his servant to this holy work, to call him to his eternal reward on June 2nd. He was attacked by his last illness on the feast of his patron, St. Philip Neri, whose life he was constantly reading, whose virtues he was constantly proposing for imitation in his instructions, and which he himself exemplified, and on whose octave day he yielded up his pure soul to his Creator. The Archbishop, Reverend Mr. Cheymol, Reverend Mr. Daly, Reverend Mr. Dutton, Mother Julia and Mother Stanislaus and Dr. Hall, his devoted physician, were all engaged by his bedside in prayer, when he calmly expired, in the perfect possession of his mental faculties, and in prayerful communion with heaven.

Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the chapel on Saturday morning, Reverend Messrs Daly, Dutton and Cheymol assisting, while the venerated remains, arrayed in priestly vestments, lay in the uncovered coffin, in presence of the sorrowing sisterhood, their pupils and the congregation. The sermon was preached by the Most Reverend Archbishop. After the Libera, the procession proceeded to the retired cemetery, and the earth soon closed over the mortal remains of one of the purest, the humblest, the most interior of men, and the most enlightened director of souls with which this world has been blessed.

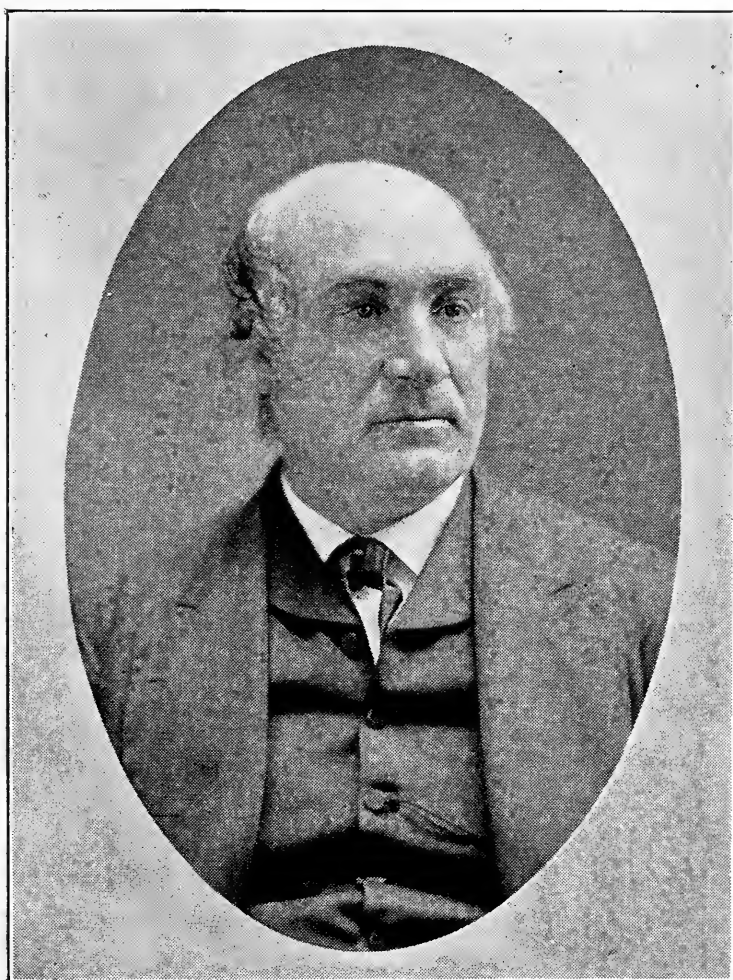
Returning from the grave, every eye sought, every mind thought of the faithful friend, the inseparable companion of the deceased, for the last twenty-eight years, Reverend Mr. Cheymol, now left to finish—we shall not say the journey of life alone—but his full share of the good works God gave them both to do. He will find another friend, who, if he can not be to him like the first, nevertheless will be a brother priest, a fellow laborer. The mantle of the ascending Elias will descend on both, and his spirit will hover over the consecrated scenes of his love on earth, and guard, we humbly pray, the fair paradise, like the angel at the gate, from harm.”

Thus appears the substance of the obituary notice of Father Gacon in the *Telegraph* of June 7th. The saintly humble presence of this priest of God will be missed by the pupils in their daily walks, and at the holy altar, and there will be a void in the community so long dependent on his wise direction.

The Most Reverend Archbishop, knowing how difficult to find one for such a responsible position, yielded to the solicitations of Mother Julia and the community, to place this charge in the hands of his brother, Very Reverend Edward Purcell. After much pleading, he consented to accept the burdens of superiority to which he was ever averse, and the only recreation he ever allowed himself from his post at the Cathedral, was a visit over Sunday, spent in the retirement of Brown County when called thither by business of the community.

The Retreat this year was preached by the Most Reverend Archbishop himself, a grace and honor which the Sisters duly appreciated. At its close the tri-ennial elections were held, Notre Mère and Ma Mère retaining their respective posts of Superior and Assistant, while that of Zelatrice fell to Sister Xavier Carolan, and that of Treasurer to Sister Theresa Sherlock.

The house was fitted with a gasoline machine this year, and



VERY REV. EDWARD PURCELL.



rejoicing in the bright light and convenience of gas, the lamps of old were relegated to the store-room of past conveniences. The gas added much to the effective appearance of the pupils on the stage at the Distribution, which was in every way a success. The graduates of the year, were Miss Stella Gallagher, and Miss Elizabeth O'Driscoll. The Harvest of the Year, written for the occasion was much admired, not only for the tasteful language and beauty of thought, but for the exquisite scenic effects of the costumes of the angels of the year.

The number of pupils increasing each successive year soon enforces the need of a suitable hall, devoted only to the wants of the music teachers and pupils. Up to this time, the pianos were crowded into any available space in the main building that could be found, with, as it may be supposed, a degree of annoyance to sensitive ears, not easily borne. Plans for the new building were discussed, and finally took shape, and materials were made ready for the beginning of work in the summer of the following year.

Early in the year 1866, a visit was received from Bishop Rosecrans, marked by circumstances of greater joy than usual as he had lately recovered from an accident which threatened his life. He resided at the Seminary on Price Hill, and was returning there after attending his duties in the confessional at the Cathedral, until the late hour of ten o'clock. Although urged to remain, he left, intending to walk until he should meet the carriage that he had directed to be sent for him at ten P. M. At a bend of the road less than a quarter of a mile from the Seminary, he was set upon by two robbers who demanded his money. The Bishop refused to comply with this modest request, and sought to escape by running from the thieves. He was then shot, the ball from a navy revolver passing through the fleshy part of one

leg, and lodging in the other. He continued his way until he reached the Seminary, and going to his room, tried to extract the ball himself with a pocket-knife, when one of the household found him probing the wound. Although it lodged so near the femoral artery that it could not be extracted without danger, the active Bishop was soon at his post and able to offer the Holy Sacrifice on Christmas day. On his visit to the Convent, the nuns begged to have possession of the ball which had struck him, to which request he consented, and in presenting it, he labeled the case containing it, "the ball which failed to relieve the world of the valued services of S. H. R."

Caroline, the third daughter of Gen. E. P. Scammon, had been for several years, a much loved pupil of the Convent. She returned from her home in Cincinnati after the Christmas holidays, in January 1866, and again entered upon the duties of the classes, though not feeling in her usual good health. In a few days, symptoms of typhoid fever developed so alarmingly, that her parents were at once sent for. But neither tender love nor medical skill could check the progress of the disease, and with her devoted parents at her bedside, and the kneeling religious around her, her pure soul passed from its frail and beautiful earthly tenement, to its home eternal in the heavens, on the evening of January 31st. The following morning, the nuns with lighted tapers formed in double lines at the infirmary, to accompany the precious remains to the Convent door, whence they were taken to the beloved home, she had left so few weeks ago, full of youthful life, of hope and confidence in the bright future before her.

The Reverend F. X. Dutton, who had succeeded to the pastorate of St. Martin's church since the death of Father Gacon, finding the old parish church unsuited to the wants of a larger and more prosperous congregation, determined to build a structure better

fitted in every way for divine worship. The present village church, whose modest spire shows afar the sign of salvation to all travelers to the Convent, soon rose from the greensward around it and on the twenty-ninth of April, it was dedicated under the patronage of the great St. Martin, to the solemn service of Almighty God. The day was as beautiful as a bright clear sky, and springing verdure, and song of birds could make it, and a large concourse of Catholics from adjacent congregations took part in the ceremony. A procession was formed at the old church on the Convent grounds, by the congregation, followed by the clergy. Before commencing the services, the Archbishop addressed the people on the character of the ceremony, and the spirit of true Christian progress, which we should manifest in our lives. The Reverend F. X. Dutton, through whose exertions the church had been built, officiated, and one of Lambillotte's Masses was sung with great taste by the Sisters, of whom the Archbishop requested this favor. In the afternoon there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and a sermon by the Most Reverend Archbishop. It was a happy day for the congregation, a proud day for Father Dutton, and a day of consolation for good Father Cheymol, a day of recompense for his twenty-seven years of labor to change the desert into a garden. In May, the little church which had so long served the pious congregation of St. Martin's was demolished, whilst the cross, which surmounted it, was religiously preserved by the Sisters, and is still in their safe-keeping. Shortly after, in August, the house at present occupied by the workmen of the farm, was built.

The following day, there was another ceremony of consecration, not of a material edifice for the dwelling of the Most High, but of the giving of the human temple of body and soul, for a special in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit. Sister M. Eulalia Dunn pronounced the vows that bound her forever to God, in the presence of the Most

Reverend Archbishop and several clergymen. A beautiful sermon was preached by Reverend C. Denny, who had lately returned to his native country, duly accredited by the Archbishop of Westminster, to solicit aid in the building of a Cathedral to the memory of the late Cardinal Wiseman.

The account of the Distribution exercises of this year was written up by a Cincinnati reporter, to whom it was evidently a novel theme, for he surprises us by saying that the entire grounds are under cultivation, except such of the forest as is left for fuel, and in addition, three hundred and forty-seven acres adjoining have been purchased, on which, in due course of time, a *male* academy will be erected! The exercises are summed up in the mention that they consisted of vocal and instrumental music, the execution of which evinced the most creditable attainment in those arts; dramatic scenes adapted to the proprieties of the place, the distribution of premiums, the conferring of the Academic honors, and the reading of the Valedictory by Miss Mary Taafe, the only graduate of the Academy this year.

The increase of pupils during this year was so great, that they were inconveniently crowded, over one hundred and fifty having entered. The work on the play hall and music room building pushed steadily on from September, and it was ready for occupation the following spring.

So many little children under twelve having been received this year, a Fourth Department was added to the three that were already crowded with older pupils. It is needless to say, that these little girls, fresh and bright, with all the winning graces of childhood won their way into all older hearts, and received their full share of attention from visitors and friends.

The month of January 1867, brought around another religious profession. On the morning of the feast of the Espousals of the

Blessed Virgin, Sister Borgia Magevney, Sister Regina Murphy, and Sister Neri Juillard took upon themselves the solemn vows of the Ursuline, and a most beautiful sermon was listened to, from the Very Reverend Father Purcell. Although by nature a poet and orator, his extreme reserve, amounting to shyness, had always prevented these superior natural gifts from receiving their due appreciation from a Brown County audience. This was the first sermon he had preached here during the twenty years of his acquaintance, and on that account we regret that like so many of his brilliant and pious productions, it graced the editor's waste basket instead of the pages of our history. The day was a bright and joyous one, as are all days that mark the consecration of souls to God, but a gloom was cast over its close by the announcement of the death of Miss Mary Taafe. But a few months ago she had borne away the laurel crown and silver star of the graduate class of 1866, loved and lauded for her special gifts of heart and intellect, with a seemingly long and beautiful life before her. She died at her home in Pittsburgh, surrounded by her devoted mother and friends whose hearts were crushed under the cruel blow.

Whilst grief over her early death still weighed heavily upon the hearts of her friends and classmates at St. Martin's, there came a summons to a little one in their midst, who had for some months joined in the study and sport that make up the perfect day of the school girl's life. Little Margaret Coleman, of the tender age of eight years, had been from her infancy a delicate child, a child whose pure soul seemed to hold but slight tenure on the little frame that bound it to this lower world. She had been suffering from heart disease ; her loving parents had sent her with an older sister to the Convent, hoping that a change of air would tend to eradicate this constitutional weakness. Early in March, an attack of the fatal disease, pneumonia, so weakened her delicate heart,

that it snapped the cords that bound it to this passing life, and loosed the fluttering, angelic soul to take its flight to the serried ranks that gather around God's throne. The day following, her father, Captain John Coleman, a prominent Catholic gentleman of Louisville, Ky., arrived to carry the precious remains home to the sorrowing mother and family. Four of her companions, clothed in white, carried the little casket, and four little ones strewed flowers before it; but, whilst the black robed nuns wept for the loss of the child who passed from their midst, there was a saddened joy in their hearts over the consciousness that "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The new hall is fast nearing completion in the early spring, and in June a rousing house-warming is prepared and celebrated by those who anticipate so many happy hours in the large play hall. Later on, in August, it receives a new honor in being used for a reception, extended in welcome to the Most Reverend Archbishop on his return from Rome. The pupils and religious form in procession and sing a hymn of welcome to His Grace, who, joining them, walks in their ranks to the new hall. Here a throne is prepared, and, after a short address to which the loved Father responds, he distributes medals, etc., blessed by the Holy Father, and all disperse to enjoy a grand holiday.

The Archbishop had carried to the Holy Father, a present from the Ursulines, of a beautiful stole, embroidered in fish scale flowers and gold bullion. This style of ornamentation had been brought to great perfection by Mother Stanislaus and Mother Ursula, and though it can not strictly be said to have originated with these artists in embroidery, they have made such unusual application of its use, as to entitle them to great credit for invention, in connection with the special use to which it is put in Brown County. The address accompanying the presentation of the stole came from the facile pen of Sister Kostka:

TO HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.

Most Holy Father, at thy sacred feet
 Too gladly would we kneel, the ardent wish
 Of loving hearts to speak. This joy denied,
 Our much revered Archbishop bears to thee
 An humble tribute of affection deep—
 A simple work of true undying love.
 The offering's less, perchance, in real worth
 Than others make to thee, but none can claim
 Devotion more sincere.

Saint Peter's Son—

Rememb'ring well the lowly Fisherman
 Who left his nets beside the Sea, the bark
 Of Christ to steer across the world's rough waves—
 Will prize the fish-scale flowers, although himself
 The princely Fisherman of souls.

No star,

However lustrous, 'neath the noon-day's sun
 Is seen: within a crown of blossoms rare
 The violet smiles unnoted:—thus indeed—
 While glory, like an aureole, surrounds
 Thy throne resplendent, from the noble souls
 Who come at thy behest in this dark hour
 To prove their fealty to thee—our gift,
 Alike the timid flower, will smile unseen,
 Or shed its brilliance like the hidden star.
 But noonday's splendor gone, with joy we hail
 The mellow beaming of the star; well pleased
 The violet's eye we seek, before our path
 Is strewn with summer's sweeter fairer flowers.
 So when the radiance of this hour is past,
 Our offering meek, in humble accents, may
 Awake remembrance of the lowly ones
 Who greet thee from this sympathizing land.

Although Columbia's skies are not so bright,
 Her clime so genial as Italia's clime,
 Her breeze so redolent of citron groves—
 Yet no less warm devotion to the truth—
 The royal standard of the glorious Cross—
 The cause of Christ's blest Vicar suff'ring here—
 Wells up within her Catholic children's hearts.

In these Hesperian wilds the perfumed breath
 Of holy prayer before our Mother's shrine
 Ascends, invoking every peerless grace
 On that beloved Son whose Hope she is,
 And who enchased within her diadem
 The loveliest gem there brightly sparkling now—
 For'er proclaiming her *Immaculate*.

Thy unexampled zeal, thy laboring faith,
 Thy love unequalled for our spotless Queen,
 Thy hidden worth, on which but angels gaze,
 Thy ling'ring martyrdom, may Seraphs wreath
 Into unfading crowns, while Cherubs note
 In purest gold thy lofty deeds above.

In spirit prostrate at thy feet, we crave
 Thy gracious benediction, Holy Sire,
 Upon the far-off Ursulines, who in
 Their Western forest home do hourly waft
 Most fervent supplications, to implore
 Protection, guidance peace, and gentle hope,
 To gild with Heaven's light the rugged path
 Of *Pius Ninth*. the noble great, and good!

Coal furnaces are put into the house this summer, as the consumption of wood up to this time bids fair to destroy the beautiful woodland of the farm.

Sister Mary Bouret was the first of the original band from Beaulieu to break the bond that united it on earth to form a new one for heaven. After a saintly and laborious life of many years, God called her to her reward on the ninth of August, 1867. A Mass of Requiem was sung on the morning of the eleventh, the remains of the loved old Sister carried to the cemetery in the afternoon, and just as the sun was sinking in the West, were lowered to their last resting place, to rise again, we hope, like the setting sun, bathed in the light of supernal glory.

A larger graduating class than had yet been presented to the public, was the distinguishing feature of this year's commencement. Six young ladies bore away this honor; Miss Henrietta

Woodworth, Cleveland, O.; Miss Isora Collard, Cincinnati, O.; Miss Bettie Carter, Vevay, Ind.; Miss Agnes Morancy, Versailles, Ky.; Miss Louise Smith, Columbus, O.; Miss Hattie Cartwright, Pomeroy, O. We notice also one hundred and seventy-four pupils entered on the catalogue list.

The bright autumn days brought back the happy flock, scattered during the summer months like birds of passage, and the beautiful Indian summer lingered and faded away into the December snows, without events of interest, except pleasant visits from the old class-room guests, Bishops Rosecrans and Quinlan of Mobile.

The year 1868 opened January 3rd, with the clothing of Sister Mary O'Keefe, followed a month later by that of Sister M. Baptista Freaner, a former pupil. The sermon preached on the latter occasion by the Very Reverend Superior, Father Edward Purcell, at the request of his Most Reverend Brother, the Archbishop, is fortunately preserved, one of three only, which he delivered in the Convent. All who knew Father Purcell with any intimacy, and the all were indeed few, will recall the unhesitating deference and obedience with which he yielded to the wishes of the Archbishop. It was due to the request of the Archbishop that we owe the preservation of this exquisite rendering of the beautiful, poetic and pious expression of the thoughts suggested to him by the occasion. We give the sermon in full:

"The day so long desired, has dawned in brightness—the epoch in the life of a Christian soul, anticipated with such holy anxiety, is happily fulfilled—the day has come—the fairest day in a maiden's life,—the day of grace and salvation, the day which unites her to God for all eternity. To-day she ascends the mountain, the light of heaven falls upon her, the hosts of the church contemplate her, the altar is dressed for the festival, the mysterious sword is raised above her, the fire for the sacrifice is burning

brightly. He whom she has chosen, the fairest among thousands, salutes and receives her in the name of sister and dove. The crown of flowers which He will give her, the vesture of supernatural glory, the white nuptial veil, the mysterious banquet,—all is prepared for the triumph, and it is, therefore, now that we can say, “Thou has chosen the Lord this day to be thy God,—and the Lord hath chosen thee to be His people.”

This alliance, so august and so endearing, will be the subject of our meditation. You have chosen the Lord to be your God,—how sublime is your vocation! God hath chosen you to be His people,—how grand is your recompense. You have chosen the Lord to be your God,—see how divine is the charter by which your glory is established and maintained; and He hath chosen you to be His people, that your gratitude may flow from a divine motive. You have chosen the Lord to be your God, and this will make manifest to you the vast obligations you assume; but He has chosen you to be His people, that your heart may be fortified by the multitudinous character of His mercies. On this two-fold choice—on this mutual alliance—rest the two reflections to which I invite your attention:

First—the dignity of the religious vocation in the choice which a Christian maiden makes of our Lord, that He may be her God,—and secondly, the happiness of the religious vocation when our Lord chooses a Christian maiden that she may be His people.—First, man, however demoralized by sin, has never wholly lost the consciousness of his original greatness. His heart constantly reminds him that he is not in his natural place, and all his affections, desires, and even his vices are but the impressions of a soul, which, fallen from a sublime position, hopes by their aid to regain the glory he has lost. Unfortunately for him, he errs in the means by which he hopes to acquire his ancient prerogatives.

He aims to recover his liberty by submitting to every species of slavery; he seeks in frivolous and inconstant creatures the blessings of peace, and true and ever-abiding fortune, in the perishing things of the world. He mistakes pride for greatness, he thinks he sees true glory in the titles and pageantry of earth, and thus from day to day he pursues the phantom of his own excellence, and every step he takes to regain the paradise he has lost, only sinks him deeper and deeper in despair. But a light from heaven has fallen on earth, and to those who are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, to them has it been revealed that the holy alliance made between God and the faithful soul at the foot of the altar is the only way by which the beauty and order of her primitive institution can be restored. St. Paul, it is true, teaches us, that by vocation to christianity, man is regenerated according to the design of God at his creation; but this regeneration is not so perfect that no traces of our fall can be detected. It is only in the religious vocation that the creation of the new man commences,—the spiritual, the perfect man. “As we have borne the image of the earthly”, says the Apostle, “let us also bear the image of the heavenly man.” 1 Cor. XV, 49. And such is the vocation to which you are called. A vocation which separates the Christian lady from the exterior fold, to devote her to duties more exalted, to sacrifices more heroic, to virtues more deserving. The incomparable dignity of the religious soul rests on these requirements, and hence we admire the generosity of her sacrifice, the most noble character of her attachments, and the completeness of her liberty.

What can be grander, and, at the same time more beautiful than this offering of a Christian maiden, who, docile to the inspirations of grace determines to renounce the world at the very time when it appears most attractive, who abandons pleasures when

they are most seductive, and even friendships at a time when it is so natural to cherish them, and, not only these, but all the endearments of home and this in the spring time of life, when the earth appears covered with roses. How noble is this heroism of the daughter of Sion, who surmounts every obstacle, repulses every attack on her fortitude, and with a courageous hand, breaks in pieces the idols which the world adores—who throws aside with disdain the livery of fashion, and concentrating all the powers of youth, health, liberty, the sweet charms of the mind, and the graces which embellish the person—offers all to God—suspends them like garlands in the sanctuary to be the witnesses of her triumph, as, with self-possessed and tranquil dignity she approaches the altar, admired on earth and applauded in heaven.

The greatness of the sacrifice is in the heart. The exterior circumstances attending the consecration of a soul to God may be more or less brilliant;—the lambs of the rich and the pigeons of the poor were equally acceptable, but the essential object of the holocaust is not affected by them. The sacrifice is in the interior renouncement of the will in a holy self denial, in the abandonment of hopes long cherished, in the rejection, in fine of whatever exists in life to fascinate the heart; this is the immolation which is the last triumph of nature, and the most marvelous achievement of grace. This immolation, according to many of the Fathers, elevates her to the dignity of a martyr. What more, in fact, is done by the Christian soldier, who seals with his blood the truth of his faith? He dies once only; she can say with St. Paul; “I die daily.” In the martyr it is momentary constancy; in Christian Virgin it is a constancy long as life.

This sacrifice is so astonishing, that worldlings do not believe in its sincerity, and invent all kinds of excuses and motives to degrade it. Insinuations of disappointment, pride, self interest and

others, viler in character, are constantly alleged, but this attempt of the unbelievers to dishonor it only establishes the eminent virtue which these holy vows commemorate.

The sacrifice is as honorable to the religion which inspires it, as it is to her whose submission it consecrates. The religion which recommends such sacrifices can alone give to humanity its highest degree of dignity and force. Who, without her aid, can hope to attain such excellence; who, without her teaching, had ever even entertained the idea of such perfection. In other ages, misanthropic men pretended to despise the world, yet attracted its attention by their peculiarities, and, effecting to renounce everything, made themselves the center of all.

But to forget the world, and make every effort that the world may forget them, to abandon all, without any appeal to self-love for recompense or indemnity, to carry the sword even to the division of the soul, to please Him only who sees in secret, here is the true sacrifice, here we distinguish the finger of God. This is the triumph reserved for the Gospel and the divine spirit of truth, and the teaching of holy church by which alone souls can be converted. But it is not to excite your vanity, if such were possible, or to amuse you, that I have drawn this picture of your sacrifice. I wish, only, in recalling the sacred character of the immolation, to present to your minds more forcibly the extent of the obligations you assume. Have you sounded the depths of your heart before God, and are you certain that His is the spirit which animates you, and that He is the motive of your choice? Is your sacrifice pure, noble, disinterested? Is it as entire as it is irrevocable? When you remember the past, and look forward to the future, when you reflect on the dangers peculiar to every state of life, and that yours is not only not exempt, but exposed to severe trials, when you recollect that a word or a thought may destroy

the fair vision, and bring down in ruins the sacred structure you have erected with so much care, this will be sufficient to warn your heart from taking any complacency in yourself, or, supposing that it was by your own efforts you overcame the world. In the immolation of yourselves, you offer nothing to God but what belongs to Him. The gifts you place upon the altar are not yours, but His. Why then should you glorify yourself? What have you given to God? Your liberty—that is to say the unhappy power to live without rule, or your youth, which fades like a flower. What have you relinquished? Pleasures, as they are called, which enervate, and all the fatiguing cares inseparable from life in the great world. You see, then, in truth, that you renounce nothing, you abandon no right to which the soul is entitled. The Christian is merely a traveler on earth; he rests a little while in his tent on the desert—he departs with the mist of the morning, and is seen no more. You have, therefore, surrendered nothing of your own; or, rather, you have given all that you may acquire all, sacrificed everything to obtain everything, forsaken all only to be attached to one who is worthy of your heart, who is alone capable of gratifying its immortal aspirations. But the true grandeur of the soul consecrated to God is seen in the exalted character of her attachments. Few rays of light illuminated her triumph when she renounced the world. She then only relieved her person from the charms which impeded her movements. To know her in her true glory, we must see her as it were in the presence of her Divine Spouse. She lives only for God. In all her movements we recognize the words of the Psalmist: “For what have I in heaven, and, besides Thee, what do I desire upon earth, Thou art the God of my heart and my portion forever.” Ps. 72. Then life becomes a labor of love, then we can contemplate how, as the attachments to the world cease, those which are eternal become like chains of light

binding the heart to Heaven. Then no opportunity of pleasing our Lord is overlooked, no moment to glorify Him is lost. Her eyes are to look up to Heaven, her mouth to declare the glory of God, her ears to hear the words of eternal life, her will to do that of her Father in Heaven, her imagination to waft the soul to the celestial kingdom.

Oh! what an immense distance, what a mighty gulf extends between her heart and the earth! How vast the space which separates her from the vain objects of life! How noble are her thoughts, how immense her designs, how sublime her sentiments. Whatever is not immutable and eternal cannot satisfy her hopes. Where those, who are so inspired abide on earth, we approach with religious respect. It is the sanctuary of Sion, where alone God is great, it is the new heaven and the new earth, where God is enthroned above the ruins of nature,—where all things fly and disappear before the majesty of His presence.

Yes; it is here alone that God reigns and the sanctuary is filled with His glory. Here, whatever is not divine is profane, whatever is not celestial is soiled. Here all names are confused, all titles and human distinctions are blotted out; the only one by which you can be honored and recognized is that of Spouse of Christ.

You have lost the names by which the world knew you in your father's house, in the home of your childhood, the ties of country and kindred are broken,—so grandly does God rule in sovereign majesty here. How holy must be the place where vocations so sublime are consecrated, where a God so omnipotent is served! The least thought of the world is an offence to your Divine Spouse, the least reserve in His service an idolatry; all conversation which He may not hear is a profanation; every amusement over which he may not preside, is dark and guilty like a

sacrilege! How then are we to know the eminent dignity of a Christian maiden consecrated to God, how distinguish between the religious vocation and the mere call to be a Christian,—is it not by the perfection of her works, the observance of the counsels, the heroism of her love? Do not suppose that because God has given you great graces you cannot lose them; do not suppose because you made great sacrifices to leave the world, that little passions, and humors and foolish fancies, and petty griefs may not little by little subdue your soul even in this holy place.

The snow falls lightly, but it will crush in time the strongest defences. It is true you would not, like the guilty Israelites, make a false deity and bow down before it, but, like Rachael, you may bring idols from the world, which, though you adore not, you retain; to which, though you offer no incense, you cherish, and though they may not destroy your devotion, they weaken its fervor. Forget the world; in your holy vows put all your love and strength of mind and affections of heart; let there be no communication between you and anything base. Let your heart be tender as the Blessed Mother's when you speak to her Son, but at all other times like polished steel, against which the poisoned arrow falls in vain.

Now the third character of the religious vocation is the plentitude of its independence. As the soul belongs to God, it depends on no one but God, and this is to be perfectly free and master of ones self. Nothing, therefore, in life, can approach in true nobility the lady who has vowed her life to the cloister. If true to her vocation, she seems to participate in the sovereignty of God himself. Like God, she is independent of every other being; like God, she is served by all and ruled by none. She needs no protectors, no neighbors, no friends, unless to exercise in their regard the virtue of charity. Like Melchisedech, she is

without father, or mother, or genealogy. She heeds not the customs of life because she is ignorant of them, she fears no opinion because she rejects it, and despises all public censure because she is crucified to the world, its praise and condemnation. No prejudices disturb her. She has no fear for the future, no anxiety for the present. And yet the religious life has its engagements and duties, and first among them are humility and obedience. On these depends the true liberty of the soul. In the Convent you are indeed in subjection,—but to what? To rule, to duty, to justice. The liberty you surrender, is the liberty of the passions, the caprices and inconstancy of the mind. Whom do you obey? God, whom you love, and His representatives, who make known to you His will. If you respect not these, you can not love God. In this way is the liberty of the Christian maiden preserved. There is no restraint but what she loves to feel,—and from week to week and year to year the golden hours elapse, and, from their glittering wings, treasures are accumulated, which never decay. Time, so fearful to the criminal, so useless to the worldling, so desired by the lost, so loved by the redeemed; time is here but a long succession of holy thoughts, and every moment is a proof of God's love and of that true liberty with which He has made you free, indeed.

Second—But, if the dignity of the religious vocation awakens our admiration, how can we adequately describe the happiness of those whom God has chosen to be His people. God, although the Universal Ruler, does not reign equally in all hearts. Though His sun is made to rise over the just and sinners, He does not regard them indifferently, nor communicate to all the same abundance of graces. There is no respect of persons with God as regards His justice, but there is in the distribution of His favors. He is, indeed, the God of all men, but, in a particular manner,

the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Hence throughout all the world's history, He reserved from the multitudes some privileged nations, some cherished race, whom He called by excellence His people, on whom He showered gifts and powers with profusion. Who can this chosen people be, but those who devote themselves in a special manner to recollection and prayer. He requires from them great virtues, but He imparts powerful graces; He demands great sacrifices, but He compensates them with divine consolations. These truths you acknowledge, and they convey to your minds the conviction that God hath chosen you to be His people by the dangers from which He has delivered you, and the joys He has in reserve for you here and hereafter.

No one who knows the world will undervalue the dangers which menace the soul. Danger, in its customs, so often condemned by the Gospel; danger in its maxims, which aim to favor the passions and canonize licentiousness; danger in false brethren, who, if they can not seduce you by example, try to shame you with ridicule; danger in its riches, which avarice may accumulate or luxury squander; danger in its honors, which lead to so many crimes; danger in abundance, which leads to excess; danger in poverty, which murmurs against God; in fine, dangers in everything we see or hear, and even in the air we breathe.

What should be the measure of your gratitude to God for delivering you from these perils, and choosing you to be His people? While those abroad in life are encompassed with dangers, while chasms open at every step, every moment a temptation, every object a scandal, He, in His love, has taken you by the hand and placed you in this impregnable Zion, this chosen city of which He is himself the citadel. Here you fear not the dangers of the world, because you do not know them; nor its maxims, because you repudiated them; nor its riches, because your treasure

is in heaven; nor false brethern, because here is charity unfeigned. Here is no danger of bad example, because all are traveling in the way of perfection; no danger of riches, because you have forsaken them; nor of poverty, because yours is voluntary. What a glorious emancipation of the soul do these religious vows proclaim! Here you may take the wings of the eagle and ascend to heaven, or tread with the pace of a giant, and, with resolute will, pass from virtue to virtue on your triumphal way. God has commanded His angels to make the path straight before you, and well may you exclaim in the fulness of your heart: "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling, that I may please in the sight of God, and in the light of the living." But, though you are free from many and great dangers, there are many temptations to be rejected. In the world you feared the allurements of pleasure,—here you must dread the illusions of piety,—the one is a refinement of luxury, the other of spirituality. In the world, assaults on innocence are violent; here they are snares for self-love; in the world we live too little with God, here too much with ourselves. Hence this happy exclusion of the world does not dispense you from constant vigilance. If you have less to encounter here, it does not follow that you may devote more time to repose. But, now remembering this happy reception, and not unmindful of all the sweet thoughts the angels are whispering to their new Sister on earth, I will no longer interrupt your joy.

What a happy life is before you! Here you are in the safe way—firmly established—delivered from all obstacles to your salvation. Here, though in some small things you may not be exempt from the solicitude of Martha, yet you are always at liberty to follow the example of Mary. Here you have found the land which flows with milk and honey, on which the eyes of the Lord

are ever fixed Here is the celestial dew which is distilled drop by drop, corresponding with the moments of life, yet forming that mighty river of which the Scriptures speak. Truly, one day spent in Thy Sanctuary is better than a thousand in the tents of sinners. Only one day! But it is all your life! All your life in the house of the Lord, in the secret of His presence, in the assembly of the Just. All your life in the sweet union of charity with your sisters, all your life in the consolations of the Sacred Writings, the Hymns of Zion, in the recollection, the silence, the adoration of prayer—all your life at His feet, that you may die in his arms! Enter faithful souls, into the joy of your Lord. Enter into the asylum of Faith and Hope and Charity. You have said farewell to the world forever, you bear no vestige of its slavery, you have given to vice its shame, to vanity its curse, to the world its anathema. If any tear be shed for you, not in sympathy but reproach, say as Christ did to the women of Jerusalem;—"Weep not for me but weep for yourselves." May God accept the offering and purify the holocaust, and ratify in Heaven what His grace has inspired—and, as He is the depository of your vows, may He be the plentitude of your recompense.

The severe winter of 1868, one of the coldest known to the "oldest inhabitant," worked with serious effect upon the delicate constitutions of several among the sisters, who, for years, had shown symptoms of pulmonary disease. Two fell victims to its stealthy approaches, Sister Francis Morgan, on March 9th, and Sister Kostka Chalfant the following month, April 29th. Sister Francis will be remembered as the first boarder entering the Novitiate from the Academy. Her death was as peaceful and quiet as had been her life, and the ever-ready humor, the generous forgetfulness of self so marked in her nature, shone out even at the last dread moment. The Sisters were kneeling by her bedside, one of them reciting the beautiful prayers with which our tender Mother, the holy Church

consoles the last moments of her children. As the supreme moment drew near, and the sister reading the prayers for the dying in a voice trembling with emotion said: "Depart Christian soul, etc," the dying sister smiling, said, "Not yet sister! I am not going just yet!" And then with a sense of triumph, she sweetly said: "What a calm lovely night! how happy I feel!" After a while the words were repeated, this time a motion of assent passed over the face, growing gray with the shadow of closing life, and, for a moment, those around her were uncertain whether quiet sleep or the repose of death had settled upon her countenance. She will ever live in the hearts of those who knew her, by the remembrance of her universal charity and unselfishness of soul, just as her sister-saint, Sister Kostka, who followed her in one short month, will be remembered for her heroic patience in suffering, her ardent love of God, her ceaseless gratitude for the priceless gift of faith which God had granted her and so many who were dear to her. She was gifted too with no mean power of invention and song, and the play which she composed in honor of Saint Angela, was, at the time of its writing and after her death, most beautifully rendered.

Our good friend of former days, Father Macheboeuf, had been for the last eighteen years, working with apostolic zeal in the vast field of labor, which comprised the diocese of his venerated friend, Bishop Lamy. He comes now to St. Martin's to visit his old friends, before his consecration as Vicar Apostolic of Colorado and Utah. We see him once again with the old-time energy of youth shining in every word and movement, subdued, softened as it were, by the affliction which lamed him for life, yet full of unselfish courage for the new position and honor conferred upon him by the Holy Father. His consecration is thus reported in the *Telegraph* of August 19th, 1868:

“ Right Reverend Projectus Joseph Macheboeuf was consecrated on Sunday, August 16th, in St. Peter’s Cathedral, Cincinnati, by the Most Reverend Archbishop Purcell, the Right Reverend Dr. Rappe of Cleveland, and the Right Reverend Dr. deGoesbriand of Burlington, Vermont, being prelates assistant. The Right Reverend Dr. Rosecrans of Columbus preached on the occasion an eloquent, instructive and appropriate discourse, setting forth the divine commission given to the church to teach infallibly, to legislate, to execute her laws, and thus conduct the people committed to her in the way of eternal salvation. He showed how in direct contradiction to what human foresight could have anticipated, she proceeded from humble beginnings to teach the gospel to every nation, the Holy Ghost confirming her mission by its results. Should it be objected that she is unable to execute her laws, which nations and individuals often set at defiance, this does not prove her want of authority to make those laws, or her incapacity to execute them any more than the violation of the laws of God involves the want of authority or power on the part of the Sovereign Legislator, whose rights are vindicated by the punishment of the transgressor, in this life and the future. To this teaching and legislating church, the newly consecrated Bishop of Epiphany, *in partibus infidelium*, and Vicar Apostolic of Colorado and Utah, is now associated. He goes forth as the Apostles did, without human resources, trusting for a blessing to the good providence of God. His Vicariate is five times as large as the state of Ohio. It is fifteen or sixteen hundred miles long and about six hundred miles wide. The people he evangelizes are Mormons, Indians, half civilized Mexicans, miners and scattered Catholics. For this great work he has but three priests, and the slenderest pecuniary resources. He has spent three years in the exercise of the holy ministry in France, ten in the diocese of Cincinnati, ten in the diocese of his compatriot and fellow laborer on the mission of Ohio, Right Reverend Dr. Lamy of Santa Fé, and eight in Colorado, where, in descending a spur of the Rocky Mountains, he was thrown from his carriage and lamed for life,—yet neither his courage nor his confidence in God fails him; and, in a few years, we shall hope to see his labors crowned with results like those now visible in other territories, subdued by the Gospel of peace and love. The officers of the Mass, and priests in the sanctuary were, Assistant Priest, Reverend C. H. Borgess; Deacons of Honor, Reverend Dr.

Pabisch and Reverend C. O'Driscoll, S. J. ; Deacon and Sub-deacon of the office, Reverend A. H. Toebe, and Reverend Dr. Richter ; Masters of Ceremonies, Reverend W. J. Halley and Mr. John Kennedy. The Cathedral was crowded, and the collection, to which all were exhorted to contribute liberally, was for the new Bishop."

Bishops Rappe and deGoesbriand took advantage of their stay in Cincinnati, to visit Notre Mère and the community, and gave to it and the Parish of St. Martin's the honor of Pontifical High Mass on the beautiful feast of the Assumption. The newly consecrated Bishop Macheboeuf also returned on the seventeenth, the day after his consecration, to say farewell before again setting out for his new see.

June 30th brought the Commencement day, the exercises of which were written up by a reporter of the staff of the Cincinnati Commercial, of whom the *Telegraph* of the following week says:

"The gentleman reporter of the above named journal has performed his task so thoroughly well, that we have no desire to change, take from, or add to his report. Moreover, as it comes from an extraneous and disinterested source, it will not wear the shade of partiality. From this report we quote: The programme of the Commencement exercises consisted of piano and harp music, choruses, the delivery of original essays, and the coronation and decorations of the graduates, Misses Mary Dohan of Chillicothe, Mary Gilmore of St. Louis, and Mary Rosecrans of Cincinnati."

A present of three beautiful deer from Mr. Michael Magevney of Memphis, originated the idea of laying out a park for their custody. This was accordingly done and formed for a long time a very interesting feature in the already beautiful grounds.

The elections, usual every three years, are held on August 21st, and result in the re-election of all the officers.

The retreat was preached in August by Reverend Dr. Kirrner, and, on the resuming of studies in September, the Reverend Father Dutton began a series of religious instructions for the pupils, which were most solid and interesting.

The last year of the decade 1860 opens with the religious profession of Sister Louise Murphy and Sister Veronica Portail, and the clothing of Sister M. Dionysia Borgess. These occurred on February 14th, the Mass of the Holy Ghost being celebrated by Reverend Father Purcell, assisted by Father Borgess and Father Cheymol, Right Reverend Bishop McClosky, the lately consecrated incumbent of Louisville, being present.

In the afternoon, the beautiful ceremony of clothing the young ladies, Miss Lucy Borgess and Miss Elizabeth McMahan in the Ursuline habit took place. The Reverend brother of the former, afterwards Bishop of Detroit, and Reverend J. McMahan, the uncle of the latter, assisted the Right Reverend Bishop of Louisville who officiated, whilst Father Purcell preached the following beautiful sermon.

“And he said to all—“If any one will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me.” Luke, IX, 23. Simplicity and truth are the chief ornaments of Christian eloquence, and hence the gospel of our Lord appeals so forcibly to the reason and heart of man. The grandest precepts and holiest councils are there communicated in a few words. When we survey the heavens at night, we behold vast globes which have passed through the spheres since creation, but God accommodates them to our vision, and they appear like spots of light in the firmament. And yet this does not detract from their splendor. And thus, also, the great truths of revelation so long hidden in the Trinity, so sublime and wonderful in wisdom, are communicated to us by our Lord, reduced, we may say, to the

capacity of the mind, and, though superior to all the material universe, we receive them into our souls, and our hearts can embrace them.

Such is the result of the simplicity and truth of the divine word. When a King determines to make war on his enemies, the rules and regulations are published by which those who enlist under his banners must be governed. So our great King, when He descended to make war on Satan and his hosts, invited all men to participate in the conflict, and, in a few words declares the conditions on which He will accept their services. Whoever, He says, will acknowledge Me as his leader in this war between life and death, must renounce himself; he must, also, endure patiently all the privations and sorrows he may encounter; he must therefore take up his cross daily, and finally, wherever I may lead, he must follow. These are the laws of that warfare to which Christ summons us.

In the state of life on which you enter to-day, my dear sisters, you accept these obligations in a special manner. In the literal sense of the text, you must, in the first place renounce the world; secondly, you must persevere in that holy resolution, and finally endeavor to surpass from day to day all which you have heretofore done in this divine warfare.

When we are told that we must renounce the world, we should understand that this world which we are obliged to renounce resides within us. As some one has said, that every man's mind is his kingdom, so is the world to each person. "Do not love the world," says the Apostle, "nor the things that are in the world," and he adds; "for all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life. "What is this pride and double concupiscence but our own sinful proclivities, and where have they their origin but in our own self

love. Consequently, the world we have to renounce is ourselves. To surrender temporal possessions is nothing to a man who has faith in God. What are riches or jewels, or gold, or land to a generous heart which expects its reward in heaven. As the poet says: "They are mine or his, and have been the slaves of thousands, but to surrender our own will and inclinations, that is to renounce the world. She who does this is a great conqueror. But, whence you may ask, arises this terrible necessity which obliges us to be so closely united with our enemy, to make him, as it were, our friend, and give him our heart for his dwelling place. The reason is because all the being of man conspired against God. The soul fell from the state of innocence, and consequently the body refused obedience to its control. Both became corrupt. For "The good which I will, I do not," says St. Paul, "but the evil which I will not, that I do." Disobedience is thus avenged by disobedience. Man becomes subject to two discordant wills and knows not which to follow. In his uncertainty and weakness, he, however, sees the necessity of abandoning one or the other,—in other words, he must lose the world, if he wishes to save the soul. No more can it be said of him that he should rule over all living creatures, because those creatures, since his fall, defy him. They refuse to acknowledge a King who is without crown or sceptre, or royal robe, in exile, poverty and shame. Having desired to please and gratify his inclinations contrary to the order of God, he now discovers, that unless he renounces those inclinations, he never can be reinstated in the divine favor. He thought that he had power to realize a happiness for himself, for which he would not be indebted to his Creator, and, by a just retribution, he has become his own most cruel and insatiable enemy. Whenever, therefore, to escape from this unhappy and illogical condition you determine to abjure the world, consider the grandeur of the enterprise.

The world you abandon is not the heaven and the earth, nor the friends and companions whom you loved, and of whose happiness you constituted so large a part, nor the vain pomp and gaudy attractions of society. A noble effort of the mind, without any religious aid, such as Faith supplies, may suffice for this; but, when it is a question of dividing our own being as if with a sword, of abandoning forever, not the perishing things around us, but the living active imperious will within the heart,—who has power, and resolution and fortitude for an achievement like this? Where find chains strong enough to bind down the worldly and passionate man to the dominion of the spiritual? He will, at every moment of forgetfulness, return to his corrupt desires. He who labors against his will, may, when apparently most employed, be far removed in mind from his toil, indulging in wild and extravagant conceptions. So is it even in the religious state. After years of labor, when by fast and vigil and prayer you have subdued your will, and made it, as you imagine, submissive to reason, even then it may be seduced by errors the most and ingenious, and fancies the most disastrous to its peace. Hence, as the Apostle says: 1 Cor. XI, 14. “The natural man receiveth not the things which are of the spirit of God.” Nor can we depend on our virtue, for even against this, however exalted, nature rebels. If it can not overcome the soul by open and undisguised assaults on its integrity, it often succeeds by the complacency a victory over temptation, suggests. When we imagine ourselves to be very humble, we may be suddenly overthrown by pride. How many unhappy instances of this ruin of souls do we not yearly encounter? Seduced by its artifice, the heart refuses to be admonished, and is conscious of no offense, and resents every attempt to lead it in the way of righteousness. Such people, as some writer has said, fly to the cloister to overthrow the world, but they exchange

only one class of vanities for another. The solitude, which was to be their paradise, they, people with all the fancies of a diseased imagination, and thus lose that peace of mind, where those, who are faithful to their vocation, enjoy a divine refuge.

Thus, even in the most sacred places, we may worship an idol instead of Christ, the Lord. But, let us examine a little closer what we mean by a renunciation of the world. Is there anything that makes a person appear so miserable and contemptible as poverty? And this, too, notwithstanding its beatification by the Gospel. When you hear people of the world say, that such one is no account, you may be almost certain that they are speaking of a pauper. Hence the Psalmist exclaims: "To thee is the poor man left." As if he had said, thou who can do so, court the smiles of the rich, and aim at the highest places, but to Thee, O Lord, is left the poor. In the time of the heathen, as we read in one of their poets, a poor man was subject of ridicule, and even now men have a dread of even the appearance of distress. This condition, so hateful to the world, you have chosen as the better part. Though the poverty of the cloister is one of honor, it has also its thorny aspect. It is sometimes rude and boisterous enough, like a wintry wind, because it resembles the poverty of the slave, who not only possesses nothing, but is incapable of owing anything. In the cloister you lose those rights which humanity outside the cloister would never surrender. You are not even counted among the living,—so that you can say with the Psalmist, "For my father and my mother have forsaken me, but Thou hast received me,"—or, with our Lord Himself: He is my mother, my brother, and my sister, who doth the will of my Father in heaven."

But you also renounce the world, in order that you may offer to Christ, Who is the Spouse of the soul, all the pure love of

the heart. To do this effectually, how absolute total and determined must be your renunciation of worldly attractions. Jesus loves the soul consecrated to His service, but with a jealous love. "For I am jealous for you," says the Apostle, "with Godly zeal, for I have espoused you to one man, to present you a chaste virgin to Christ." This jealousy of our Lord, of the love of the consecrated soul extends to everything which is not associated with His service. Is there any one of our senses with which we detect, and, as it were, touch the objects around us so quickly, and at the same time so delicately as we do with the sense of sight? And yet such is the jealous love of our Lord, that the white veil is placed over the head to warn you that even this liberty should be indulged in with extreme caution, so that the veil is intended as much to protect your own sight from whatever may be incompatible with your love of Christ, as to guard your modesty from the licentious eyes of men; and finally you deny yourself by renouncing your own will. You subject it so completely to the direction of another, that no one can say whether your will belongs to you or your Superior.

This renunciation is so supreme, that the cloister is called by one of the early Fathers, "the grave of self-will." It is a great sacrifice, and it would be a sacrilege to make any reservation in the offering. Ophnee and Phinees, for taking a part only of the meat offered by the Hebrews to the Most High, were stricken with their army, by the sword of the Philistines, and the High Priest, their Father, fell back dead, and the Ark of the Covenant was captured by the enemies of God. No wonder, then, that Isaiah the prophet exclaims: "I am the Lord who loves justice and hate robbery in a holocaust." If such be the divine indignation against those who rob God of the fat of animals, what would be the measure of the guilt in those who would deprive Him of

a living victim, sanctified by His blood and withdrawn from the world to be sanctified in His service. See how dreadful is the responsibility of those who make the religious vows. How careful should they be that the sacrifice be complete, that there should be "no robbery of the holocaust." But let them look up with a holy hope to God, who loved not the world and the world loved not Him, and ask Him to receive the sacrifice you are ready to offer, that it may be unreserved, unhesitating, never to be revoked, never to be regretted. In the second place, our Divine Leader tells us that we must not only deny ourselves, but take up our cross daily. By the cross is meant the warfare we must wage with the world, and the desires of the flesh and blood which we must crucify like our Divine Master. This, we are told, we must do daily, because there is to be no rest—the victory gained to-day is a preparation only for the conflict to-morrow. A perpetual battle with our enemies whilst on earth, can alone win the throne and crown of immortality. To understand this in a plainer sense, let us consider the nature of a vow.—Some are for a short time, others are forever. Yours, I trust, though temporary now, will one day be perpetual. It is by religion, say the theologians, that we are united to God, and the vow, according to their definition, is an act which imparts a sacred strength to our union. Although all we possess belongs by a natural right to the Creator, nevertheless He has left us a certain power over our actions, so that we may form in our souls an image, however indistinct of His absolute sovereignty. Now it is this power over your actions, which, by your vow, you transfer to God. You present Him the highest offering a human mind can make—your free will. It is, next to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the grandest oblation a creature can offer to the Creator. The soul, by this act, establishes a most intimate union with God,—she passes as if from earth to heaven,

and begins to feel that intimate relation which exists between God and the soul in eternity. Such is the homage you render to-day to that All-Supreme and Infinite Being. And there is this which is remarkable about your vow, that, while other acts of homage cease as soon as they are performed, the homage of the consecrated soul never ceases—it endures forever. It begins on earth, but it lasts through eternity. Thus the life of a religious, if she be true to her vocation, is an everlasting act of homage. If she forfeit the grace of God, then she is a “robber of the holocaust,” and all the magnificent edifices of spiritual life falls into ruin and is dishonored even on earth, and she who had built it is despised even by sinners. Yet, what a sublime vocation is this of the religious life, and what care should be taken that nothing occur to dim its splendor in the eye of heaven. The life of the religious should be like a grand picture, in which no defect can be perceived, its lights and shadows, grace and nature aiding each other to produce a perfect work. How should such a one watch over every incident and moment of time, that no one may be able to say to her what St. Paul said, in reproach to the Galatians: “Are you so foolish, that, having begun in the spirit, you would now end in the flesh?” Have you suffered such great things “in vain?” It is a great thing to renounce the world, to deny yourself and take up the cross daily,—and, shall it be in vain? God forbid! Wherefore be faithful unto death, acting truthfully in all love, says the Apostle, “that you may grow in all things in Him who is the head, Christ.” Finally, we must not only renounce the world and take up the cross, but follow Christ, the crowning glory of religious life.

“He who loves Me will follow Me.” True, He says: “I will lead you into great dangers, but remember that I have not commanded you to precede, but to follow Me.” “We have a High

Priest" says the Apostle, "who can have compassion on our necessities, hence He commands us to follow Him. When two difficulties occur in the same object,—the necessity of following and the impossibility of overtaking His Divine Person, all that remains for us is to advance constantly—because Christ is our model. We see in His actions the light of His virtues and the degree of perfection which He desires us to attain. We must, therefore, follow Him incessantly. "I press forward toward the mark," says St. Paul, "for the prize from above is Christ Jesus." Philip. III, 12. "I forget "he says" the things that are behind,—I stretch myself to those that are before." And from this expression, we may judge that perfection does not exist in any fixed and definite degree, but that the soul must follow from virtue to virtue, from mountain to mountain, in the great highway to heaven. Another reason why you should be anxious to accumulate treasures in heaven, while a resident of the cloister, is that you may be prepared to meet the future, whether it be in storm or sunshine.

Be rich in graces, that when the danger comes you may possess your soul in peace and patience. May you never know what calamity is. For more than twenty years the sun has risen and set on this secluded home, and, during all that time, no serious trials have disturbed the tranquility of its inmates. Have other religious houses been so privileged? No, and yet why should you have been so carefully protected by the angels? In Italy, in Spain, in Austria, in Mexico, how many holy women have been driven into the streets, or, look to South America. I mention these things that you may fear God and pray that no such terrible trials be required to prove your virtue.

Let this day be for you, my dear sisters, a memorable day, from which you are hereafter to count the years of your life, a day on which you lose a few things, yet gain all things. But, remem-

ber the world which you have abandoned has intelligence and forethought, and is crafty in wisdom, and that it will persecute you in one way or another while you live. Every attempt will be made to embarrass you by its artifices. Who can expect to escape when Jesus was Himself tempted, and, though he banished Satan, the Apostle tells us that he left Him only for a time! Let not the soul made in the likeness of God, brilliant with grace and immortality, be ever eclipsed by the dark wings of the evil one. Relax not your efforts; do not tire of the presence of God, be not weary of obedience; let the sweet light of charity be on your face and on your lips and in your heart, and no evil can ever befall you in this holy solitude."

Another pure white lily was gathered in the spring time of the year, from the little garden of souls yearly planted at St. Martin's. Little Mary Rickey, daughter of one of the beloved pupils of the early days, Mary Townsend and Mr. John Rickey of Cincinnati, died after an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, April 1st. She was a child of unusual intelligence and loveliness of character, and her beautiful soul was ready for heaven. Her sorrowing mother watched her last moments, and when all was over, the little form shrouded in the robes of death, was taken to the Convent entrance, between the tearful ranks of assembled sisters and pupils, to the bereaved home in Cincinnati.

On the eleventh of the beautiful month of May, all were assembled in the little chapel to witness the holy profession of Sister Mary Sebastian Collins and Sister Mary Lucy Ward. The Most Reverend Archbishop was accompanied on this happy occasion by Reverend Father Anderdon, a nephew of Cardinal Manning, who preached a most beautiful sermon, and who quite won the hearts of all the pupils by his gentle goodness. In the afternoon the clothing of Sister Miriam Adam of Quebec took place, the Most

Reverend Archbishop again officiating, and the Reverend Dr. Anderdon preaching in French.

Again, on the twenty-first, the Retreat preached by Bishop Rosecrans was ended by the First Communicants receiving the Bread of Angels, and the day joyously spent in the company of Bishop Macheboeuf, who was now on his first visit to the Holy Father. The Commencement day was a pleasant one to all, and a beautiful programme entertained the evening visitors. Miss Menza Rosecrans was graduated.

Early in the autumn, the Most Reverend Archbishop took passage for Rome, to attend the Council of the Vatican. During his absence, Bishop Rosecrans officiates at the clothing of Sister Gabriel Dohan and Sister Louis Lamur on December 13th. Frequent letters are received from the Most Reverend Archbishop who reports excellent health, not only for himself, but for all the ecclesiastical students of the diocese who are preparing for the priesthood in the eternal city.





CHAPTER VII.

1870 — 1880.



THE decade of years closed by 1869, was one of almost cloudless sunshine in the social life of the community of continued advance in its reputation as a seat of learning, refinement and piety, and in the financial success which an ever-increasing number of pupils secured. The foundation of its religious spirit had been laid on the solid basis of Christian virtues, possessed in no mean degree by those heroic souls who stand as beacon lights in the haze that now envelopes its early morning. But, in the decade which we now approach, the noontide of its fifty years, these lights of the morning are to be dimmed and shrouded, and their lustre to be removed from our midst; their virtues to be no longer an every day incentive to the novice who imitates them, or the older companions who have learned in long years to value their priceless example. Whilst the good works of Mother Stanislaus gathered from the earth, still following her, are to be offered as an eternal tribute to the sacred humanity of Christ, their fountain and model, Mother Julia, by

her patience and fortitude, is yet to be the strong arm, clasping the sisterhood in an embrace on which it can lean for a few years, till she too shall be called to be its intercessor in heaven instead of its mother on earth.

The dearly loved and gentle "Ma Mère," always delicate and suffering, yet always at her post as Mistress of Novices and Directress of the school, had seemed, for a year or more, to have some premonition of her approaching end. She would frequently speak of death, of the vanity of considering any one really necessary to the well-being and prosperity of any supernatural work, such as the religious life, and every outward manifestation of her inward or spiritual life seemed to indicate the constant thought of preparation for the closing scenes of earthly existence. On New Year's day, 1870, she gave to each member of the community a little souvenir picture of Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, on which she wrote in ink, "Pray for Ma Mère, living or dead." As she distributed the pictures at the recreation, every one remonstrated at the sentence she had written, wishing her to change it, but nothing could induce her to do so. She passed through the months of January and February, ailing at times, and suffering from frequent colds, but always prompt to her duties as Assistant, as Mistress of Novices, and to those of the class-room. Early in March being much occupied in making plans for the decoration of the chapel of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin for the approaching festival of the Annunciation, when several children of Mary were to be received, she contracted a severe cold, and, on the thirteenth, a serious illness began with a chill. In a few days, the attending physician, Dr. Hall, declared the case an attack of pneumonia, which, though slight, might, at her age, prove fatal. The disease progressed, though slowly during the week, and not until the morning of Sunday the twentieth were the symptoms

such as to indicate danger of death. It was decided that the last sacraments should be given, and slowly, reverently and tearfully her sisters and novices grouped around the dying bedside of her they loved so well. The short confession heard by Father Cheymol, Father Dutton gave to the dying lips for the last time the Bread of Immortal Life. Just as he repeated the "*Domine non sum dignus*" for the third time, the faint voice drew his ear close to the fast escaping breath, and whispered a few low words. Father Dutton, turning to those who knelt around, said, that though too weak to make herself heard, Ma Mère wished, before receiving the Holy Viaticum, to ask pardon of any and all, whom she might ever have, in any way offended in the course of her life. Tears and sobs were the only answer of the weeping sisters to this closing act of an humble life, and they could only pray that it should meet a merciful recompense from Him, who had said: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." The sacrament of Extreme Unction administered by Father Cheymol, all departed from the loved presence, with the faint hope that the efficacy of this Holy Sacrament might yet raise up the stricken servant of God. But prayers and hopes were in vain, heaven had whispered its command, as it had spoken its invitation to her young heart, when, in the beautiful words of the church it had said to her in her youth, "*Veni sponsa mea, veni de Libano, veni coronaberis.*" With no thought of the seemingly unfinished work she was leaving in the community, for which she had so long labored, with no regret in her heart, and naught but peace in her saintly countenance, she joined in the prayers that were murmured in broken accents about her, until about ten o'clock, when the last breath set free her pure soul to soar to the feet of her Saviour and Judge.

On the twenty-second, after a Requiem Mass, the loved remains were carried to their last resting place, and the sad reality

was forced upon one and all that Ma Mère had gone forever from our midst. There was no sermon preached at her funeral, each heart spoke to itself too eloquently to need the words of another in eulogy of the deceased. Many friends wrote loving tributes to her memory. Said one: "Her life was beautiful because it was pious. To her graces of person and manner was added the grace of a most devoted servant of God. How sadly will the news of her death be whispered with tears in the homes of many friends who knew her only to love her, and how much heart-felt sorrow will be consecrated to her memory. We condole with the Mother Superior and community so sadly afflicted by her death; but we rejoice that another daughter of St. Ursula has won her crown of glory."

Many beautiful words, breathing sympathy for their loss and love for the dead were sent to the community by friends from every side. The gifted Una, Mrs. Aug. Ford of New York, formerly a pupil, writes some touching lines:

Gone O Ma Mère, forever!
Our hearts are sad and sore
Some might have prized thee better
But none could love thee more.
We'll miss thy voice of counsel,
Thy ever busy hand,
Thy guiding mind unbiased,
And broad and free and grand.

Bright be thy place in glory,
Ma Mère! Thy dwelling here,
Has made our world far better,
Forgive the useless tear;
We trust the Dear Anointed—
The King with thorn-pierced brow,
And Mary, Queen of Angels
Are smiling on thee now.
O friend, revered, lamented
Farewell! Farewell! we'll pray!
At home with God to meet thee,
In realms of endless day.



MOTHER STANISLAUS.

A flower loved and tender with special care by Ma Mère, because sent to her from her home in Beaulieu, is suggestive to Una of the following lines :

TO MA MÈRE'S JONQUILLE.

Pale child of the spring-time, thy golden stars gleam,
 Away in a far sunny land,
And warmed by the breath of that sweet southern clime
 In fragrance and beauty expand.
Then what dost thou hear, where the cold northern blast
 On fierce icy pinions sweeps by?
Why brave the wild air of our chill wintry clime,
 Fair child of a sunnier sky?
Oh! sweet little blossom, out here in the storm
 'Tis love makes the starry eyes shine,
To gladden the heart of a friend, thou didst leave
 The land of the olive and vine;
Nursed then by her care, thou hast followed her here,
 To bloom 'neath her fostering hand;
Inhaling thy fragrance, she'll fancy she breathes
 The air of her loved native land.
Then offer thy incense with glad grateful heart,
 Thy guardian's kind care to repay;
And here in the shade of the cloister recall,
 Her dear convent home far away.
Long, long may'st thou bloom, ere the Angels shall bear
 Her off to the bright world on high,
To walk with the blest in the gardens of God
 Where blossoms ne'er wither or die.

Sudden as was the death of Ma Mère, unexpected as was the going out of the light of her life in our midst, another illness preceding hers, occurred in the circle of our little world, quite as rapid in its fatal development. A saintly young girl, Hannah Murphy, daughter of Mr. Daniel Murphy, living in the parish of St. Martin's was attacked violently by peritonitis on March 13th, and so steady and rapid was the progress of the disease, that it was deemed necessary to administer the sacraments on the third day of her illness. She lived but a few hours after the devout

reception of the Holy Viaticum, and after the Solemn Requiem Mass she was followed by the mourning family and the sisters to the little cemetery where she rests as precious seed sown in mortality, to spring up in the light and beauty of life immortal.

The community offices of Assistant, Mistress of Novices and Directress of the School, all so ably filled by Mother Stanislaus, fell now upon other shoulders, Mother Ursula Dodds being raised to the responsible positions of Assistant and Mistress of Novices, while Sister Michel Bradley was made Directress of Studies. The year passes on with its usual events of visits, retreats, religious professions etc., that of Sister M. Baptista Frenan occurring on May 1st.

The Commencement was well noticed, even by a more severely critical press than that which had heretofore given forth its annual round of praises. The only graduate was Miss Blanche Barry of Baltimore. The cheering presence of the Most Reverend Archbishop was missed, as he had not returned from his attendance at the Vatican Council. Not for years had His Grace been so long separated from his flock, and never was prelate greeted by a more enthusiastic welcome, than that given him on his return on the twelfth of August. The preparations for his reception were made upon a grand scale, and were shared in by all the church societies of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, whilst a delegation was sent to New York to accompany the reverend prelate to Cincinnati.

Owing however, to some obstruction on the railroad caused by the burning of a bridge over the Susquehanna River, the train was delayed until half-past six in the afternoon, when the merry peals of the church-bell announced the home-coming of His Grace. Round the depot, was an orderly, gayly attired multitude, which manifested unqualified delight by rousing cheers and waving of hats, handkerchiefs and banners, joined with bands of music, which

swelled the volume of welcoming sounds with their merry strains, as the happy face and well-known form of him, whom they loved as a father and venerated as their bishop, appeared on the platform of the car, to bow his heart's acknowledgement of their joyful demonstrations. The address of welcome delivered by Mr. C. W. Murphy, was spoken from the soul; in it the speaker said it was impossible to convey or give adequate expression to the joy and gratitude to God, that filled the heart of that vast multitude for having preserved their revered Archbishop from every danger during his long absence, and for again placing him in their midst in the full enjoyment of health. The Archbishop responded in his usual quiet, undemonstrative, but interested manner, assuring them that he was glad to get back to Cincinnati, still more glad to see his friends, and thankful for the hearty welcome they had given him.

The procession then formed in line, a band of little orphan girls from the Cumminsville Asylum sat in a gayly decorated wagon, canopied with white, waving green branches in cadence to a song of joy, whilst bands of music discoursed patriotic airs as the crowd moved along to the Cathedral. Here arches of evergreen had been erected at the entrance gate, at the Cathedral door, one in the center aisle, and another at the sanctuary gate, surmounted by a gilt cross. At the door of the Cathedral, His Grace was received by Reverend Father Callaghan and a body of robed priests, bearing lighted candles, who preceded him down the center aisle to the altar railing, where stood a band of airily clad little girls from St. Peter's Asylum, bearing bouquets, and wearing wreaths of flowers. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and at its close, the voice of the Archbishop was first heard reciting the Pater Noster, and at its tremulous but well remembered tones, both men and women wept in uniting with grate-

ful hearts in the beautiful prayer that has made all mankind *one* in the Great Adorable Heart of our Common Father. The religious ceremony over, the clergy, the orphans, personal friends, all thronged around the Archbishop in his residence, to manifest their sincere and unrestrained affection. But the children! The summons of the good Father,—“Tell the children to come into my room and get some cakes,” was the signal for a rush into the room at the head of the stairs, thus opening a passage way for the exit of many who had joyfully participated in a scene long to be remembered by hosts of friends and well wishers.

The autumn of this year, particularly the opening month of September, was crowded with trials, crosses strong enough to bring out in bold relief the fortitude of Mother Julia, and those who shared with her the responsibilities of governing the household. On the Saturday evening preceding the first Monday of September, the day appointed for the re-opening of the classes, came the first of the series of reverses marking the remaining months of 1870. But just as surely were they stamped with the protecting care of Divine Providence in no case more notably than in that of the burning of the works of the gasoline machine, which supplied the lighting of the house. Just as Notre Mère and the older religious were returning from a short walk after supper, word was brought to her that the little wooden building covering the gas works was in flames. True, it was of small dimensions, but its nearness to the outbuildings and the main brick building, placed the last named at once in great peril. The tank containing the gasoline was buried in the earth, but there was danger of its becoming so heated as to render an explosion imminent. Soon the grounds were filled with the kind neighbors, ever-prompt when the Convent is in need, called together by the light of the flames and the unusual ringing of the bell, some coming from as far as

Fayetteville. Father Dutton had gone to Westboro, expecting to meet Father Purcell at the coming of the evening train, and soon both were on the scene of action. Recognizing at once that the great danger lay in the probable heating of the copper tank containing the gasoline, Father Dutton, at the risk of his life, opened the vault in which it was placed, and, followed by the devoted and trusty baker of the institution, Aleck Suhr, he succeeded in tying a rope around the tank, and dragged it to a place of safety. The light frame covering was soon consumed, and in an hour all danger was over, all anxiety merged into prayers of gratitude to God for His gracious deliverance from greater danger, and of heart-felt thanks to the generous men who had worked so nobly in the hour of our distress.

In hours of peril such as this, the presence of one stricken with mortal illness, always augments the grief of the moment. Just at this time, Sister Gonzaga Moran's death was daily expected. Still young, professed, about seven years, she had returned early in the spring from the Convent of Opelousas, whither she had gone to the aid of Mother St. Peter, about two years before. Falling into ill health very soon after her arrival in Louisiana, she longed to come home to spend the few remaining months of life that she felt to be hers. Patiently she waited for her release from earth for her summons to the true life of heaven, and it came at last on the night of the seventh of September.

Hardly were the sacred remains laid away, when two sisters fell so dangerously ill as to call for the administration of the last sacraments; and sad were the hearts of all at the thought of death being again so soon in our midst. But they were soon lifted up by the joyful news that the Archbishop had arrived unannounced in the *omnibus*, for his visit and blessing meant balm to the sick and suffering. He had evaded the preparation and reception that

he knew would await him, by stealing in, as it were, upon the surprised community, but, in a week or two he was to give the sacrament of confirmation in a neighboring church, when he gracefully submitted to a play and reception to honor his home-coming from the great Vatican.

Again on October 29th, another beautiful soul, Sister Philomena, whose conversion to the faith occurred in the early years of our history, is summoned to join the little band that has already gone, and the year 1870 is closed and signed with the priceless seal of suffering, the great mystery of which can be seen only by the eye that penetrates the darkness enveloping the cross-enthroned height of Calvary.

Immediately after the burning of the gas works in September, preparations were begun for the manufacture of coal gas, a large cistern for the gasometer being dug, and a brick and iron building erected near the site of the burned works. It proved a success, and the accident was soon forgotten in the enjoyment of the greater brilliancy and more certain supply of the new lighting.

The winter months of 1871 pass and are quickly merged into spring, when April 27th brings the happy day of holy profession to Sister Dionysia Borgess, Sister Raphael MacMahon and Sister Mary Keefe. The Right Reverend Bishop of Detroit, brother of the first named, officiated on the occasion, while the Most Reverend Archbishop preached.

The most marked feature of the Commencement this year, was the large class presented for the reception of graduating honors. The *Telegraph* says: "There were present the Most Reverend Archbishop and a number of the Reverend Clergy, and several of the old graduates of St. Martin's whose attachment to this home of piety and learning, years of absence can not diminish. After the entrance march, the names of the seven graduates were

called, Miss Minnie Dunn, of London, O; Miss Lizzette Maginnis, of Zanesville, O; Miss Susan O'Hara, of Covington, Ky; Miss Theresa Slevin, Miss Emma Hart, Miss Louise Carrick and Miss Emma Davis, of Cincinnati, O."

The Devotion of the Forty Hours, which precedes the community elections was most devoutly held early in August, and, on the fourteenth of the same month, Mother Julia, though suffering and showing the approaches of age, again consented to a re-election, while the office of Assistant was filled by Mother Theresa Sherlock, of Zelatrice, and Directress of Studies by Mother Berchmans O'Connor, of Treasurer, Mother Xavier Carolan.

Good Father Cheymol and the old friends of Bishop Lamy were much rejoiced by a visit from the veteran missionary during the course of the year. He had left his poor and distant diocese to make an appeal for aid to the Catholics of the East, that he might build a suitable Cathedral and schools for the children of his flock. It was now twenty years since he had accepted with the Christian resignation for which he asked prayers in one of the letters we gave from his pen, the bishopric of Santa Fè, then an almost limitless wilderness, embracing an extent of country that has since been divided into three territories. His episcopal life in its labors and dangers would, if written, read like a volume of Catholic missions in a heathen land and a foreign country. But the humility and modesty of this soldier of the cross hid the greatness of his life of sacrifice, that will only be known where its reward may be fitly given. His appeal was not unrewarded—his many friends in the missions of Ohio felt that they were paying a debt of gratitude to him who had labored so zealously in the early years, and responded generously to the call. A few days of rest, and he was again at his Herculean task, to him a labor of love from his great charity.

Early in March, Sister St. John, who for two or three years had made a staunch resistance to the insidious disease, consumption, gave evidence that the brave fight would not be won, and that her long life of unbroken usefulness to the community was drawing to a close. Her remains were followed to the little cemetery on Palm Sunday, and the memory of her virtues lives in the hearts of those who knew the strong and solid base of natural gifts on which they were built.

The year 1872 offers but few events of interest. On May 7th, four sisters pronounced their holy vows in presence of the Most Reverend Archbishop, Sister Gabriel Dohan, Sister Louis Lamur, Sister Benedict O'Keefe, and Sister DeSales Moran. Reverend Dr. J. J. Callaghan preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

The Commencement was held on the twenty-seventh of June, Miss Lilly, second daughter of General Rosecrans, being the only graduate. A very fine programme was beautifully rendered. The choruses, one of them comprising over forty singers, were almost faultlessly given.

If the "oldest inhabitant" of the Convent or its neighborhood will take a backward glance of about twenty years or more, the strange word "epizootic" will rise in the memory in connection with this period. It was at that time the classic name for the now well-known and too well established "grippe," and its etymology shows that this disease was at first confined to the lower animals. Making its first appearance in the winter of 1873, it first attacked the horses, particularly those used in the street cars, and it was made by a scholarly stroke of wit, to hide its ugly self under the high sounding name of hipporhinrhea! But soon the higher animal was writhing in the grip of the microscopic baccillus, and every family had its own experience of the trying disease. Reaching the large household at Brown County, it attacked

the older members of the sisterhood with some violence, but the youth and vigor of the younger sisters enabled them to resist its attacks, and in a week or two all were in usual health.

But one dear child fell a victim to pneumonia during the month of January. Katie Stoeckle, of Cincinnati, aged about fourteen, was seized with this illness almost immediately after her return to school from the Christmas holidays, and, after two weeks of struggle of anxious care and watching on the part of her devoted mother and the religious, the youthful eyes were closed in death, to bask, we humbly hope, forever in the eternal sunlight of God's love. She was followed in about two weeks by one who had passed the three score years allotted to man, Sister Bernard, who, it will be remembered, was Ma Mère's companion on the memorable night of their flight from Beaulieu. After an attack of influenza, which, at her age was serious, she relapsed into pneumonia, and, having received all the consolations of religion, she calmly expired on February 16th.

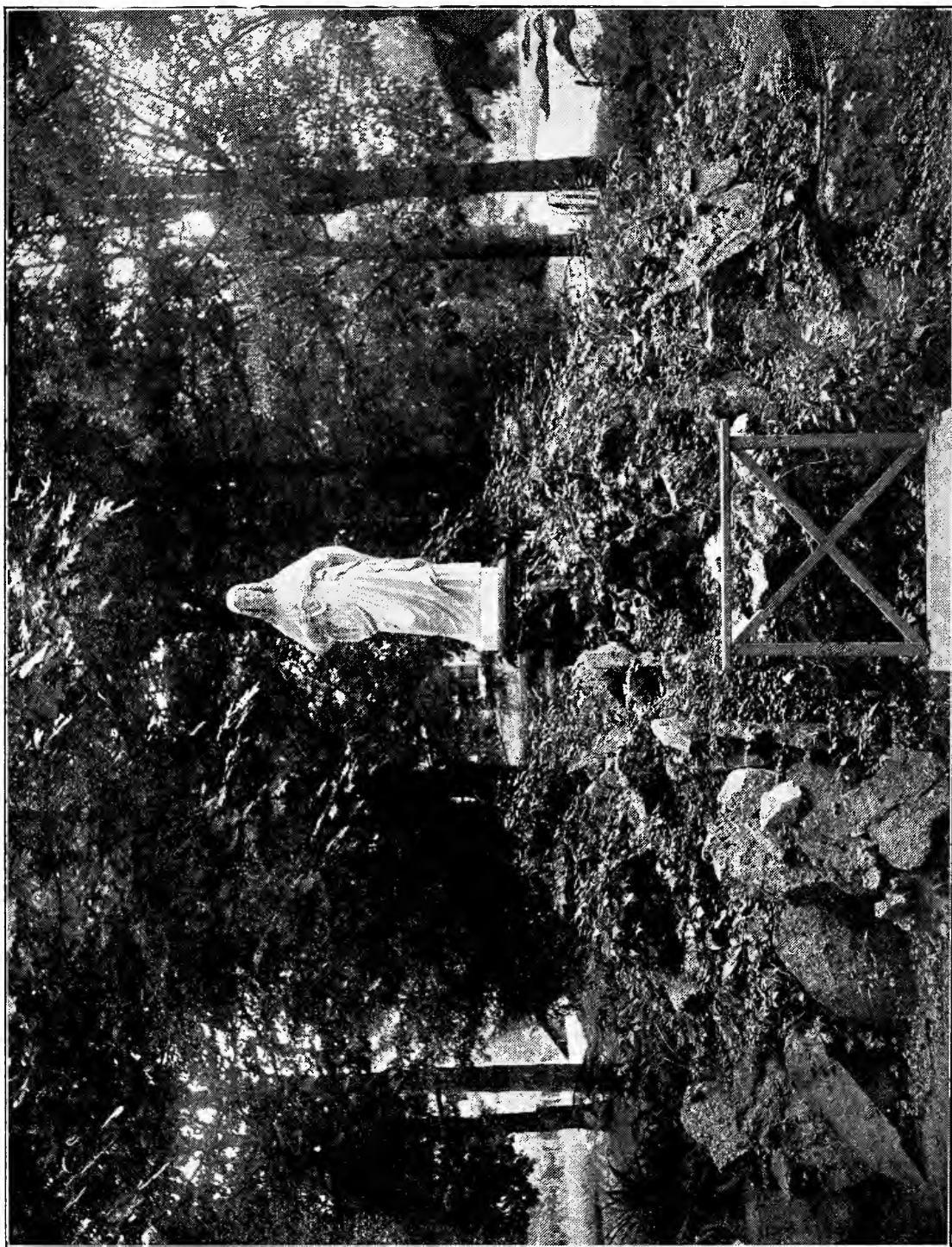
These two bereavements coming so quickly one upon the other, seemed a preparation sent by a kind Providence for a greater one to follow them. Each day the failing health of Mother Julia became more evident to the solicitous eyes that watched her heroic efforts to fulfill the duties of her responsible office, but an attack of erysipelas, following close upon the influenza, brought her so near to death, that it was deemed advisable to administer the last sacraments. So hopeful however were the physician and nurses of her recovery, that the ceremony was as private as possible, and therefore less distressing to her own and other hearts. Their hopes were not in vain, for by degrees her naturally strong constitution threw off the disease, and in May she was again able to join in the recreations of the community. But she never fully recovered her vigor, and her decline may be considered to have dated from this time.

The first profession solemnized without her presence, since the bright October day in 1847, when Sister Hyacinthe made her vows, that of Sister Miriam Adam, took place May 15th. The Most Reverend Archbishop preached upon the solemn occasion.

The *Telegraph* of June 26th says: "There was a brilliant Commencement held at St. Martin's on the 24th inst., and we hope that some of those who had the pleasure of being present at the literary and musical feast will favor us with a description of the event, worthy of this time-honored home of Christian education." The editor's hint was followed, and a correspondent gives us in the next issue a laudatory account of the exercise, and mentions that a distinctive mark of the education given by the Ursulines, apart from the graceful manners of the pupils, seems to be to impart a special taste for the purest classical music. The Valedictory was spoken by the only graduate, Miss Anais Hâle, of New Orleans.

If the death-roll of our members seems to swell in number each successive year, it must be remembered that up to this period, the twenty-eighth year of the house, only seven sisters had gone to their rest in the little grave-yard. Age and infirmities were creeping slowly upon the brave workers of the early days, and many of the first received into the house are now in middle life, whilst among the young are those in whom the seeds of consumption are early developed by the confining labors of the class-room. Sister Benedict Keefe slept peacefully in our Lord in September of this year, after a few months of pulmonary consumption,—a religious life early ended, for she had pronounced her holy vows but sixteen months before.

Eighteen hundred and seventy four was ushered in by an event still having its yearly commemoration on New Year's day. By a special invitation of the Holy Father, the reverend clergy, churches,



GROTTO OF THE SACRED HEART.

religious communities, institutions and congregations throughout the Christian world, were solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This invitation was accepted with great joy by the community of St. Martin's, for devotion to the Sacred Heart was most truly taught. We have seen, that love for the Immaculate Heart of the Mother, gave to its name and patroness, and surely, love for the Mother's Immaculate Heart can flow only from an intense love of the Divine Heart of the Adorable Son. Therefore this consecration was hailed with joy, and great preparations made to have it attended with all due solemnity. It was to be a fresh incentive to the imitation of the virtues of the Sacred Heart, to which the whole church was now turning for protection, and amid the joyous music of the Benediction, the floating clouds of incense, the hushed adoration and love of heart that swayed the kneeling worshipers, the act of consecration was solemnly read. May its words live and vibrate in the hearts of all who pronounced them on that memorable day, until eternally echoed back upon their ravished souls from their Adorable Fount, the Sacred Heart of Christ Himself!

One who was present on that day, was not many months after, called to the eternal home. Josephine Lavaur, with her younger sisters had been sent from her home in Gagnac, France, to the care of her aunt, Mother Angela, to be educated in this country. Her naturally delicate constitution weakened under the rigors of our climate, and in March of this year our Lord took her to Himself in her youth and innocence. With a deep sense of gratitude to her kind teachers, and of love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, she made a last request of her parents, that a legacy coming to her from her godfather, might be used to erect a statue of the Sacred Heart on the beautiful grounds of the Convent. Here it still stands, a silent reminder of the year of the consecration, and of the grateful heart and early death of the young donor.

May 8th brought the long looked for profession day to Sister Chantal Kane, Sister Lawrence Shea and Sister Alphonse Costello, the Most Reverend Archbishop presiding; and the following month, June 25th, the annual Commencement was held. Bishops Fitzgerald of Little Rock and Quinlan of Mobile took this happy occasion of visiting their old friends.

For the first time, Notre Mère was unable to attend the exercises of the Commencement. Her health was broken, she had not been able to descend the stairs since her illness of February, and by degrees the painful truth was plainly revealed to the community that its beloved mother was no longer able to shoulder the burden she had borne with unflinching fortitude, for well nigh thirty years. Therefore she obtained the consent of the Most Reverend Archbishop and Father Purcell, to her name being no longer used as a candidate for any office, at the coming elections to be held in August. These resulted therefore in the successions of Mother Theresa Sherlock as Mother Superior, Mother Ursula Dodds as Assistant, the re-election of Mother Berchmans O'Connor as Zelatrice and Mother Xavier Carolan as Treasurer.

The elections were scarcely over when application was made for a colony of Ursulines to accept the organization and charge of a parish school in the thriving town of London, Ohio. So far there had been more than enough work for the few active members of the community, in the large classes of the Academy, but these beginning to decrease as other Convents were established in the country, and a goodly number of novices constantly making application for entrance, it was decided to begin the missionary work. Early in September, Mother Superior accompanied by Sister Pauline, who had been placed at the head of the little band selected for the work, paid a visit to London, in order to choose a house suitable for the sisters. The zealous pastor, Father Con-

way immediately beginning the erection of a school house, everything was in readiness for the opening of the schools in November. Sisters Pauline, Gabriel, Bernardine, Raphael, Alphonse and Anthony were the pioneers of this mission, and established the parochial school on a most solid foundation. It continued to impart the elements of a refined, solid Christian education to the hundreds of pupils that came under its care, until it was finally given up in 1883, when the sisters were to be sent to aid the colony established in California.

From this time we may say, Mother Julia gave up all active part in the direction of the community, whilst her suffering life, her heroic example of patience, no doubt gained for herself a greater crown, and for others greater graces, than had yet been granted her. Unable from this time until her precious death four years after, to descend the stairs leading to the chapel, the inestimable privilege of having the Holy Mass offered in the community where she could assist, was granted her by the Most Reverend Archbishop. Here Father Dutton officiated each morning and broke to her the Bread of Life. Old friends esteemed it a privilege to visit her at times, and to minister in any way to her comfort. In October of this year, a most handsome and useful rolling chair was presented her, by the devoted members of the Gross family of New York. Although she was unable to use it on the grounds, as was intended, it must be most gratifying to them to know that it afforded much comfort and out-door pleasure to the dear Archbishop in after years.

The chosen month, the month of May, which seemed to be an all inspiring one for the novices of St. Martin's, witnesses the profession of Sister Bernardine Desmond, Sister Elizabeth Weisz, Sister Loretto Phillips and Sister Mary Francis Preston. Whilst these fervent Sisters register their vows here on earth, the ardent Sister Michel is suddenly called to clasp hers in the closed hands that had

worked so faithfully in God's service in her short life. She died May 1, 1875. Sister Raphael, who was stricken with pulmonary trouble, in the London schools, soon followed her to the grave, and in August it closed over the young laborer, who was called to her rest in the fourth year of her profession.

The *Telegraph* says of the Commencement, "The chief attraction was the essays of the graduates, and these were five,—Miss Caroline Maginnis, of Zanesville, O.; Miss Martha Scudder, Miss Blanche Darr, Miss Rose Slevin and Miss Florence Lincoln, of Cincinnati. The natural and lady like way in which these essays were spoken, added not a little to the thoughtful style in which they were written. The Commencement was a classical entertainment in matter and manner, and will long be remembered with pleasure."

Sister St. Charles, oldest daughter of Gen. Rosecrans, and Sister St. Clare Mahoney are admitted to holy profession on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of this year. The Right Reverend uncle of the former, Bishop Rosecrans, receives the vows, and preached a most eloquent sermon. It was not preserved verbatim, but that given here, delivered by him, gives the gist of the beautiful oration delivered on this auspicious day.

"Hear, O daughter, and incline thine ear, and forget thy people and the house of thy father, and the King shall desire thy comeliness; for He is thy Lord, thy God." Psalm 54.

With the emotions belonging to a scene like this dwelling in our heart, a cold discussion of the lawfulness of religious vows would seem out of place. To these young novices, who have by prayer and meditation, on the step they are taking, prepared themselves for what we call sacrifice and the angels, nuptials; to these friends whose hearts stand tremulously beating between sorrow at the parting and joy at the consummation it would be idle to prove

the right of every human soul to choose God for its portion, and His sanctuary for its rest for ever and ever.

You do not need argument to convince you that those who are called to it may rightfully follow Christ in His poverty, chastity, and His subjection to the will of others,—you know that the Convent is a safe home—the vestibule of the house not made with hands; and when you have seen your dear ones clothed with its dress, and made inmates of its walls, the only pang you feel is not of anxiety for them, but of loneliness for yourselves. But, though you appreciate the innocence of the life which these maidens have chosen for themselves, permit me to doubt whether you justly estimate its real excellence. On the day of her profession, the Nun dies to the world. In some orders wrapped in her sombre habit, as in a black shroud, she prostrates herself before the altar, and little children scatter flowers and leaves upon her as upon one departed. “She is buried alive” says the world, because she is separated from what it calls life; and even Catholics thoughtlessly thank God that she is now disposed of and safe, as if her life were to be henceforth an idle, but delicious dream. This is a capital mistake. The person who dedicates himself to God by religious vows, renounces nothing of true life. On the contrary, by the act, he but gives free play to whatever talent and energy and power of achieving great things he has received from God. His vow to follow Christ is not a vow to shrink from labor or danger, but rather to court these with ceaseless activity. Far from being a living death or an idle dream, the life of the cloister is the one of free activity and the grandest results, and it gives the fullest scope to all that is sublime in human genius, praiseworthy in human energy, heroic in human courage. Every action must have two conditions to entitle its performer to the character of great. It must belong to him as originator, and it must achieve

some great end. The agents of great revolutions in society are not called great because they do not originate and control the events which give them prominence, but are waifs floating on the surface, or sinking into the depths by the impulse of a power not their own. So let one originate ever so much in small matters, he is not a great, but a little, a "fussy" man, if he be overactive. Now, life is but a series of actions. To be great, it must be free, or self-controlled, self-guided, and it must achieve some lofty end. Apply these tests of excellence to the life in the world and in the cloister, and see which of the two is the most excellent. Anyone who undertakes for the first time, in earnest, the task of self-examination, will be startled to find how little of what he calls his life, has been, in the full sense of the word, his own. He did not choose his race, his color, his physical development, the prejudices of his education, the influence of his associates, the circumstances of his rank and social position. Yet these gave their bent to the lives of most men. Ask everyone you meet how he happened to be of the trade or profession, or business he follows, and ninety-nine out of every hundred will answer their family, their education, their peculiar circumstances forced them into it. To the great mass, the main drift of life is a foregone conclusion, long before they have time to reflect upon it enough even to see what it is; and the only liberty they find left them, is in carrying out its details from day to day. Yet even here is liberty fearfully abridged by want of reflection. The mind is usually in such a hurry, is stirred by so many rushing emotions and vivid fancies, that the power of calm thought, of looking before leaping, is nearly all the time stunned and baffled. It is this which makes life to those who have reached its close, in the emphatic language of scripture, like the dream of one rising from sleep. We lay our head upon a pillow for a few moments, and, in dreams, we

undertake vast enterprises, work on them, feel the triumph of success, and the humiliations of defeat; we traverse oceans and continents; witness the beginning and end of great wars; see little children grow up mature, become old and die. Then roused from sleep, the dream vanishes. We have traversed no oceans, done no work, achieved no success, suffered no defeat, but only dreamed a dream. So when life's fitful fever being ended, the soul rises from the body where it has been dreaming, as on a couch, and sees, with a vision bounded no longer by the figure of this transitory world, the light of eternity, the greatness and beauty of God, the brightness of heaven, the vastness of the endless life before it, the splendor of the imperishable goods it has either lost or won, it can not but regard the life it lived in the flesh as a dream of one rising from sleep. Look back, now, upon that part of your life which is buried with the past, and what is it to you but a dream. The emotions of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, desire and aversion that made time seem long to you, are gone now forever. You can re-call the fact of having been excited by them, but you can not re-awaken the feeling. As the harp remains all the same, whether the music was sad or joyous, when its strings were last touched, so our hearts have no record left on them of the emotions that thrill them from the touch of passing events, but the cold simple consciousness of guilt incurred or merit won.

Thus it is in dying persons, the entire record of a life can be crowded into the thought of an instant,—comprising, as it does, only the number of its good and evil deeds. What the world calls life, active, bustling, laborious life, is but a dream of ambition, or of avarice, or sensuality. Awakening at the threshold of eternity, out of the reach of earthly honor, or praise, or flattery, the soul that coveted aggrandizement, starts with astonishment at

finding out its own delusion. "I have been struggling to grasp what I thought my soul panted for; I forgot truth, justice and mercy in my eagerness to outstrip my rivals and win power. I was mistaken. Won or lost, human power is now to me a thing of the past, and an eternity of existence is yet before me. I thought I had done much—I have done nothing. I strove for what could not help me. I fled from what could not hurt me. I have been in a dream." At the same point, the dawn breaks upon the soul that has been laying up much good for many years, and, as death tears it loose from all its possessions, it exclaims: "I thought I knew the philosophy of life. I gathered together what I thought would command service and defy want. I exulted when my possessions multiplied, but my struggles, my hopes and joys were all things of a dream. In the midst of what I thought abundance, want has seized upon me, and, with imperishable desires still gnawing within me, my hands are empty." Precisely so; though a more overwhelming sense of shame awakens the soul that was chained by voluptuousness to the service of the flesh. "I thought" it says mournfully, over the corpse it is now freed from, "that I was revelling in the joys of life, and leaving its cares to fools. Behold—what I called joy, was only fever, and wisdom but delirium. Now, at the outset of my unchangeable existence, I am naked, blind and miserable!"

Yet these three classes of men, all, namely, "that are in the world, and of it, the proud, the covetous, the voluptuous—bondsmen, from the cradle to the grave—have the assurance to speak of the liberty they enjoy, and to pity those, who, by vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, break loose from the fetters that bind them and become free! Slaves of every insolent appetite, of every passing whim and fancy—slaves of the unexpected guilt they have incurred indulging their caprices; slaves of fashion and human

respect, they cannot understand the glorious liberty of the children of God, for which He created them, and wherewith Christ, the Redeemer longs to make them free. The freedom of the human soul is not in forms of government, not in letting the appetites of the body rule life, but the absence of all impediment to its seeking union with God—the absence, as St. Augustine says, of the ignorance that clogs it and the concupiscence that fetters it. It is the power of the soul not to serve, but to rule the flesh and its desires. It is not independence of God, but independence of all that would prevent us from depending on Him alone.

Ignorance is bondage, for it makes us do we know not what, and, therefore, what we will not. Concupiscence is bondage, for it drives us to the evil we will not, and from the good we wish.

But in the life of the true religious, ignorance and concupiscence cease to reign. Ignorance is removed by faith, made practical in meditation and prayer. The soul that has chosen the better part, sees, with unerring truthfulness the just value of all that surrounds it. It is not carried away by any false glitter of transitory goods—not allured into forgetfulness of its true end, but from the first step when it has decided to fear no more them that can kill the body, but only Him who has power over the soul, it goes on, day by day, meditating the law of God, and by it, shaping all its thoughts, affections, hopes, desires, so as never to have occasion for that remorseful exclamation—Oh! had I but known! We read of many, who, in the hour of death, regretted not having been more fervent in the meditations and austerities of their rule; but of none, who in their last hour were sorry for having made and kept the holy vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Concupiscence,—which rules in the lives of the great mass, though not removed, is baffled and subdued by the discipline and regularity of the cloistered life. The hours of

silence and prayer; the bodily mortification of watching and fasting; the continual practice of humble submission, subdue passion and chasten the soul. The little austerities of the Convent are like picket guards stationed far in advance of the region where sin could make any direct attack on the soul. To deny one's self what is lawful, prevents the heart from chafing after what is forbidden. And the soul that wills only what God wills, must always have all its desires, for having but one thought and one will with Him, it partakes of His Omnipotence. It feels, indeed, the thrills of emotion; but grace places it above the humiliation of human weakness, as the mountain top bathes in the unclouded sunlight, while it feels the rush of the storm that is roaring round its base. Envy, anger, ambition, hate, avarice, lust, which embitter the lives of people of the world, find no entrance in the Convent's sacred walls. Like dogs they may bark and snarl around, but the heart, remaining true to its vows, they can never come in to tear, and rend as they tear and rend, in what is called "society." In the Convent, therefore, the soul is freer than in the world; freer from ignorance that deceives it into doing it knows not what, and from passion that drags it into what it would not wish; free to guide itself, to know what it does and do what it intends, and, therefore, to say what it does is its own. "But grant,"—is the unthinking exclamation—"grant that the soul is free"—still—is it not a pity to see persons of talent, beautiful, educated, accomplished, running away from society, and doing nothing, when they might have done so much? And this brings on to the second of the two assertions. I have undertaken to prove that the results accomplished in the religious life are vaster, more worthy the aspirations of a great heart, than could be hoped for in the world. Any one who speaks of the vast amount to be done in society, cannot surely allude to the ordinary lives of women

in the world. In them, all that talent, and beauty and education can achieve, is to hold gracefully and perhaps advance somewhat, social position.

To do this successfully, is not to do very much. To receive and pay visits, to keep up a brilliant and well-regulated household; to talk and to be talked of; and, finally, to fade out and have a fashionable funeral is no result to stir a noble ambition. The good that one *might* do to society by remaining in it, must be what those who lament over lives given to Christ allude to, when they complain. Now, far be it from me to speak lightly of the good influence exerted on the home and social circle, by the holy life of a Christian matron. The Holy Ghost has said of her, "from afar, from the uttermost bounds, is her price." Her presence breathes purity, her words inspire virtue and rebuke vice. She relieves want, soothes sorrow, teaches all the fear of God. The presence of such, scattered through society, holds it from being dissolved in it. But ere we deplore in any one the renunciation of this life, let us see whether, in renouncing, they have not adopted one still more fruitful of good results. In the first place, we have no right to assume as certain that any one who adopts the religious life, would, had she remained in the world, have persevered to the end in the practice of those virtues which make her life a blessing to all around her. Few in the world live such lives. "Who shall find a woman of fortitude?" says Holy Scripture. The soul that follows through life, the path marked out for it by God, finds the grace that it needs as it journeys along; bread when it is hungry, fountains of water when it is thirsty, gushing up by the wayside. Who can say that there are any such laid up for it by any other pathway. The car that runs smoothly on its own track, is shattered and broken on a track of another gauge,—She, who in the cloister is a model of humility, purity, charity, disinterestedness and pru-

dence, might have been the reverse in the world. Though sincere at the outset, the clamor of vanity might have darkened good to her eyes, and the fickleness of concupiscence have changed her judgment, so that in not following her vocation, she might have lost not only the opportunity, but also the desire of doing good.

In the second place, excellent as is the life of the Christian matron; full as it is of earnest love and heroic self sacrifice, the life of the religious is better. The reason is, because the good which is an incident in the one, is the business of the other. The matron must attend to her family affairs, the wants of her dependents, the wishes of her superiors, yet so as not to displease God. The Nun, undivided in heart, can give herself wholly to works of mercy, and think of nothing else but how she may please God. Does a cry come up from the battle field of strong men, stricken down and perishing for want of care? She is free to take the next train and go to their relief. Does a pestilence smite a city and riot in the homes of the poor? She neglects no duty that she owes to any one, when she takes her life in her hands and goes to the infected rooms, breathes the poisoned air, and brings comfort to the sick through the contagion and dying. Do the poor and orphans stretch out their arms for succor? She is free to give them all she has and all she can beg, for she has them only to provide for. Do needy children want instructions? She has no standing in society that will be lost, no claims that will be neglected by taking her place in the free school, and keeping it through life. In one word: she is free from every evil that would keep her soul from following Jesus Christ wherever He may choose to lead, and undertaking any work that would redound to His glory. Nor is that part of her life which is hidden with Christ in God barren of results, her interior struggles, her watchings and fasts, her meditations and communions have

effects on her own soul that stretch through eternity,—and upon society that spread out far beyond the Convent walls. The vast frame work of society is held up from falling into chaos and ruin by the finger of God; and the prayers of the pure, as it were, are the cords by which He upholds it! Works of art and monuments of human genius and labor will pass away with the “figure of the world,” and then will appear in imperishable beauty, the vast consequences of the labors and good works which only God noted in the cloister.

The life you have chosen then is not one of constraint or idleness, but of freedom and toil. Let no misgiving about throwing your gifts away ever ruffle your hearts. Others may have done wisely and well, but you have “chosen the better part which will not be taken from you.”

The early spring begins to gladden the earth with its returning verdure when the sod is broken in the little grave-yard, and Sister Genevieve Wood is called from the band of the little ones of the Fourth Department who loved her, to her last resting place in this world. Two months later, Sister Pauline Furnell, who had for many years so ably directed the music department of the school, and who had been declining in health since her return from the parish schools of London, was stricken with her last illness. Patient and edifying in the last hours, as in the many years of labor that preceded it, she joyfully paid the common tribute of our nature, and rested in our Lord on April 2nd.

We have so closely followed the principal events in the life of the Most Reverend Archbishop Purcell, a life which began with the century, and which, during its course, left indelible traces of its influence on every soul who came within reach of the divine fires that burned in his zealous heart. He has reached a memorable epoch in that life. Fifty years before, on May 21st, 1826, three

hundred young aspirants knelt in the grand Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, to receive at the hands of Archbishop Quélen, the sacred dignity and holy office of priesthood. Among them was John Baptist Purcell, who, like his patron, the holy Precursor, was to prepare the way of the Lord and make straight His paths, for thousands in the uncatholicized settlements of the young republic in the West. Like the great Baptist, he had, from his birth, been consecrated by his pious parents for this work, and now the day has come when heaven has accepted his and their offerings. The remembrance of this day was as fresh in his heart as the recollection of his morning's offering of the Holy Sacrifice, when the moment came to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. "I can never," said the holy prelate to a friend, "forget the emotions that swept through my soul, when, for the first time, I drank from the sacred chalice, the precious blood of my Redeemer!"

The desire to make the celebration of this event the most notable demonstration of affection which he had ever received, seemed at once to concentrate every individual effort into a great union of energy and love. The *Telegraph* of May 18th, says: "During the last week we have received letters and telegrams from all parts of the state, inquiring about the arrangements to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Archbishop. The multitude of questions from the clergy and laity, show, in the most pleasant and convincing way, the strong-hold which the great prelate has won for himself by his fifty years of apostolic labor upon the affections of unnumbered thousands. To them individually, as well as to the Catholic American Church at large, his name, bright and venerable in prayer, in daily thought and work, it is hallowed by the purest and deepest benedictions of gratitude. "*Stolam gloriæ induit eum Dominus.*" God has clothed him with a stole of glory—for what can be more glorious in the sight of men and of angels,

than a prelate crowned with the double honor of gray hairs and spotless life, wearing the robe of episcopal authority with no such power and yet with so much meekness, that generations have clung to it no more with Catholic obedience and loyalty, than through child-like confidence and love.

It is the latter feeling that stirs on the approach of his Golden Jubilee, the hearts of all the Catholics of a diocese, which is the enduring, breathing, speaking monument of his labors. The communication that we have received from all quarters show that this feeling is seeking for one common form of expression. The congregations that have multiplied with magical rapidity in every passing year of this long episcopal life, to be measured not so much by years as works, and to be crowned with a reward infinitely greater than man can give, are anxiously waiting for Sunday, that they may show they appreciate the spiritual blessings they enjoy, by a grateful remembrance to the giver."

To give some adequate and connected idea of the celebration, which began on Sunday morning, and ended Tuesday evening, is no small task. There was a Pontifical High Mass on Sunday, after which the Archbishop proceeded to St. Patrick's church under escort to give confirmation. Here were addresses etc., and the Archbishop returned to the Cathedral under escort in time to review the grand procession in his honor. A beautiful serenade was given by the members of the city choirs about midnight on Sunday. On Monday, entertainments at the Academy of Cedar Grove and Mt. St. Mary's Seminary. Solemn High Mass on Tuesday, after which came a banquet at the Grand Hotel, followed by a Jubilee Concert in the Music Hall in the evening.

"Sunday, the twenty-first, dawned fair and warm. In every town and city within one hundred miles of Cincinnati, thousands prepared to come to the latter to do honor to him they had loved

and honored so long. From distant places, venerable prelates and zealous priests came to testify how rejoiced they felt to congratulate the Archbishop on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

There were present, Archbishops Henni and Wood; Bishops Ryan, of St. Louis; Loughlin, of Brooklyn; Quinlan, of Mobile; Dominec, of Allegheny; Rosecrans, of Columbus; Fitzgerald of Little Rock; Borgess, of Detroit; Dwenger, of Ft. Wayne; Macheboeuf, of Denver; Conroy, of Albany; Shanahan, of Harrisburg; Toebe, of Covington; and Reverend J. M. Farley, Secretary to His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey.

The Cathedral never looked so grand. The cross on the spire was swathed in evergreens, and on both arms there was an American flag. On the top or apex of the divine symbol, a large flag fluttered in the brisk west wind, which freshened as the day advanced. The columns were decorated from their caps to the centers with the same. From each pillar the line of evergreens extended along the northern side to the episcopal residence, which was elegantly ornamented from the first story to the roof.

Inside the Cathedral the decorations were most chaste. A long unbroken chain of evergreen wound round each pillar cap, and fell downward some ten feet into hood loops, which were continued on either side of the sacred edifice. The altar was filled with flowers, extending across the upper part, and,—almost shutting out the great oil painting of "The Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison,"—was a broad ground work of evergreens, upon which was worked in immortelles, the words, "*Gratias agimus Tibi.*"

The tabernacle was flanked with the choicest flowers. Upon its cornice, touching the elevation of its dome, a *harp* of rare flowers was most conspicuous. No other mundane ornament appeared; no other was more appropriate. For fourteen hundred years the Cross

and harp of Erin, have been the glory and pride of a brave people, one of whom has been the first as a priest of the Church of God, and of "Erin of the Streams," to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

The front of the organ gallery was ornamented with long loops of evergreens. In the center was the inscription "*Glorificamus Te*," in white roses. From each chandelier, depended a choice basket, nest shaped, of flowers.

The Most Reverend Archbishop Wood pontificated at High Mass; Reverend W. J. Halley, assistant priest; Reverend John Cunningham, deacon; Reverend Herman Menke, Sub-deacon. The Very Reverend E. Purcell, preached eloquently.

At nine o'clock the Archbishop started from the Cathedral to make his annual visit to St. Patrick's, escorted by the Knights of St. Patrick and band, the Father Matthew Society, and the men of the parish. Eighty-six young people were confirmed; dinner was given at the pastoral residence by Reverend Father Mackey; addresses were delivered by the laity, and the Archbishop returned to the Cathedral under escort to be present at 2:30 to review the processions in his honor.

The procession was one of the most imposing ever seen on any religious occasion in Cincinnati. The excitement concerning it was not confined to the city. People came crowding by special trains, on half a dozen railroads, from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, taking advantage of special rates. From information gathered at the depots, it was estimated that there must have been about twelve thousand strangers in the city.

The procession comprising eight divisions, with their Marshals, uniformed Knights, Benevolent Societies, and Societies of innumerable titles, citizens, congregations, etc., occupied thirty-five minutes in passing a given point. Along the route there were large crowds

to witness the display, notwithstanding the rain that had begun to fall. On many buildings the Papal colors were liberally displayed, and on some of the highest spires of the Catholic churches, banners drooped in the rain.

The City Building had its flags flying in honor of the occasion, and the Eighth Street front was handsomely decorated with evergreens and variously colored banners. Many of the private houses in the neighborhood were tastefully decorated.

Archbishop Purcell witnessed the procession from the second story window of the Archiepiscopal Mansion. He was in ordinary episcopal vesture, and wore his magnificent gold cross set with fifty half carat diamonds, with a full carat diamond in the center—the gift of the Bishops of the Province. He was surrounded by the distinguished guests and priests of his household, and, as the procession passed, the Archbishop was kept busy acknowledging the salutations of his people. He made but few remarks, but was in an exceedingly pleased frame of mind, and several times expressed his regret that his people should get wet in doing him honor. At midnight a well organized band of serenaders entered the Cathedral grounds, and rendered in first-class style some most beautiful selections of vocal and instrumental music. This was received by the honored resident of the palace, as it justly deserved.

On Monday afternoon, the young ladies of the Academy of Cedar Grove, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, had the honor of entertaining His Grace, with the rendition of an order of exercises, highly creditable to the institution, and was most graciously enjoyed by the Archbishop.

In the evening, the Students of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, its honored President and Faculty, dined their distinguished guest, and presented the play of the "Hidden Gem," by Cardinal Wiseman. They were assisted by the Philharmonic Orchestra and the Men-

delssohn Glee Club. The music was charming, and the acting creditable, and the evening will be long remembered,—first, on account of the illustrious man whose jubilee was being honored; second, the grand entertainment in the Refectory and Exhibition Hall; and third, the handsome manner in which the arrangements were carried out, especially in the illumination of the college.

On Tuesday morning, a grand High Mass was sung in the Cathedral, preceded by a procession from the Archiepiscopal mansion, there being in attendance hundreds of Catholic delegates from the various churches and societies of the diocese. The Archbishop pontificated, and the services closed with the singing of the *Te Deum*. The procession returned between the open ranks of the delegates, each one of whom wore a pretty badge.

After the congregation had been dismissed, the delegates were called back into the church, and Archbishop Purcell, assisted by Archbishops Wood and Henni, distributed steel engraving portraits of himself, or, as he playfully called them, “duplicates of original sin,” as souvenirs of the occasion.

The banquet took place in the Grand Hotel. The assemblage gathered in the afternoon to partake of the elegant feast, was made up of three hundred and fifty Priests, eleven Bishops and three Archbishops. Addresses were delivered, first, by Bishop Rosecrans on behalf of the Archbishops and Bishops present, by Dr. Pabisch, who occupied the chair on behalf of the clergy of the diocese. The toasts then followed, and, after most eloquent responses to each and every one, the venerable Dominican, Father Young, whose uncle Bishop Fenwick, was the first bishop of Cincinnati, was unanimously called on. He obeyed promptly, and, from five to ten minutes, eloquently traced the rise and progress of this diocese. Language fails to convey an idea of his deep feeling, when referring to the Archbishop.

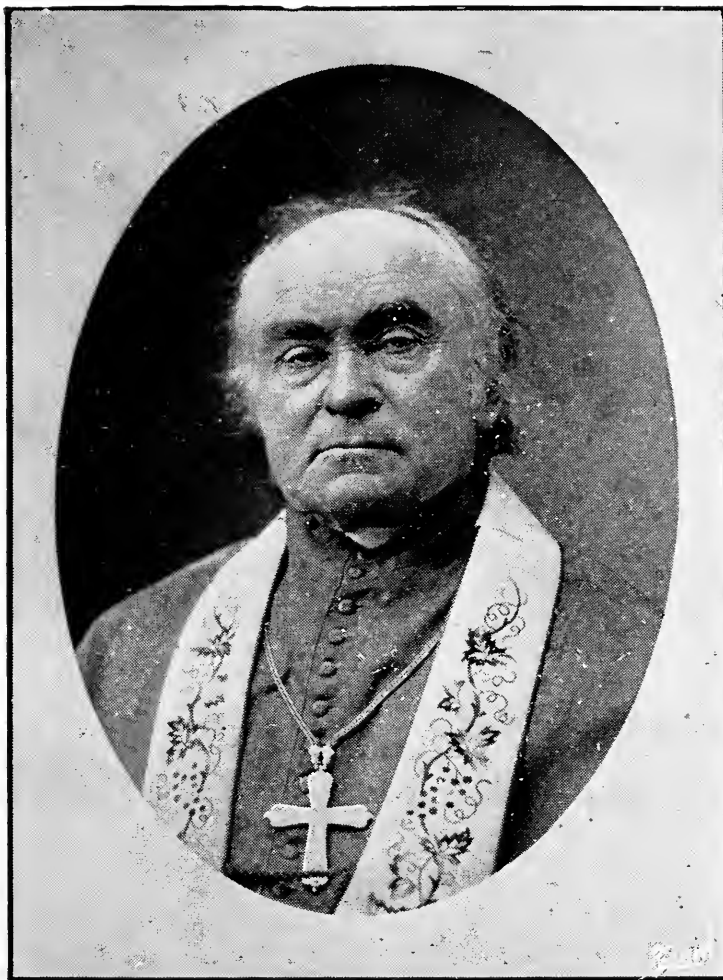
At half-past four, on motion of Bishop Rosecrans, the company adjourned and set about preparing for the Jubilee Concert to be held at the Music Hall in the evening, which was worthy of the occasion.

At half-past seven the Archbishop was recognized entering the building, and the great assembly rose and gave him a glorious greeting. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the manner in which the great hall was decked. Stretched across the street was an inscription in German, testifying to the virtues of the great Archbishop, and in front at the entrance hung a device in letters of fire, bearing the words,—“1826. J. B. Purcell. 1876—Priest, Prelate, Patriarch—A triple welcome.”

Within, festoons of evergreen, intertwined with flags of the national and pontifical colors, flags and banners of societies in crimson and scarlet and blue, in purple and green and violet, lent additional splendor to the scene.

There were nearly four hundred and fifty voices, and above the choristers was printed in large letters the motto, “Mallow and Emmettsburg and Paris and Cincinnati. We weave to-day a crown of honor.”

At the conclusion of the chorus, “The Lord is Great,” the music ceased for a time. The venerable Archbishop, accompanied by all his episcopal visitors, was conducted to the platform. A chair and canopy literally buried in flowers, had been prepared for him, a floral cross on one side and shepherd’s crook on the other. An address was read by Mr. J. P. Carberg, which was received with great applause. The Archbishop, almost overcome with the deep emotions, which the occasion, the scene, and the address, so rich in eloquence and pathos, elicited, arose from his flower throne and said: “We read in the history of Pagan Rome, of a peculiar and striking custom observed in the triumphant returns of its generals.



MOST REV J. B. PURCELL. 1876.

When the victor made his joyful entry into Rome, preceded by the spoils that his valor had won, and dragging at the wheels of his triumphant chariot the representatives of the conquered nations, there sat by his side a slave, whose office it was to whisper into his ears, as they drank in the applauding voices of the multitude, that there was a higher honor to which he should aspire. I might improve upon that ancient and wise custom to-night, by reminding myself and all who hear me, that, while receiving earthly honor, we must never forget that we were created for something nobler than earthly praise; we were made to be christians, saints, citizens of heaven. I confess for myself, with sincere heart and truthful lips, in the presence of this vast multitude, that I deserve none of the praise that you have so kindly and so lavishly offered me. It is not only beyond my deserts, but, as I have said several times during these rejoicings of my faithful devoted flock,—I can lay no claim to any of it. From the depths of my soul I say, that, if in the course of these fifty years of my priesthood there be found any good and fruitful labor, any work that endures, it is not mine, but belongs to Him who sent me. “Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name give glory.” Associated with me in my episcopal life, in its labors and trials, and likewise in its many great joys, bearing the burden and heat of the day, were the prelates and clergy by whom I am surrounded. God has favored and blessed me during my episcopacy, with many zealous, unwearying, noble, fellow-laborers, like the metropolitans of Philadelphia and Milwaukee. They and others have held up my hands in every struggle, and have given to me assistance, without which I could have accomplished little. I owe much to my reverend predecessor and to the venerable Father Dominic Young, who said the first Mass and built the first church in Cincinnati, and who still lives and rejoices in our midst over the

rapid growth of the Catholic faith in this western land, "Paul plants and Apollo waters, but God has given the increase." I owe much more than I can ever express, to my flock, for their marked, unchanging fidelity and obedience; and I express my gratitude to-night for the uniform kindness I have received from my Protestant fellow-citizens, during my long residence among them. To all, I offer in return, for kindness which I do not merit, but, which I can never forget, the deepest gratitude of my heart.

There was a strong and loud demand for Archbishop Henni. In response to this call, he addresses the audience for some time in German, recalling incidents in the missionary life of Archbishop Purcell, and closing it with a prayer that he might live many years to rule the glorious diocese which had risen through his wonderful labors, from the most humble foundation.

Then came the grand finale of the Jubilee, the crowning piece of the concert. From choir and audience, from four thousand souls, thrilled with gratitude to the Giver of all gifts, like a rushing flood, in waves of music that seemed to shake the walls of the building, came that incomparable hymn of thanksgiving, the *Te Deum*.

Nothing less than the magnificent music of this hymn could have expressed the swelling emotions of the multitude, as the curtain fell upon scenes of joy, that are now, it is true, with the past, but will live in the memory of millions. The Golden Jubilee of the Archbishop of Cincinnati was a new and bright epoch in the history of the Catholic American Church.

Among the gifts, rich and costly, sent to the Archbishop on this memorable day, is mentioned a mitre, described as "exquisitely embroidered and adorned with various precious stones." The widely known and highly cultivated Ursuline Nuns of Brown County sent this gift, incomparable in its workmanship. The front is most elaborately covered with fish scales, grouped together in beautiful

designs of roses and rose leaves, and forming a setting for rare gems. No school in the country could surpass this work in design and finish. Among other rich gifts it gleams with unrivaled beauty. The pupils also sent a table set of five pieces of silver, elegantly and appropriately inscribed.

Thus are narrated a few of the most important features of this magnificent celebration of a remarkable epoch in the life of this untiring devoted father of his flock. As the servant is not greater than his Master, so this humble, loving servant must needs follow the Master in all things. After consummation the work that was given him to do, this great triumph coming towards the close of his active life, brings to our mind another scene, another triumph, when the Divine Master was borne amid the waving palms and hosannas of the crowd, through the streets of his chosen city. Thus, and in another way, shall he be made to prove that the Christ crucified whom he preached, is in all things to him a model, and the pattern of his episcopal life.

The Commencement of this year was held on the thirteenth of June; the unusually early closing is owing to our country's celebration of the Centennial year of independence. But one graduate claimed the honors of the class, Miss Katherine Fearons, of Newport, Ky.

In the fall of this year, a novice, Sister Mary Austin, shows unmistakable symptoms of consumption. Nearing the term of her probation as a novice, she was allowed the inexpressible happiness of pronouncing her vows a few weeks before her death. The circumstances of this holy consecration of a devout soul will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. No rich robed dignitary of God's church received the sacred pledge, no flower decked altar, no swelling tones or solemn chant of ritual, or clouds of floating incense were there to lend solemnity to the scene. But

angel witnesses, and angel messengers record on high the vows that were solemnly sworn amid the poor furnishings of an Ursuline cell, in the presence of her kneeling sisters. At the request of the dying sister, their voices joined in singing the "*Laudate*," and the beautiful Communion hymn, "I am my Love's and He is mine," while her rapt soul was raised for the moment from its prison of suffering, to a taste of the ecstatic bliss that was so soon to be her portion forever. She lingered until the month of January, 1877, a model, in her short religious life, of patient suffering.

The May of 1877 witnessed the joyful profession of Sister Agatha Reynolds, Sister Pazzi McMaston, Sister Helena Hines and Sister Bernard Roberg. The Most Reverend Archbishop officiated, whilst Reverend Dr. Callaghan preached a most eloquent sermon.

At the Commencement exercises, "the essay of the graduate, Miss Lou Reitz, of Evansville, Indiana, on Art Culture, harmonized in its literary excellence with the other exercises so faultlessly performed."

The tri-ennial elections held this year, towards the close of July, resulted in the re-election of Mother Theresa Sherlock, Superior; Mother Ursula Dodds, Assistant; whilst the offices of Zelatrice and Directress of Studies were given to Sister M. Baptista Freaner, and that of Treasurer, to Sister M. Dionysia Borgess.

The mission of the parish school at London being still continued, and great good resulting therefrom, it had been found necessary to receive many new subjects; hence we find in the year 1878, eight candidates for the black veil. The first holy profession took place February 7th, 1878, and it will long be remembered by those present, from the fact, that during the ceremony, notice was brought by telegram to the Archbishop, of

the death of our Holy Father, Pius IX. The professed on this occasion were Sister Mary Joseph Barrett, Sister Clemantine Donahue, Sister Mary James Ahren, Sister Benedict Granger, and Sister Anastasia Cosgrave.

The sudden death of Sister St. Charles Rosecrans, eldest daughter of General W. S. Rosecrans, March 2nd, 1878, was most deeply deplored by the entire community. Her health had been declining for more than a year, and consumption had marked her for the grave, but she was still active, and on the day of her death, had joined in the usual recreation after dinner. When retiring to her cell, she was seized with violent hemorrhage of the lungs, and, in a few moments, her delicate frame, unable to bear the shock, gave way, and freed her pure soul from its prison of clay. In her, death indeed loved a shining mark, eminently qualified, as she was, in talents and virtues, to use these best gifts in God's service.

Sister Madeleine Rigal consecrated herself irrevocably to God July 25th, 1878, and the month of May, the fourteenth, brought the same happiness to Sister Mary Baptist O'Connor, Sister M. Evangelista O'Connor and Sister Antoinette Hemann. During the ceremony, at which the Most Reverend Archbishop officiated, a sudden attack of weakness overcame His Grace, who had only sufficient strength to finish the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, leaving the ceremony of conferring the black veil to be concluded by Reverend Father Cheymol.

Although still in vigorous health for one of his advanced years, this weakness of old age began to force itself upon the unwilling notice of the ever anxious friends of our venerable father. This added to the ever present sorrow of Mother Julia's increased suffering, for during the summer, an attack of heart trouble came on, from which she never wholly recovered. Death after death of old

friends was announced to her, and it soon became evident that the earthly days of this loved Mother were also numbered. Among those who visited her in her last illness, was Bishop Rosecrans. Their conversation naturally turned upon the mutual loss of old friends and acquaintances lately sustained, Notre Mère, remarking in how little time she would rejoin them in the eternal home. "Yes, Notre Mère, that is too true, but," said he in his usual jocular way, "I shall be there too, to open the door for *you*." There he stood apparently in the enjoyment of health, his mind occupied with perfecting the details for the consecration of his magnificent Cathedral so soon to take place, and yet, seeming to feel the constant presence of death before him. When about leaving, Notre Mère received his benediction for the last time, begging him not to forget her in his prayers after her death. "I would pray for you," he replied, "but, Notre Mère, I am going before you." With the little strength left her, she essayed to rally him out of what she considered a fit of depression, but he persistently kept to the point, and left her, saying laughingly, "Well, I will take a morning train, you will follow in the evening!"

The sad thrilling circumstance of the death of this zealous Bishop will interest many of our readers, who associate him with the happy hours of school life in Brown County. He had been laboring during the ten years of his episcopate, to build a Cathedral that might be worthy of what he believed to be the future rank and wealth of his new diocese. In the words of the beautiful tribute to his memory, written by Father Callaghan: "Year after year he watched with anxious care that superb church rising in attractive beauty, until it was ready to lift up its gates and welcome the Lord of Hosts. The hour for the Lord to take possession came. Its sacred walls glisten with the oil of consecration; the marble of the altar is stained with the precious blood

of the Divine Victim. The work is completed, and the house of God is delivered to the keeping of the angels, who kneel before that throne, which this toiling self-sacrificing Bishop has erected for the Creator. But, in the silence of the night, death descends to call the faithful workman, the tireless builder, the zealous shepherd home, to give him in exchange for his gift, a home in that temple not made with hands, the eternal dwelling place of God. His soul, the soul of a true convert, of an edifying priest, of a great intellectual churchman, of a pious, humble, charitable Bishop, has been called to the eternal joys of the House of God. He was generous to God; God has given him back immediately a hundred fold and life ever-lasting."

On October 20th, this solemn consecration of the Cathedral took place. For days before there were distressing symptoms of illness, but he did not heed them. Torn with pain and racked with sickness, he bore the exhaustive labors of consecration, but was seized with hemorrhage of the stomach as he was about to enter the Cathedral for the Vesper services. Forced to return to his apartments, he walked from the Cathedral he so dearly loved, to his death-bed. Other hemorrhages followed, until Tuesday evening, when his attending physician is forced to tell him that death is at hand. The last moments of the noble Christian Bishop have come, and when told by his physician that death is near, he answers with a calm humble trust in the Master he had served so well, "I am ready." The soul is strengthened with the flesh and blood of the God he offered, day after day, during six and twenty years with hands that never dishonored their anointing. The powerful mind remains unclouded to the last, and his last act is a benediction upon his bereaved sorrowing diocese. The lips that had kept undefiled the knowledge allied with immortality, whisper with a child's faith and love, the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph,

and his soul goes out of the darkness of death to that land which is forever lighted with the unveiled knowledge and the burning love of God. May the soul of this pious, learned, humble Bishop ever rest in the peace and joy of God!"

The feast of St. Ursula wore not its customary joy and gladness, for to all came the sad consciousness that a beloved friend had been lost to the community, a friend that had been identified with its growth and progress, whose generous heart was ever responsive to the claims of friendship, and ever open to aid in its hour of spiritual need. The beautiful and practical exercises of the Retreat, which he had so often preached to the pupils, have borne richest fruit in many souls, sown in youth's spring time, with the fertile germs of his learning and sanctity. His loss to the church was universally deplored. Father Purcell writes thus to a friend at the Convent: "The telegram which came last night of the death of Bishop Rosecrans, filled us with horror. As Father Weninger said to me this morning, it has no parallel in church history. "We go by triplets" the Bishop said a few days before his death, and sure enough, Father Christy, Father Hemsteger and himself filled the number! People are saying to one another, "What does it mean?" God rest his soul, I have been thrown intimately with him for many years, and he was as pure and saintly a man as I ever knew. As a friend of his said to-day, "He was a big boy, and had a boy's ways, and the simplicity of a boy." All day I find my mind in confusion, owing to the strange calamity."

The genial fun-loving friend, the saintly Bishop, the learned doctor, had kept his prediction to our dear Notre Mère—he had entered into the Eternal Presence of God before her. Daily it becomes more painfully evident that our dear Mother will not be long in following him to the enjoyment of that Divine Presence.

Each day her strength failed, and brought nearer and nearer the freedom for which her soul fainted and longed, the freedom of the courts of the Lord. There was but little preparation to make for this going forth of her nobly tried and purified soul; long days and nights of ceaseless suffering had crowned it with the matchless patience that hath a perfect work, and, in that serene patience, it calmly awaited the divine summons to go forth and be crowned. The good fight was fought, she had kept the faith, and now she is called to the incorruptible crown of glory laid up for her in the kingdom of God's saints. Surrounded all day of November 1st by her loving children, the eternal kingdom of All the Saints seemed each moment to open wider its gates, that this tried member of its militant hosts might be admitted to the everlasting repose of its glory. The struggle was ended, the guerdon won, as the early morning of November 2nd, All Souls' broke upon the watching, tearful sisterhood, and, as the Convent bell pealed forth its summons to the dawning day, the strong and noble soul of Mother Julia Chatfield was numbered among the souls of all the faithful departed, for whom the universal church was at that supreme moment imploring the Mercy of a Merciful Lord.

The details of the simple obsequies are few to relate. The loved remains, shrouded in the familiar habit with the crucifix on her heart, and the vows on parchment clasped in the cold fingers that had written them in the days of youthful fervor, were laid in the community room, and surrounded by her bereaved children, until removed to the chapel for the Requiem Mass. Reverend Father Callaghan left the city by an early train, intending to officiate at the funeral and preach, but, by some accident, he did not arrive at the appointed time. The touching obituary which appeared in the *Telegraph* from his pen, embodies all the beautiful thoughts which he would, on this occasion have enriched by his eloquence.

“Death of Mother Julia Chatfield, foundress of St. Martin’s Convent, Brown County, O.”

An English Lady by birth,—a convert to the faith, by the grace of God,—a daughter of St. Ursula, by her religious profession,—the foundress of a Convent and academy famed far and wide for the piety and educational ability of its Sisterhood, whom this great Nun trained for their high and holy vocation—a Superioress for thirty years, always fulfilling the command of the Divine Master to His Apostles, by being the least among her sisters and the servant of all, Mother Julia Chatfield, whose name is spoken by thousands with a tender veneration, which her great virtue never failed to inspire, was of the saints of earth. She is now numbered with the saints of heaven. In this broad land, the virgins of the sanctuary, now counted by thousands, are the pride and joy, of the Catholic Church. By their angelic purity, by their ceaseless charity, by their prayers that burn with the deepest love of God, these cloistered hidden souls make our faith divinely beautiful to men who turn a deaf ear to the word of God. As Holy Writ says, in the words that are applied to them, who, in heaven follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, singing the new song of Virginity, God has clothed them not only with beauty, but strength—the strength to overcome and soften, hard, unbelieving minds, and make them see that the faith, of which their virginal, self-denying, heroic life is born and nourished, can be nothing else than the full, revealed truth of God. Among these chosen souls, whom God can make by the gift of His graces, so beautiful and strong, having all the traits of the “valiant woman,” there could be none more dear to God than the venerable and venerated Superioress of the Ursulines of St. Martins, whom God called to her great reward on the Feast of All Souls. It would be no excessive praise to apply to her, who wore with honor,



MOTHER JULIA CHATFIELD.



the religious habit for forty-two years, the words of the office of a spouse of Christ: "*Multae filiae congregaverunt divitias; tu supergressa es universas;*" "many daughters have gathered riches, but thou hast surpassed them all." The holiness of her life, and the great work which her rare virtues performed, can not be told in words. It is written in more enduring characters in the inexhaustible labors, the patient toil of thirty years; it is inscribed forever in the walls of the Convent, that will perpetuate her praise from year to year, in the warm attachment of the family of God, who knew her only by the title of Notre Mère; in the perfect discipline, and the interior spirit which her example breathed into her sorrow-stricken community; in that strange power which she exercised, so marked, so clearly defined in the Convent of St. Martin, of assimilating to herself every fresh accession, and of winning, through the virgin family she trained, the hearts of the thousands of pupils, who bless to-day her sacred memory. The spirit of God was largely given to her, and the successful work of her life was to impart the same spirit generously to her spiritual children.

Thirty years ago this good and great Nun left the Convent of the Ursulines at Boulogne-sur-mer, at the invitation of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, to build a fair, rich tabernacle of God in a western wilderness. She was called to a hard and difficult undertaking. But little of worldly assistance could be offered to her, for the then young Bishop of Cincinnati had no wealth to keep pace with his zeal. He was the poorest of the poor. But this faithful Nun was filled with the spirit of her vocation; she knew that they who were poor for Christ's sake, would be made rich. Like St. Theresa, she, and he who invited her to this new field where the harvest has been so golden, so precious, while they confessed themselves nothing, knew that God and a little human help working with them were every-thing. The past now tells

us how abundantly her trust in God has been rewarded. The log cabin where she *built her first cells* for her community, has long since disappeared. In its place has risen the large, spacious, beautiful Convent and Academy of St. Martin's; the wilderness has literally blossomed and bloomed into a garden of roses, which has filled hundreds of Christian homes with the sweet, fragrant odor of Christian piety and knowledge. She, and nearly all who shared in her struggles with poverty, and in her joy of being made like Him who was poor for the sake of His brethren, have fallen asleep. But, before that eternal rest came, God built for Himself through her more grandly and successfully than this humble religious had ever dreamed of. It was God's work; she was His well chosen instrument, and the work was accomplished. Thirty years of the precious, holy, laborious life of Mother Julia were given to the training of her admirable sisterhood, and the education of thousands who bless the day they crossed the threshold of St. Martin's. Thirty years in the full maturity of her wisdom and of her spiritual strength was the offering that was laid at the feet of Jesus Christ in the silence of that wilderness. What tongue shall even stammeringly tell the good that others have reaped from that offering? Who will measure the knowledge of God imparted, the love of virtue kindled, the sorrows that were soothed, the blessings that have streamed from that fountain of piety over a young and tender generation, entrusted by parents, to this wise and prudent virgin. God's day alone will reveal all this. We shall hope to see it in the fulness of His light.

It is a sufficient indication of the merits of Mother Julia to say that she was perfect in the observance of her rule and the spirit of her institute. The greatest self-denial of religious life is rigid and persevering adherence to the rule of conventual life in all its details. From this springs the wonderful unity of religious life.

It is thus that the actions, and habits, and wishes, the words and works of all are cast in one divine mould. It is the source of that beautiful charity, stronger than any natural love, which binds a holy sisterhood together, and which was so deeply impressed by the guidance and example of Mother Julia upon her community. It has given them a mighty and beneficent power in attracting to their Convent the hearts of their pupils. Long years after they have left the peace and sunshine of St. Martin's, the pupils never fail to speak of their Convent home with the fervor of undiminished affection.

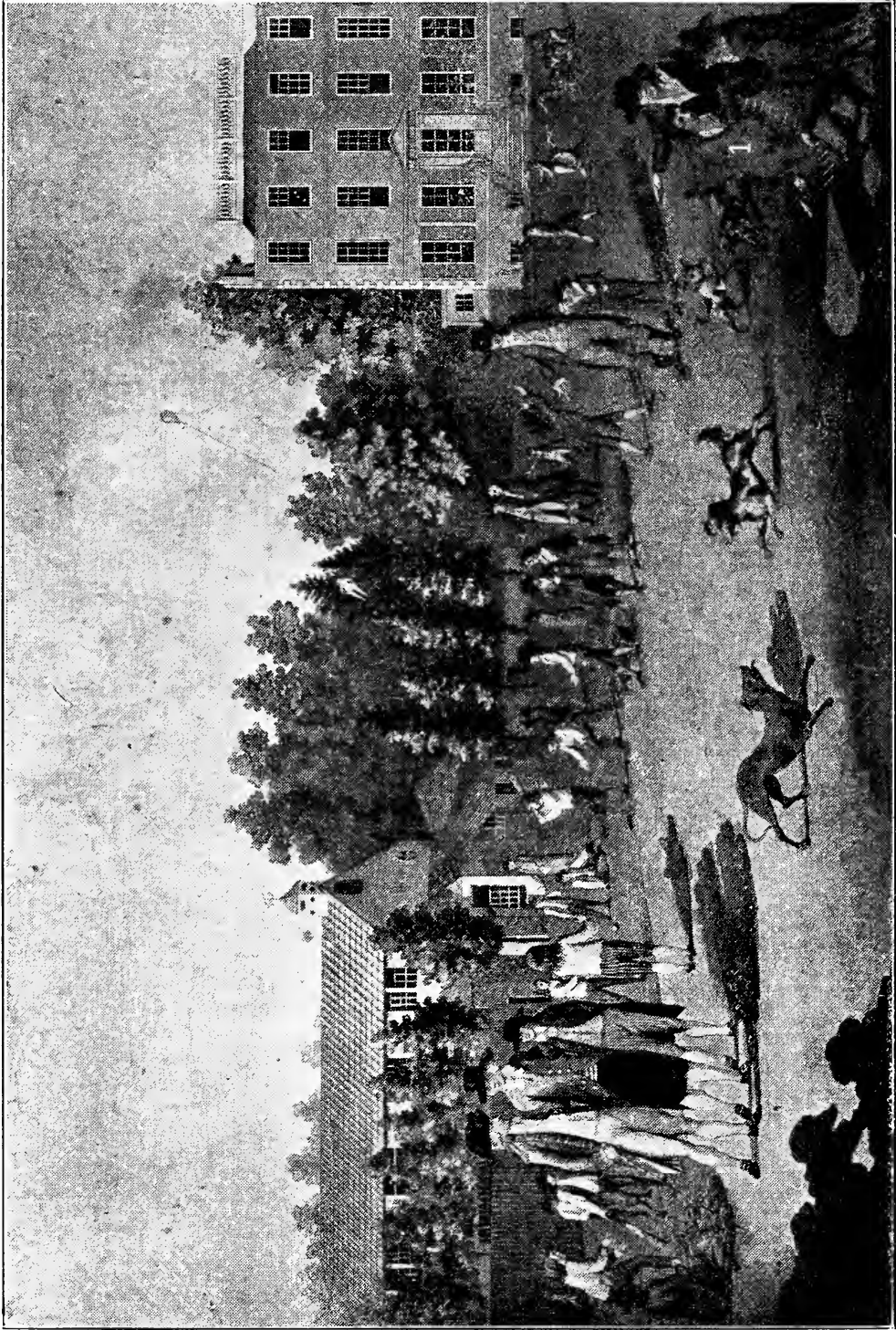
In Mother Julia, from out the routine and severe simplicity of the common, exact religious life, there shown forth a rare intelligence, an intensity of charity, a heavenly form of wisdom, which marks those called to be rulers as well as models of their sisterhood.

What shall we say of the outward external proof of the holiness of her life, namely her zeal for the welfare of others? In the beautiful institute which she entered in the days of her young womanhood, she found the means of saving souls, of promoting God's glory. Though her life was filled with physical suffering, though she was tortured with pain for years, she never flagged or gave herself the slightest release from the work of doing good to others. The vow which she registered to instruct others in the ways of wisdom was most faithfully fulfilled. On the white unwritten page of the souls of the pupils of St. Martin's, she traced deeply the lessons of eternal truth by the veneration, which her virtue elicited. Their course through life, while it shows that the seed of knowledge did not dry up, and wither in their hearts, at the same time tells how perfectly Mother Julia fulfilled her blessed vocation. To have had such an instructress, was a special benediction. How many of them have felt this? Many a time in the hour of seductive or fierce temptation has

the former pupil of St. Martin's seen rising before her in fancy's vision, the holy Nun who was her mistress in the convent, and the meek reproach or solemn warning which that vision brought, was a saving grace. It was she whose memory threw over all the pupils a network of affection, which seemed to cover and keep them together, no matter how much they might be separated by distance.

No one charged with the government of others ever possessed greater power in discerning dispositions and moulding characters. She was a wise Virgin, and of the number of the prudent. She found out natural inclinations, and, by her fostering care, they were developed into virtue. She could gently lay hold of every principle of goodness in the young pupil's or novice's soul, and give to it, by her words and example, the strength of endurance.

But the full value of the life of Mother Julia, its sustained consistency, the beauty of holiness that was within, God alone knew, and she wished that God alone should know it. God gave to her *four* years of suffering before merciful death came, that the patience of a martyr might complete the work of His grace in her soul. During that slow, often agonizing approach to the grave, no murmur ever escaped her lips, no shadow of complaint ever crossed the face of this wise virgin, "whom the Lord found watching for His coming." Over forty years ago the minister of God said to her on the threshold of the sanctuary in the beautiful ritual of the profession of an Ursuline, "Come, Spouse of Christ, come, thou shalt be crowned." The crown, to which she was called, which she seized with more eagerness and love than any Queen ever sought earthly diadem, was the crown of self-denial, a crown of sacrifice. Into that white, pure crown God wove the red of His Passion. Unstained, she wore it for more than forty years. She was thus prepared for the coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom, on the day of the week sacred to the Immaculate Heart of Mary,



PLAY-GROUND OF SALVADORE HOUSE. BOY'S ACADEMY. SURREY. 1. MASTER CHAS. CHATFIELD.

FROM AN OLD DRAWING, BY JOHN WALKER, DRAWING MASTER IN 1787.

the patronal feast of the religious community to which she belonged. Under the patronage of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, she placed the Convent she built, and the pious community gathered within its walls. On the day, the whole church of God was breathing forth its prayers for the souls of the faithful departed, God lovingly called her to Himself. Again she heard the words of consolation spoken by the Master Himself: "Come, Spouse of Christ, come, thou shalt be crowned; receive the crown of eternal joy, the reward of a life of continuous sacrifice." On the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, one of the special, saintly patrons of the Ursuline Order, her mourning sisters laid to rest the body that had enshrined as pure, as noble a soul as ever was consecrated to God's service by the hand of religion. Her portion is surely life everlasting.

Born in the city of London, September 18th, 1809, Mother Julia was the eldest of seven sisters, children of the marriage of Charles Chatfield, Esq., and Helen Vennor. The Chatfield's were a distinguished English family, the grandfather having served as secretary to Warren Hastings, in India, and his son Charles was born there. Ambitious that the education of his daughters should be superior in every respect, he sent them, after having provided them with the best private tutors at home, to the Convent of Boulogne-sur-mer, to perfect their knowledge of the French language. These seven bright, intelligent and interesting English girls soon won the admiration and love of the nuns and pupils, but to none of them was this tribute so freely accorded as to Julia. The eldest of the youthful band whose ages ranked between nineteen and seven, Laura, Matilda, Ellen, Henrietta, Georgiana and Rosina, they naturally relied on her tact and judgment to supply the wise guidance of the good parents they had left. Reared, as they had all been, in the strict observance of the forms of the English Church,

and to a firm faith in such doctrinal teachings of Christ as she had retained, the natural piety of Julia was quick to lay hold of the truth and beauty of the Catholic religion, for the first time presented to her young opening intellect. Indeed, it may be a question, as to whether her pure heart and soul, washed by the purifying waters of baptism in the English church, had not always belonged to the soul of the visible body which we so commonly consider as the whole church. She often said in after years, that even as a child, when admitted to receive the Lord's supper in the Anglican church, she firmly believed in the Real Presence of our Lord in the sacrament, and that she received it as the Body and Blood of Christ, whilst her sister, Laura, who knelt at the chancel rail, to receive at the same time, was as firmly convinced that she partook of a symbol only.

She was therefore, not long in settling all doubts, and accepting the teachings of an Infallible Church. In the first years of their stay at Boulogne, the youngest of the little flock, Rosina, was taken suddenly ill, and before her death, her sister Julia, insisted that she should be baptized in the Catholic church. Doubtless through the intercession of this innocent soul was obtained for her the grace and strength that she will so soon require to follow the Divine call which is fast making itself distinctly heard in her heart, "Come, and follow Me."

As the rules of the academy forbade absolutely that any pupil should be received into the church without the consent of her parents, Julia wrote to her father, informing him of her belief in the doctrines of the Catholic church, and of her conviction that in it alone could she work out the salvation of her immortal soul. Whilst this letter was on the way to England, Mr. Chatfield was crossing the channel towards Boulogne, to visit his daughters, and as a consequence knew nothing of its import. Whilst

taking his children for a walk through the city, Julia unable to account for his silence on the subject so near to her heart, and to restrain any longer her anxious feelings, ventured to ask: "Well, papa, what did you think of my letter?" "What letter, my child?" In a few words, she then told him of what she had written, her desire to be received into the church which alone spoke truth to her inquiring soul, and in the conversation which followed, the horror-stricken father saw not only *desire*, but determination to carry this desire into act. In after years she would often speak of the blanched face and almost reeling steps which her announcement caused her poor father in the streets of Boulogne, and how, with intense indignation, she and her sisters were taken away from the Convent at once. He could only believe that Julia, away from the insinuating influence of the religious, would forget what he deemed a passing religious fervor, and joining in the gay world into which he would throw her, give up the desire for which she now seemed so eager. But it was not so, and in a very short time she again appealed to him for his consent to her wish. Enraged at her persistent demand, and reading determination in every line of her noble countenance, he disowned her as his daughter, and bade her leave his home. But the tenderness of the father still lived in his heart, notwithstanding his anger, and he had made a private arrangement with a friend, a Colonel West of the British Army, that he would for a time receive her into his family as a governess.

The following Sunday the family carriage was placed at Miss Chatfield's service, with the polite inference that she was expected to represent the family in their pew at church. She accepted the use of the carriage, mentally resolving, however, that she would not again be placed in the same circumstances. Convinced of a divine call, not only to the church, but to the religious life, she

determined to seek the shelter of her old home, the Convent of Boulogne. Seated in the carriage, she ordered the coachman to leave her at a certain point. Fearing she had not sufficient money to pay her passage to Boulogne, she stepped into a pawnbroker's shop and sold the tortoise shell combs she wore in her hair, and some jewelry, to procure the necessary means. In a short time, leaving the city of London, she was quickly speeding across the English channel to her longed-for port. Hastening to the Convent she threw herself at the feet of good Mother Ursula, and with tears begged her to receive her as her child, now that her father and mother had disowned her. Tenderly the good religious essayed to dry her tears, while assuring the grief-stricken girl that she would indeed be to her a mother. From motives of prudence, the Mother Superior wrote to Mr. Chatfield to intercede with him for his daughter, but her appeal was unheeded. He declared in formal terms, that he no longer looked upon her as his daughter, and she could do as she wished without consulting him. The news caused such excitement in the city of Boulogne that the British Consul urged, it is supposed, indirectly by the father through some friends, took cognizance of the case, and sent to the Convent to have the matter investigated, with instructions to the effect that if there appeared any compulsion on the part of the religious, to use the law in rescuing the young lady from the hands of her captors. But the young lady had prudently retired to a small farm-house near the town, until the excitement should subside, and after a few days of waiting she returned to the Convent to prepare herself for the great happiness of her life. She was soon sufficiently instructed to receive baptism from the hands of Father Rappe, who also became her godfather. Nor was she long in seeking admission as postulant into the community, and after a fervent novitiate of two years she had the happiness of pronouncing her sacred vows,

August 17, 1837. She had the grief of losing the dear father to whom she was much devoted, a few years after coming to the mission of St. Martin's, but she was vouchsafed the consolation of seeing one sister follow her into the church a short time after her own reception. Her mother died in 1862, having long before become reconciled to her daughter's life. She had been visited at her home in London, by both Father Macheboeuf and Father Cheymol, and had received them with every mark of attention and consideration. Three sisters survive Mother Julia.

It may seem a strange coincidence that on November 3, 1878, the day following Mother Julia's saintly death another member of the Brown County community was called to her eternal reward. Mother Angela Demota had returned to her Convent of Beaulieu in 1876, after thirty years of hard service in the mission of Brown County. She was heartily welcomed by her old community and the members of her family, who were rejoiced to see her again on her native soil, but at her advanced age she did not long survive the change, and after several attacks of paralysis, she slept in our Lord, November 3, 1878.

The Commencement Exercises held June 26th, were finely written up by a friend, and the three graduates of the year, Miss Mary Joyce, of Columbus, Miss Mary Huette, of Louisville, and Miss Blanche Kenney, of Paris, Ky., received well merited praise.

Among the improvements of this year, the building of the conservatory is the most notable, as an ornament to the grounds and for its usefulness in supplying the altars with fresh flowers.

The death of Father N. Dominic Young, which occurred on November 27th, 1878, in Washington, D. C., may be appropriately mentioned here, as this fervent missionary was prominently connected with the early history of Catholicity in Brown County. He was born on the banks of the Piscataway River, Prince

George's County, Maryland, June 11, 1793. His grandfather was an English Judge, but on becoming a Roman Catholic he was deposed. He bought a tract of land where now stands the better part of the city of Washington, and Father Young afterwards built the beautiful church of St. Dominic on the very spot where stood his grandfather's barn. He saw all the public men from Washington down. He recalled Jefferson, Madison, Munroe riding through the race track in Washington, and Henry Clay, Calhoun and some of the first men of the day were frequent guests at his father's table. His uncle, Bishop Fenwick, was one of the four sent to the West to found the Dominican Order. Being a man of wealth, Father (afterwards Bishop) Fenwick, purchased what is now the parent house of the Order, St. Rose's, Springfield, Ky. Sent there to school in 1805, Father Young entered the Order in 1808 with Samuel Montgomery, Montgomery Miles (afterwards Bishop of Nashville), and Willett, all prominent figures in the history of Catholicity in the West. He was ordained in 1817 and sent into Ohio in 1818 with his uncle, Bishop Fenwick. Here they bought a farm in Perry County and established St. Joseph's. He used frequently to boast that he had ridden fifty thousand miles on horseback during his missionary work of sixty years. At his death he was the oldest priest in the world, except one in South America.

We have come to a period in our history which we approach with feelings of reluctance, for clouds of sorrow darker than those which hung in the peaceful atmosphere of St. Martin's in the chill November month, when Mother Julia passed away, are gathering with the closing year round the beloved father, who for so long has been its light, its sunshine, its protection and encouragement. Bowed with the weight of nearly four score years, burdened with almost fifty years of episcopal cares and responsible duties, the old age that should have been honored with the grateful love and

tender care of three generations that had grown with its growth, was to be broken on the wheel, and the noble soul racked with the torture of every pain that could assail its dignity. The facts of the financial embarrassment and failure of Archbishop Purcell and his brother, are too well known and too recent to need repetition. We turn rather to the more pleasing thought, that to us was given the inestimable privilege of cheering the last dark hours of these noble brothers, of standing near while the shadows of Calvary fell round them, and they were gathered from the darkness into the light of endless day.

After the official statement of the debt had been published early in 1879, and the assignment made by Very Reverend E. Purcell, he was advised by the few friends, who realized the difficulties and dangers of his position, to leave the Cathedral and seek the retirement and seclusion of St. Martin's, until such time as would be advisable for his return. It was the one spot on earth to which the two brothers might most naturally turn, as bearing the sacred relationship of home, for it held all that was left to them of their saintly mother, and before many weeks another member of the Purcell family would rest in the little graveyard. To this home, therefore, Father Purcell came about the middle of February, leaving it but once or twice when legal business required his presence in Cincinnati.

In the meantime, the Most Reverend Archbishop had sent a letter to the Propaganda, resigning his see, petitioning the Holy Father to relieve him of an office of which he now felt incapable. As Rome does all things in order and slowly, it was many months before his anxious mind was relieved of its heavy burden. He says in the beautifully letter published in the *Telegraph* March 20, 1879, an ever standing memorial of his honesty, his charity, his nobility of soul: "Of the forty-five years of my episcopacy, this is the darkest,

most painful, most sorrowful hour. When the storm broke upon me, I would have sunk into the grave had I not been strengthened by the remembrance of my duties as a Bishop of God's church, and had I not been sustained by the generous sympathy which thousands, Catholics and Protestants alike, have shown me in my distress. The Catholic Bishops of the country have made me their debtor forever by their offer of assistance. For this universal sympathy, unexpected and unmerited, I give all that I have—the last prayers of my old age and the last Masses of my long and priestly life."

Deep and widespread as was the sympathy for the sorrowing Archbishop as well as for those who suffered by and through him, the thoughts of those who look into the divine ordering of all events with a spirit of faith, could only find expression in the words of Divine Wisdom itself, when it foretold to the apostles that the servant should be in all things like his Lord. This clothed in the beautiful garb of poetry was exquisitely expressed in a contribution to the *Telegraph* of February 27.

RECROWNED.

SONNET I.

Not three years yet since thou wert crowned and blest,
 What time May blossoms sweetened all the air,
 Its breezes bore a nation's incense rare,
 Whose smoky wreaths thy silvery hair caressed.
 It was man's homage, his sincerest, best ;
 But only man's ; God gave His angels care
 To make a higher pageant there.

Of old to Assuerus eager quest
 "He whom the king would honor," Hanan said,
 In regal robes, the King's own robe be clad,
 And put the King's own crown upon his head,
 Yes, clothed like thy King ! Thy robe the same,
 His cross to hold, His thorny crown to bear—
 Behold the coronation we proclaim !

SONNET II.

Christ healed and blessed ; they stoned him in the Mart,
 "For which good deed is it, ye stone me now?"
 The Master questioned, and so may'st thou !
 "For temple built, or Mercy home apart—
 Or roof for houseless child—is raised the dart
 That coward lips in shame might disavow,
 But coward hands can aim against my brow ?
 For which good deed these falling stones !" Great heart,
 Let them fall ; they built thy monument.

Oh ! blinded eyes that cannot see in this
 To grandest life the grandest closing sent.
 The Triumph March has little time to wait ;
 King-like, Christ clad, oh ! robed and crowned ! pass on
 Through shining Arches to the Opened Gate.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, DETROIT,
 February 17, 1879.

Of grief that rends the heart strings, there is none like unto that with which we follow to the grave a loved one whose veins have throbbed with the same blood that fills our own. This pain, too, was to be felt by the great hearted man, whose cup of sorrows seemed already full, when a telegram came to Father Purcell, announcing the death of their venerable sister, Miss Kate. Since the death of her mother, twenty years ago, she had made her home successively with Mrs. Corr, the Considines, old friends of the Archbishop, and finally with the Sisters of Charity at St. Peter's Asylum. Here she calmly and peacefully died, surrounded by every tender care and the sisterly love of these good religious. Only a few days of weakness and exhaustion rather than any defined illness preceded her death, and fortified by the devout reception of the last sacraments she closed a happy, peaceful life on earth, to be lengthened into that of eternity. The Archbishop visited her frequently during her illness, and sang the Mass of Requiem, whence he followed the loved remains to our home, to lay them

beside those of his mother. When they reached the Convent, she lay for a few hours in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, when Father Purcell took a last tender farewell. Soon the simple procession was on its way to the cemetery, followed by the mourning brothers, who officiated at the grave. Miss Kate was born at Mallow in 1796, and had lived to the good old age of eighty-two. May her soul rest in peace!

Mother St. Peter Andral had preceded her just one month. This venerable mother's life is but a record of hard labor and generous self-sacrifice in God's service. To her careful management as *econome* of the primitive establishment of St. Martin's, is due much of its early financial success, whilst her labors in the mission of Opelousas to which she was sent in 1861, were no less blessed by Divine Providence. But she had come home to rest by the side of those with whom her fresh young days of labor were spent, and soon after dear Notre Mère's release her busy hands were stilled, and her kind smile was seen no more in our midst. She was born near Beaulieu in 1811, and had almost reached the allotted three score of man.

In the midst of these dark days of sorrow, there comes a gleam of joy on February 26th, when the happy profession of Sister Margaret Mary Burke, Sister St. John Meyer and Sister Michael Kelly took place. Revered Father Cheymol, delegated by the Most Reverend Archbishop, to perform the ceremony, was assisted by Reverend Father Dutton.

To the intense relief of the Most Reverend Archbishop a letter was received from Cardinal Simeoni, dated at Rome, March 6th, in which he gives him the joyful news that, "although the resignation of your episcopal office will not be granted by the Holy Father, His Holiness knowing exceedingly well with what zeal during a long space of years you have discharged the duties of that office, yet,

on account of alleged reasons, and in order to afford some relief to your old age in the difficulties in which you are placed, the Holy Father has thought it proper that a coadjutor (*cum futura successione et jure administrandi diocesim*), should be assigned you as soon as possible."

It was ordered at the same time that the matter be treated of in a Provincial Synod, and that the names selected by the Bishops be presented to all the Metropolitans of the United States.

In the meantime, through the summer and autumn of this year, energetic efforts were made by the men and women of Cincinnati, who formed different societies for collection and distribution of money, to aid our revered prelate in bearing the fearful burden bowing his aged frame even to the grave.

Nor can we with justice omit the mention of the generous action of Cardinal McCloskey and the Bishops and Archbishops of the country, when assembled in New York, for the dedication of the great Cathedral, St. Patrick's, in May, 1879. The personal sympathy and interest of the Cardinal, expressed not only in a private letter to the Archbishop, but also in his beautiful address to the Clergy and Laity of the United States, delivered before the assembled prelates, soothed and comforted the wounded heart of this beloved brother Bishop more effectually than other sympathy could have done. A friend, A. E. Farrell, reporting to the *Telegraph* the events of the consecration, writes: "The warm big heart of New York has gone out to all the venerable prelates who came from the sunny South, the bustling West, the commercial East, to take part in the translation of the great church from man to God. Among the most venerable of all—the one whom the people who built it called for—as the procession moved round the walls, was he, who fifty years ago was President of Mt. St. Mary's College, when the Cardinal Archbishop of New York was a student under his

authority — Archbishop Purcell. To see him with stole and cope, move along in the sunshine of this May day, no one would suppose that he was the bearer of four score years and a priest for fifty-three years. High and low craned their necks to see dear Archbishop Purcell. They have seen him, and kind hearts have throbbed for him, and sweet words and prayers have been read for him in the throng of the thousands, who came as he did, to give glory to God and honor to St. Patrick."

Among other means resorted to, to realize aid for the venerable man, was that of a grand musical concert given in Mozart Hall by nineteen artists. A considerable amount was thus gained by these energetic workers, which fact helped to give impulse to another scheme undertaken by the Ladies' Aid Society, so ably presided over by Mrs. T. D. Lincoln. This was the Grand Bazaar held during the last weeks of September and first of October. In this the convent took an active part, being represented by a booth, presided over by former pupils. Busy fingers contributed embroidery and fancy work of all kinds, but the *chef d'oeuvre* was the magnificent benediction veil, embroidered in chenille and gold. It was put up at contest between four reverend gentlemen, who consented to being voted for. Father Driscoll, of St. Xavier, receiving 3,387 votes; Father Carey, 3,939; Father Doyle, 1,432; Father Quatman, 7,401. At twenty-five cents per vote this realized a total of \$3,790.32, whilst besides this sum at the booth of the Ursuline Convent, we find by the official report published in the *Telegraph*, there was the neat sum of \$1,000 to its credit. The entire net proceeds are given at \$16,513.05, and it was a great satisfaction to find that heaven had so blessed the works of the community as to allow it the distinction of earning almost one-third of the net proceeds. To the generous efforts of Mrs. T. D. Lincoln, in our behalf, we owe the possession of the fine oil-painting portrait of

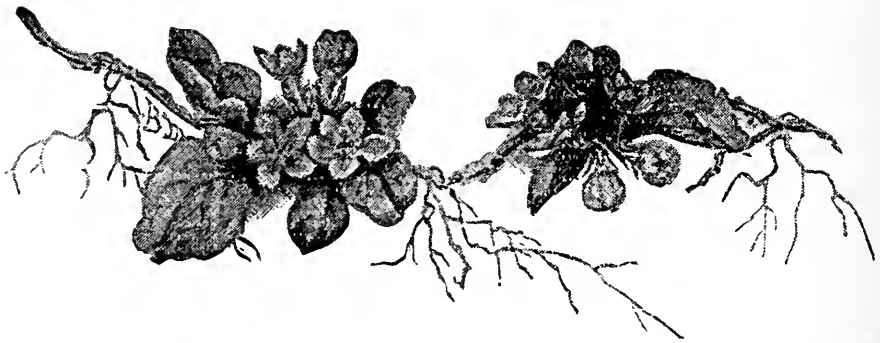
Archbishop Purcell, which adorns our house. Donated to her for her booth, Mrs. Lincoln raffled the picture, and by securing for us four hundred out of one thousand chances, won not only for us a precious gift, but for herself a title to our undying gratitude.

On the 23rd of November the Most Reverend Archbishop gave confirmation at Chillicothe, and on Monday, while passing the station at Midland City, the Reverend Doctor Callaghan, who attended him, advised him to come to St. Martin's for a period of rest. His engagements for confirmation are now over, and the severe mental and physical strain of the last year is beginning to show its effects on his enfeebling frame. He seems therefore contented to spend the days intervening between this and the next duty that calls him in the society of his beloved brother and Fathers Cheymol and Dutton. Usually he offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, as the steps leading to the chapel of the community were many and steep.

On the 8th of December, His Grace received the vows of Sister Scholastica Waters, and although feeble, he preached on the occasion a very beautiful sermon, showing a wonderful connection of thought for one in his weakened condition.

On December 13th, His Grace went to the city for the dedication of the beautiful church of St. Francis de Sales, but as it was postponed on account of unfavorable weather, he returned the day following and remained during the winter.

Thus closed the most eventful, the saddest year of a great and noble life, of a life whose unselfishness and ardent zeal for the good of souls will fill with sweetest strains of harmony and love the eternal life of the many thousands for whom he spent himself and was spent.



CHAPTER VIII.

1880 — 1895.



EARLY in January, whilst the greetings of the New Years' day were still fresh upon the lips of friends, a lovely soul, Sister Antonia Hemann, was called from the home she had chosen on earth, to begin the years of her eternity. The last sad months of her young life had been spent in battling with the unconquerable foe — pulmonary consumption. After having received the Holy Viaticum on Christmas Eve, as she lay with her eyes closed and a most heavenly expression on her pale beautiful countenance, the venerable Archbishop, who had known her from her childhood, appeared at the door, where he stood so deeply impressed with the heavenliness of the scene, that without advancing to the bedside, he broke forth into the words of the beautiful communion hymn :

“ In Jesus exulting I'll live
And in Jesus triumphant I'll die,
The sorrows of death I'll not fear,
For with him I'll breath forth my last sigh.”

The heart of the venerable man was soon to be solaced by the aid he had so earnestly besought from Rome, and at last comes the joyful, long expected news of the appointment of his coadjutor. The *Telegraph*, January 22nd, gives the first report as follows:

“A cable telegram to the New York Freeman’s Journal announces that the eminent and beloved Bishop of Natchez has been appointed by the Holy See, Co-adjutor to the Archbishop of Cincinnati. We do not doubt that the news so joyful to the Archbishop, the clergy and laity of the diocese is true. When the official information arrives we shall give to our readers a history of the life of the great prelate.”

When Father Purcell broke the news of the appointment to his revered brother, he received it with humble gratitude, and in a very few moments made his way to the Divine Presence in the chapel. Kneeling on the altar step, his venerable form bowed almost prostrate, supported by one hand against the altar, instead of going to his *prie-dieu* as was his custom, he repeated slowly and reverently in an almost audible voice, some lengthened prayers. A sister present in the chapel, seeing him try to rise with great difficulty, went to assist his feeble steps, and while leaving the chapel, he tells her of the news he just received, and that he went to our Divine Lord’s Presence to offer to Him the labors of his past life, to recite the Miserere for all the negligences and faults he might have committed in his long episcopate, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for the assistance and protection she had always graciously granted him; adding, that it would have been a fitting conclusion to his life if God had mercifully vouchsafed to let him end it there on the altar steps. Not yet, O alter Christus! Three years of suffering life still, to perfect in thee the image of the Crucified, so that in His Kingdom, where the cross is His glory, thou may’st stand nearer to Him, and drink deeper draughts of the love that flows from His wounded heart.

At length the official news so eagerly waited for is received; Cardinal Simeoni writes in a letter coming early in February, that the Right Reverend William H. Elder is appointed Co-adjutor and Administrator of the diocese of Cincinnati, with the right of succession.

About two months later, the Right Reverend Bishop Elder received a request from the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, to go at once to Cincinnati where the Bulls of appointment would be sent him, and enter upon his duties as Co-adjutor and Administrator. With characteristic promptness, he left his city and his people, arriving in Cincinnati on the morning of Sunday April 18th. Reaching the city in time to preside at the High Mass, notwithstanding his fatiguing journey, he preached an appropriate sermon, suggestive of the circumstances under which he spoke, taking for his theme the responsive obedience and interior life of the great Saint Joseph.

On Wednesday the twenty-first, Bishop Elder, with Mr. J. Fitzpatrick of Natchez, one of the committee appointed by the Catholics of his late diocese to accompany their beloved Bishop to his new field of labor, paid his first visit to the Archbishop. The venerable man, with his devoted brother, and Fathers Cheymol and Dutton, stood on the front porch of the priest's residence to welcome his distinguished guest and co-laborer. After most cordial greetings were exchanged, the Bishop exclaimed in a hearty way that the scene reminded him of his college days, at Emmitsburg, when the lumbering old stage-coach on its way from Frederick, with its precious freight of rosy-cheeked school boys, pulled up its jaded horses before the college porch,—and the beloved, energetic, young President would inquire of the driver, "How many *Elders* have you in there"?



MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP ELDER.



After a few hours of pleasant converse, the Bishop returned to Cincinnati, with his friends that afternoon. The same week the Archbishop visited the city, and on the following Sunday at Solemn High Mass formally introduced the new Bishop to the Cathedral congregation, commending his well known zealous episcopal life, telling them to thank God for sending him to do for them what he could no longer do.

In April of this year, two of the pupils were attacked simultaneously by Saint Vitus' Dance, and the sisters inexperienced in the epidemic nature of the disease, were not sufficiently prompt in isolating the cases, and thus preventing its spread. Deeming it advisable to disband the pupils for a short period, they were all sent home, remaining about three weeks, before they again resumed their studies. The Archbishop was in the mean time, making a visitation in Dayton, where he gave confirmation to a large number of children. Returning early in June to the quiet repose of St. Martin's, he conducted the exercises of a three days' Retreat, preparatory to the First Communion and Confirmation of the pupils on the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

The annual Commencement brought a goodly number of visitors, among them Mr. H. W. I. Garland, the talented young editor of the *Telegraph*, who speaks thus of the Archbishop and the Commencement:

"Our readers will be glad to learn that the Archbishop is enjoying excellent health. We passed several hours last Thursday and Friday, in conversation with the venerable prelate, and on Friday morning we were granted the favor of assisting at his private Mass, celebrated in the small domestic chapel, in a room at the parsonage. The sight of this good old man, who has grown gray in God's service, standing at the altar and offering sacrifice for the living and the dead, for the faithful living in the

eight dioceses included in his Province for the dead, including his own mother and sister, true examples of the "devout female sex," sleeping beneath snow white marble crosses in the quiet God's acre, not a stones throw from the altar on which he celebrated—it was a touching and edifying spectacle."

In the evening the Commencement Exercises were conducted in the large hall, during which Miss Katherine St. Clair Denver bore away graduating honors, and the editor comments on the exquisite grace, modesty and refinement which characterized every movement and accent of the young ladies. He adds, "Last week we had to correct a libelous assertion as to the dietary scale of the convent. We now say that if the consumption of 'roast chestnuts' in any quantities can possibly result in the galaxy of health, beauty and culture which we witnessed at St. Martin's, we would wish to live upon roast chestnuts for the remainder of the term of our natural days."

The "libelous assertion" mentioned above by Mr. Garland, was thus treated by him in the previous issue of his paper. "It is an old saying that the devil sometimes overreaches himself," and we have had proof of this of late in the malicious and deliberate libels published in the *Lancet and Clinic*, a medical journal of Cincinnati. The object at which the venom of this anti-Catholic periodical is specially directed, is the Ursuline Academy in Brown County. Everything which bigotry could suggest has been uttered by the correspondents of the *Lancet and Clinic* on this subject, and to so low a depth of falsehood has it sunk, as even to maliciously charge that roasted chestnuts were used as a substitute for coffee, and other injurious diet supplied to the pupils. And Catholics employ these shameless traducers. We invite the attention of the Catholic press to this matter. Do the heads of Catholic families ever consider the character of the physician they employ? We

could specify, if necessary, many instances of this bigotry on the part of physicians who do not hesitate to slander Catholic institutions."

Very soon after the Commencement, the Archbishop returned to the city, spending the months of July and August with his devoted children—the Sisters of Charity and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. He also attended the consecration of Bishop Waterson, of Columbus, which took place early in August, and returned again to Brown County in September.

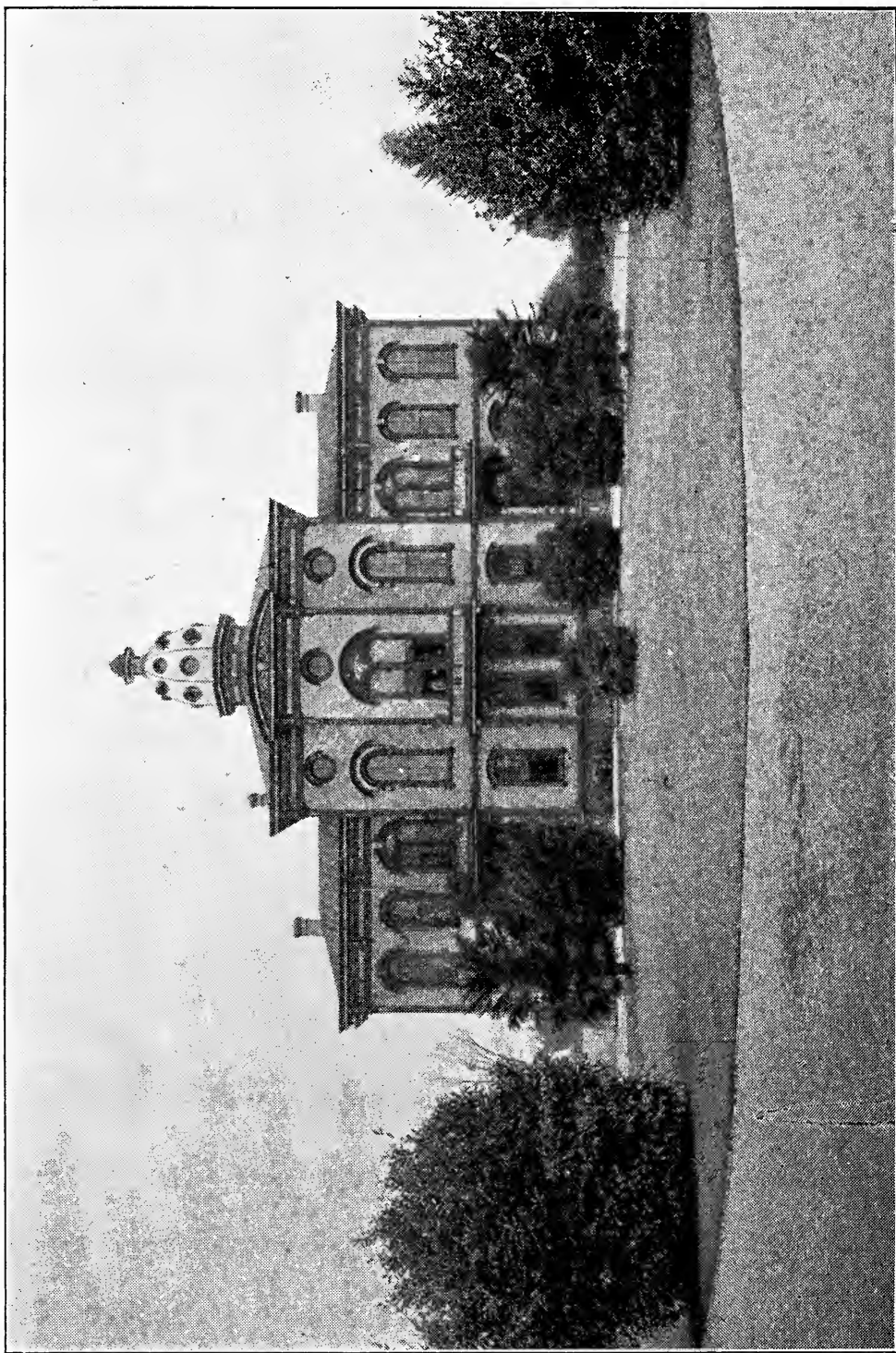
The elections of the house occurring this year resulted in the choice of Mother Ursula Dodds, who had served six years as Assistant and ten as Mistress of Novices, as Superior; Sister Baptista Freamer succeeding her as Assistant, Sister Berchmans O'Connor elected as Zelatrice, Sister Xavier Carolan as Treasurer. When the last named was sent as Superior of the Santa Rosa colony, Sister Dionysia Borgess was re-elected to fill the office which she had held three years before.

The anniversary of the Archbishop's episcopal consecration, coming as it did on the Feast of St. Edward, the name's-day of his reverend brother, was always a red letter day in the calendar of Brown County, and this year, the last the two devoted brothers were to spend together in this world, was full of a sad joyfulness.

September 23rd witnesses the holy profession of Sister Aloysius Foley and Sister Kostka Rosecrans, youngest daughter of General Rosecrans. The latter is destined for a foundation which is soon to carry a colony of Ursulines to the Pacific Coast. During the summer the Reverend J. Conway, pastor in the thriving town of Santa Rosa, California, petitioned the venerable Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, for the privilege of inviting the Ursulines of Brown County to found a parish and boarding school in the fertile and beautiful Santa Rosa Valley. The city of Santa Rosa, seeming

to offer every advantage for a good school, it was selected as the site of the new foundation. His Grace gave a most willing assent to the project, and a positive acceptance having been made by the community, Mother Berchmans O'Connor, with Sister Alphonse Costello, a young sister intended for the new mission, was deputed to visit the city of Santa Rosa and make final arrangements for the westward move. A fine building, heretofore occupied as a Baptist College, was purchased to serve as an academy, its location so near the parish church making it eminently desirable for the purpose.

Preparations for the long journey were in progress during the months of September and October, and after spending together for the last time the feast of our beloved Mother St. Ursula, the little band destined for the new foundation, bade farewell to home and its dear surroundings on the morning of October 22nd. Sister Xavier Carolan was sent as Mother Superior of the new house, assisted by her fellow laborers, Sister Liguori Hammer, Sister Kostka Rosecrans, Sister Helena Hines, Sister Michael Kelley, two novices, Sister Vincent and Sister Genevieve, with Miss Gallagher, a former pupil, as postulant. After being most hospitably entertained in Cincinnati by the sisters of the Convent of Mercy on Fourth street, the next day found them making rapid speed to the Pacific Slope, and though filled with zeal for their new work, carrying with them never dying memories of the loved home they were leaving. They made but few halts on their journey to San Francisco, where they arrived about the 28th of October. The Vicar General, Very Reverend Father Prendergast, accompanied by General and Mrs. Rosecrans, met them at some distance from the city, receiving them with every mark of respect and cordiality, and as they were detained several days in the city awaiting their baggage, they were again the guests of the Sisters of Mercy, of



URSULINE CONVENT OF SANTA ROSA, CAL.

the Presentation Sisters, and the Sisters of Notre Dame. Reaching their new home on the vigil of All Saints, after one day of rest, they took possession of the rooms of the new parish school, where over one hundred children eagerly awaited the lessons of Christian Wisdom they were longing to impart. As all fruitful fields must be sown in furrows marked by the cross, so this community has had its trials, but it stands today in its fifteenth year hopeful, happy, blessed with every prospect of success, with its small body of workers constantly increasing, and laboring with much fruit among the children of its boarding and parish schools.

The joyous festival of All Saints was looked forward to with unusual interest this year, the presence of the venerable Archbishop in our midst always lending an added joy to the yearly festivals. Today it brought not joy, but sadness. On the vigil, His Grace showed signs of unusual weakness, and before its close it was evident that he would not be able to celebrate Mass on the morrow. The convent physician, Dr. Denitson, of Westboro, quickly summoned, declared the case to be incipient paralysis of the entire left side. His condition becoming more critical as the day of All Saints wore on, Father Purcell judged it expedient to administer Extreme Unction. With reverent affection Father Cheymol, assisted by the sorrowing brother, gave the last consolations of the church to the prelate who had loved and served her so well, and with the confidence and peace of a trusting child, the great man prepared to meet his Heavenly Father. But the end to this long and useful life had not yet come. It was the will of heaven that he who had labored so long for others should suffer for a time before entering the everlasting kingdom. Rallying quickly from the shock, he was again able in a week or two to take a daily walk with some stronger arm to support his feeble steps, or drive for a few miles through the beautiful country decked in its gorgeous autumn robes,

his mind meanwhile regaining its usual vigor. Friends visited him from time to time, the Right Reverend Co-adjutor coming up to spend St. John's Day during the Christmas holidays, thus keeping up one of the time-honored celebrations of the old mountain.

But the last sad change in his checkered life is near at hand. Mother and sister rest in graves near by, and soon another shall hold the lifeless form of the brother so dear to him. On Sunday, January 16th, Father Edward Purcell said for the last time his daily Mass. Ailing on Monday and Tuesday, the physician, Dr. Denitson, found symptoms of pneumonia setting in and ordered him to keep his bed. At another visit on Wednesday, the doctor found him much improved, and most of the time on Thursday was spent in his chair by the fireside. The last words which Father Purcell uttered in this world were spoken to the sister who had gone to inquire after his comfort, when in response to her question he said that he was better, and that he would say his Mass the following morning, as the Archbishop had been without Mass since Sunday. Sister Louise, having left his room about half past five in the evening, did not return to it for some time, as he said he felt disposed to rest. His room being directly above that of the Archbishop, any stir or sound could be distinctly heard below, and at half past six, Sister Louise noticing what she thought an unusual noise like heavy breathing coming from Father Purcell's room, hastened upstairs only to find him in a stroke of apoplexy, with but few moments to live. She called down the stairway; Reverend Father Dutton quickly answered her summons, and recognizing the symptoms of approaching death, he at once administered the Extreme Unction. Father Cheymol repaired to the convent to give the alarming news, but before the most rapid steps could carry the sisters to the pastoral residence, the soul of the noble, and gentle priest, the scholar, the poet, the lover of the poor, the devoted

brother of Archbishop Purcell was ushered into the presence of his Judge.

He is gone,—the brother so faithful during forty years of toil and hardship, sharing during these years the privations, the trials, the anxieties of the great prelate, the priest so true to his divine calling,—he is gone; and though for months he has eaten the bread of sorrow, he is now where this sorrow will be speedily turned, we trust, into eternal joys. None who recall the beauty of the snow-covered landscape as the next morning broke again to us the sad reality of our loss, will forget the exquisite scene in which lay the surrounding gardens nor the sense of fitness that nature should so shroud herself in purest beauty to mourn him who sang her praises in such strains of harmony. Bough and branch, and green of pine and fir, were hidden in robe of bridal whiteness, and the very stillness of the wintry air seemed a requiem over the heart so quickly stilled. A few faithful friends came up on Saturday, and in the evening the remains were brought to the convent chapel, where Vespers, Matins and Lauds for the dead were chanted by Right Reverend Bishop Elder and the few priests who could leave their Sunday charge to pay their last tribute to the memory of Father Edward. On Sunday morning a Mass of Requiem was sung, Bishop Elder, celebrant, while the various offices of the Mass were filled by Reverend Dr. Moeller, Reverend William Cheymol, Reverend P. A. Quinn, Reverend Father O'Driscoll, S. J., Father Alphonse, C. P., Reverend J. Bowe and Reverend J. B. Murray. The Archbishop present in the sanctuary followed the services in mournful sadness, and seated in his wheeled chair, joined the procession in the blinding snow storm to the little cemetery, where a grave beside his mother received the mortal remains of his devoted brother.

The tribute written by Father Callaghan gives the principal events in Father Purcell's life in words so fitting and beautiful that we quote it in full.

"Death of Very Reverend Bishop Purcell." So reads the last page of a history of almost measureless sorrow; so ends the silent pain of a great heart, the numbing grief of a noble soul, from which tender, merciful death could alone deliver. So we think and feel, as we look at this hour towards the grave of this loved priest and true friend, the dear brother of Archbishop Purcell. Last Sunday loving hands and breaking hearts laid him to rest in the midst of the children of God. The aged mother, who waited for the coming of a son, who in virtue and learning was an ornament to the Catholic priesthood in this country, drew him to her side in the land of death, less cold, less dark to him in later years, than the land of the living. And today the snow has slowly whitened the new-made grave, falling like a peaceful benediction upon the large-minded, great-hearted priest; and no whiter is that stainless snow-covering than was the purity of the soul gone to receive a joyous compensation for a life service from a grateful justice-loving Master.

Around him and the angelic daughters who are buried near him the clouds of night are gathering while we write; around God's acre, sown with a harvest that shall be golden in the light of the resurrection morn; but thanks to Him who doeth all things well, that very darkness has a consolation. It speaks of an eternal day to which the cloud of sorrow can never come.

The night has come, its silence is added to the silence of death, our watching of the narrow home is ended. God be thy rest, true friend, devoted, faithful brother, humble, generous, scholarly priest. In our thoughts, in our life that owes more than we dare tell to both, the name and memory of the dead brother

is ever linked with the love we bear the living brother. Like the disciple whom Jesus loved; like him as an apostle of religion; like him in the grand gentleness and childlike simplicity of his life; like him in the charity which the Bishop of Ephesus and the Prophet of Patmos taught by word and example; like him in the length of years, crowned with the glory of a spotless old age; like him in tarrying until the Master comes; like him in the love with which he daily says come Lord Jesus; like him in all that deserves and wins the reverence of men, is this brother of the dead, the patriarch of the American church. For half a century thousands of all creeds and races have paid him reverend honor. For half a century his name has been hallowed with blessings by the children of the Faith, in every quarter of this great land. But in this day of his deepest affliction, in this hour of martyrdom, when the heart bleeds under the blows of grief, when his apostolic soul is wrenched by the breaking of the last tie of kinship with the living; the countless voices that have told his praises in the past, will give to him the deepest, truest sympathy. As best we can, let us tell what he has lost in the death of his brother; let us briefly speak of a life that wore a divine beauty of which no misfortune could rob it.

Very Reverend Edward Purcell, the youngest of a family of four children, was born in Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, in 1808. At the time of his death he had passed the bounds, which the Psalmist has fixed for human life, and he found as the Psalmist did, that the years beyond the term of three score and ten, were "full of sorrow." Spending the first years of life in the beautiful valley of the Blackwater, as fair, as rich in coloring as a poet's dream, when we saw it a few months ago, this youth of promise had his soul flooded with that intense love for the beauties of nature which his graceful pen so often revealed. His brother in

the early spring-time of life, in obedience to the voice of God, bid adieu to home and country to seek a field for his zeal as a priest of God in the United States. Before he was fourteen years of age, Edward followed his brother across the ocean. At Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, of which time-honored institution the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati was for some years President, Edward began to show the great intellectual gifts which God had bestowed upon him. Mount St. Mary's has given to the American church some of its ablest churchmen. It enjoys the undisputed honor of educating many of the ripest, most finished scholars that have adorned the ecclesiastical history of our land. Among them Edward Purcell, by his rare and intellectual powers, by the marked classic culture of his mind, held a most enviable place. His prose writings had the music and sweetness of poetry. He was pre-eminently a man of letters. Dr. Brownson, in the heat of controversy, could admire the combined grace and vigor of the writings of Edward Purcell, as a true chivalrous knight could do homage to the valor of a foeman worthy of his steel. And the same strong, keen critical mind could say of him as a poet, that he had but few equals. Scores of his songs which he gave to the world unsigned, unclaimed, are real literary treasures. His thoughts clothed in language as beautiful as poet ever voiced, mirror the pure soul and the cultivated mind of the future priest. The finished, refined, polished scholar ended his college life to enter upon the study and practice of law at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Never did young barrister commence his profession with brighter, more certain prospects of the highest success. Among the most conspicuous of his gifts, of which religion reaped signal benefit, was his well known eloquence. Those who had the pleasure of hearing him in the pulpit in the palmy days of his matured and vigorous manhood, still speak of his great fascinating, convincing power as an orator.

The magnificence of his physical presence, the silvery far-reaching tones of his voice, and the swelling periods of his matchless rhetoric, gave him complete mastery over the minds and hearts of the audiences that crowded to hear the young brother of the Bishop of Cincinnati in old St. Peter's Cathedral.

For some years Edward Purcell devoted himself to the secular vocation he had chosen. But while earthly fame and honors were within easy grasp, grace was calling him to a higher, nobler, more sacred walk of life. The Holy Spirit that had placed the mitre of a Bishop upon the brow of his brother, whose deeds for fifty years have given a more than royal lustre to a royal crown, was pouring into the soul of the young and able lawyer a resistless love for the sanctuary of God. Before the dignity of the priesthood all earthly honor soon seemed as worthless as a wreath of decayed leaves. In the freshness of his manhood he resolved to give himself to God as the teacher of a Divine Law. Nearly fifty years ago he offered himself, with all his rare endowments of soul and mind, to the service of the altar. A perfect model of generosity, scattering blessings as freely as the sun gives light and heat, he gave himself to God with that absolute forgetfulness of self, which distinguished the end of his long life. He could not be a niggard towards God, whose heart and hand were ever open to his fellow-men.

In 1840 he finished his preparation for the priesthood. On Passion Sunday of that year, the then young Bishop of Cincinnati poured priestly unction upon the hands of his brother. From that hour, during forty years, until death parted them, the lives of these two faithful servants of God were united so closely that they seemed but one. The welfare of religion, the growth of God's church in the wilderness of the West, was the one thought beating in every pulse of their hearts, directing and ruling every

act of their daily lives. What need to tell, even if we could in fitting terms, the history of those forty years? What need to recount the trials, the hardships, the poverty, the sufferings, the Apostolic simplicity, the heroic self-denial of those two extraordinary men, whom the strongest natural love and the same office of the priesthood joined so closely, so beautifully together? They sowed in tears that others, perhaps forgetful of the debt owed to their heroism, might reap in joy. What need to tell of forty years of constant unremitting toil that had only one object, to do good to others? Has not the storm and the sorrow that clouded the sunset of the noble life of Father Edward Purcell, and finally deepened into the night of death, been the witness of his complete, his unparalleled unselfishness? Is it not today, a monument richer than all the storied marble that could mark his humble grave?

In his labors to advance the interests of the Faith, and to promote the temporal interests of the thousands of emigrants, pouring like an enriching stream over the fertile fields of the West, during the past forty years, millions of dollars passed through his hands. Had there been the least earthly dross in the gold of his pure self-sacrificing soul he could have amassed a princely fortune. Others placed in his position, others so swift to censure, so ready to bend the knee at the shrine of success, so quick to denounce human error and to trample upon the bruised, broken heart, might stop at the grave of the honored, high-minded priest and ask themselves if his place in life had been theirs, would their hands have been as empty of worldly gain as were the hands of Father Purcell, when the financial whirlwind struck him down, this unswerving friend of struggling industry, this devoted lover of the poor? "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This epitaph belongs to Edward Purcell, that benediction poured from the heart and lips of the Son of God,

belongs to him who spent his life enriching others and gave nothing to himself. That honor, that merit, that glory was given to him when earthly happiness passed away forever. After forty years of labor his whole worldly wealth consisted of a few books and the scant furniture of a room, valued at one hundred and twenty dollars. Let the uncharitable tongue, the rancorous heart destroy, if they can, this evidence of wondrous godlike generosity and self-forgetfulness; having this defense of his noble life, the memory of God's gifted, gentle priest, whose heart strings broke under the pressure of his silent grief, we need no other.

Few men have filled so large a space in the eyes of men and have been so little known, or rather, we should say, so strangely misunderstood. His shrinking modesty hid from the eyes of the multitude, the sterling worth of the man and the priest, upon which a few intimate friends set a just value, and therefore held it priceless. But God saw in all its shining radiant fulness, the simple piety, the lofty devotion, the secret charities of the life of which even intimate friends only caught in an unguarded moment the faintest glimpse, and of which even they had only the slightest knowledge. And God will repay most generously.

For two years we can now say that Father Edward walked with death. Now and then, as weary days passed by, we knew from his own lips that he felt the coldness of its shadow, he saw its form pressing more closely to his side. To him longing for the rest that could come only through the grave, death did not come as a messenger of sad tidings, as an unwelcome dreaded intruder. He came as an angel of brightness with healing for his heart-wounds in his wings. He came quickly, stilling the great mind and generous soul of Father Edward with a speed that startled and numbed the hearts of his friends, but in that speed there was mercy to the dead.

Under the shadow of St. Martin's beautiful convent of the daughters of St. Angela, home of piety and learning, that he so tenderly loved, he met death with the strong courage and humble confidence in God's mercy, that are sweet as heavenly manna to the sorely-tried ever faithful priest when the light of eternity is breaking. Fortified with the sacraments of the church, whose teachings he had copied in his life, surrounded by the holy religious, any one of whom would have given her life to prolong his, supported by their prayers that never fail to reach the Sacred Heart, the venerable man upon whose priestly life there never was a stain, passed to eternal rest. We look out again toward the grave of him who sent us the last lines of friendship he wrote with a hand already shaking with the tremor of death. The snow falls without, and there is the stillness of the grave in the vacant room where he spent his last years. But out of the stillness comes the whisper of a voice that has thrilled the hearts of men for eighteen centuries. It lightens tonight the sacred grief of the aged surviving brother, broken with age and infirmity, with its words of comfort, and as it floats upon the wintry air over the snow-covered grave, it says of the noble priest committed to earth's keeping, "Blessed are the pure of heart for they shall see God."

Dr. Callaghan, who had returned from his European trip in the fall of 1880 after spending a few days with the Archbishop and his brother, had returned to New York. Not arriving from the East in time for the funeral of Father Purcell, he was deprived of looking in death upon the face of one whom he had revered and loved in life. But to him was to be given the enviable privilege of taking that brother's place, and by tender ministrations to fill in a measure the void left by his death in the heart of the venerable Archbishop, and to soothe with the love of a devoted son, the remaining days of his increasing sorrows. He, therefore,

accepted the invitation so warmly given him to remain with the Archbishop, to offer for him the Holy Sacrifice that he was no longer able to send up to heaven's throne for himself and his beloved flock, and to break to him each morning the Blessed Bread of Life.

The death of Father Purcell seemed to open and send out the great heart of the public in one swelling wave of sympathy in his misfortune and of condolence with the Archbishop in his sorrow. The daily press in many of the principal cities took up the pen to do justice to his memory, and the touching words of friendship from Colonel Donn Piatt and others who knew the greatness of the man's soul, are still living in the minds of many whose hearts vibrated in sincerest sympathetic feeling.

The 26th of February, the birthday anniversary of the Archbishop was brought more forcibly than usual to the notice of his many friends owing to his late bereavement. Many, far and near, sent kind remembrances and affectionate congratulations to the last of his race, to the oldest, most venerated prelate of the American church. Obligated to be in the city on Saturday, Bishop Elder spent with him the day preceding and said Mass for him in the little parlor chapel. Bright happy memories of the two old mountaineers were revived, and gave to the occasion a rare pleasure that could come from no other. On Friday morning at 10 o'clock the pupils of the academy, advancing the time as Bishop Elder was obliged to return to the city at noon, entertained the Archbishop and the Right Reverend Co-adjutor with music and addresses and a French dialogue.

"The priests of the household, with Father Bowe of Fayetteville, the religious, the pupils of the academy and the parochial school, contributed in every possible way to gladden the heart of the Christian Simeon, and to make the feast a red-letter day

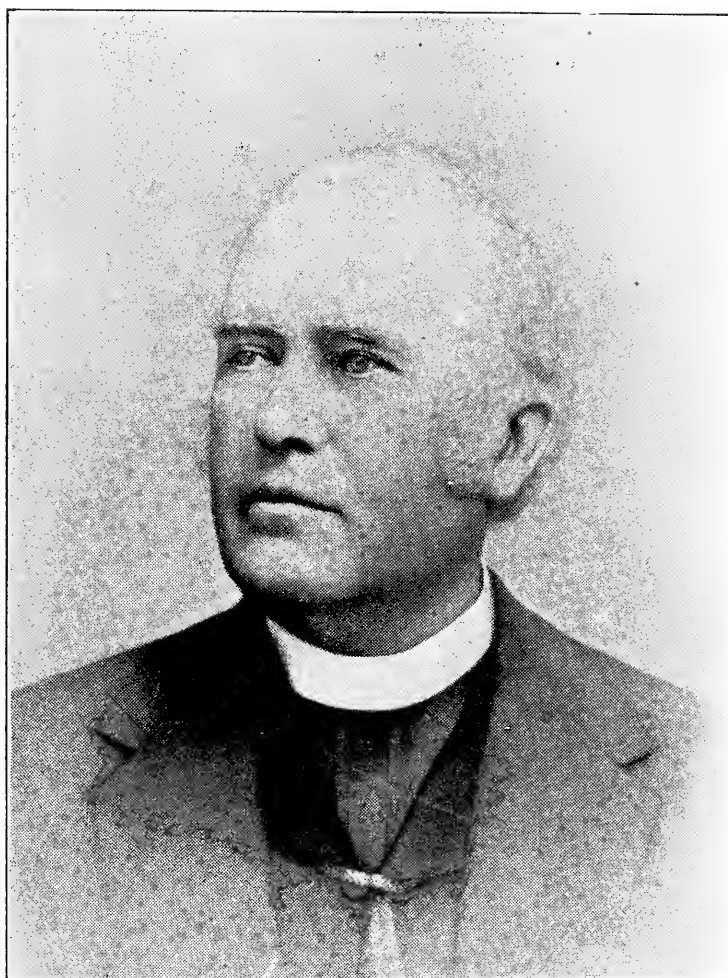
in the calendar of his saintly life. In the afternoon, amid songs and feasting, good Sister Anthony whose name is a synonym for charity, was a welcome guest. In the evening Bishop Borgess of Detroit arrived; his coming fully crowned this happy day. Will the great Archbishop live to see another such anniversary? If countless prayers daily repeated in every part of this country, and in lands beyond the sea, receive the response which hearts wish that utter them, he will live not only to see another, but to celebrate the golden jubilee of his episcopacy."

We have not spoken of the personal loss of Father Purcell to the community, but it is measured when we say that he had been all that a good father, a prudent superior could be. He was succeeded by the Reverend P. A. Quinn, who kindly consented, at the urgent solicitation of the community, to assume the responsible office of ecclesiastical Superior. For this he was ably fitted by his long personal experience in religious life, and by his successful administration of the business affairs of the Seminary.

On May 24th, the Right Reverend Bishop received the vows of Sister Mary Thomas Grannan and Sister Mary Paul Morrissey, delivering at the same time a most instructive sermon on the dignity and merits of the religious state. In the evening the guests, among whom was Bishop Toebbe, coming to pay a visit of friendship to the Archbishop, were handsomely entertained by the play and tableaux representing the martyrdom of St. Ursula and her companions.

The Commencement Exercises were honored by the presence of the Most Reverend Archbishop, of the Right Reverend Bishop Elder and the Bishop of Little Rock, and many of the clergy. The only young lady graduated was Miss Mary Lucas, of Memphis, Tennessee.

A still greater honor was enjoyed during the summer in entertaining the eleven bishops of the Province, who, after holding a



REV. P. A. QUINN.



synod in Cincinnati, had come to St. Martin's to pay their respects to the venerable Metropolitan. By a happy chance the Bishop of Omaha, Right Reverend James O'Connor was also visiting His Grace at the time, with Dr. McGlynn of New York; and this gathering of distinguished prelates, reflected not only their sentiment towards their venerable chief, but that true goodness of heart and brotherly affection, which must ever animate the lives of the bishops of God's church.

"The Feast of St. Cecilia, always a happy glad festival in the church, a yearly renewal of the sweet joyous memory of the Virgin Martyr, who gave up Patrician wealth, rank, honor, even life itself for the Crucified, was a twice blessed day at the Convent of the Ursulines, at St. Martins,"—says the *Telegraph*. "Another soul, with the strength and generosity born of special grace, was added to the many thousands, who, vow-bound lay at the foot of the cross the sacrifice of their lives, that they may reign with Christ forever."

With the divine promise of a hundredfold compensation, Sister Angela, (Miss Florence Lincoln) made her religious profession last Tuesday. Bishop Elder officiated on this occasion, receiving her vows. Reverend F. X. Dutton, a relative of the professed, preached an eloquent and learned sermon on the nature and dignity of religious life.

The natural and spiritual beauty of the day, the grand ceremony of the profession, a scenic hymn, the divine echo of that song of the saint, that mingles its sounds with the waters of eternal life, the rich, whole-burnt offering of the religious, a "spectacle to angels and to men," and the hardly less generous sacrifice of mother, sisters and relatives, who were present in the chapel, the beautiful sermon addressed to the newly-crowned and the pious community, all combined to make that act of religion a long treasured remembrance.

“As usual on such occasions at St. Martin’s, the Bishop, clergy and other visitors were delightfully entertained in the evening by the pupils. The rich sunshine of the festal day there lingered in the hearts of all long after the clouds of night had fallen.”

The year 1881 closed without any further incident of note, while with the ushering in of the new came the offering of the Anniversary Mass for the repose of the soul of Father Edward. Reverend Dr. Callaghan sang the Mass and preached on the occasion, and devoted friends visited the silent grave, “where loving hands had mingled the red of roses with the whiteness of the snow, and the print of bended knees told of the fervent prayers that had been offered for the soul of a firm friend and unselfish, disinterested, self-sacrificing priest.”

Heaven claimed as its tribute from the New Year two saintly souls who had spent themselves in God’s service in doing the work of the community. Sister Margaret Halloran died after a lingering illness on January 2nd, and Sister Martial Soulier, one of the original Beaulieu band, quickly followed her on the sixth of the same month. In two months this venerable sister, so rich in the merits of a suffering as well as of a laboring life, would have reached the fifty years of her profession. For many years helpless from illness and old age, it was still most earnestly hoped that these golden years would have been consummated in the society of her sisters on earth, but heaven willed her to be gathered to that shining throng that lives in the endless day of heaven’s ever circling years.

The birthday of the Most Reverend Archbishop presented to some of his friends the occasion of refurnishing his rooms at the pastoral residence. Up to this time they were still in the primitive severity of white-washed walls and ingrain carpets, but on the eve of his birthday ushered into them, now newly furnished,

curtained, papered and carpeted throughout, his tender grateful heart was filled with satisfaction at his new surroundings, for he knew that the thoughtfulness to which he owed them came from sincere and loving hearts. Not often able to reach the chapel, he was, however, on the following morning supported to the throne prepared for him, and followed every part of the Mass (*coram episcopo*) with close attention, giving the solemn benediction at its close in a low but distinct voice.

The closing exercises of the year were brilliantly successful in every particular, and much praise given to the only young lady graduated, Miss Anna Jordan, of Wheeling, West Virginia.

Sister Bridget McCarthy departed this life February 9th, 1883, peacefully and hopefully, after a short illness of pneumonia, strengthened with all the church gives to soothe and fortify the dread parting of soul and body.

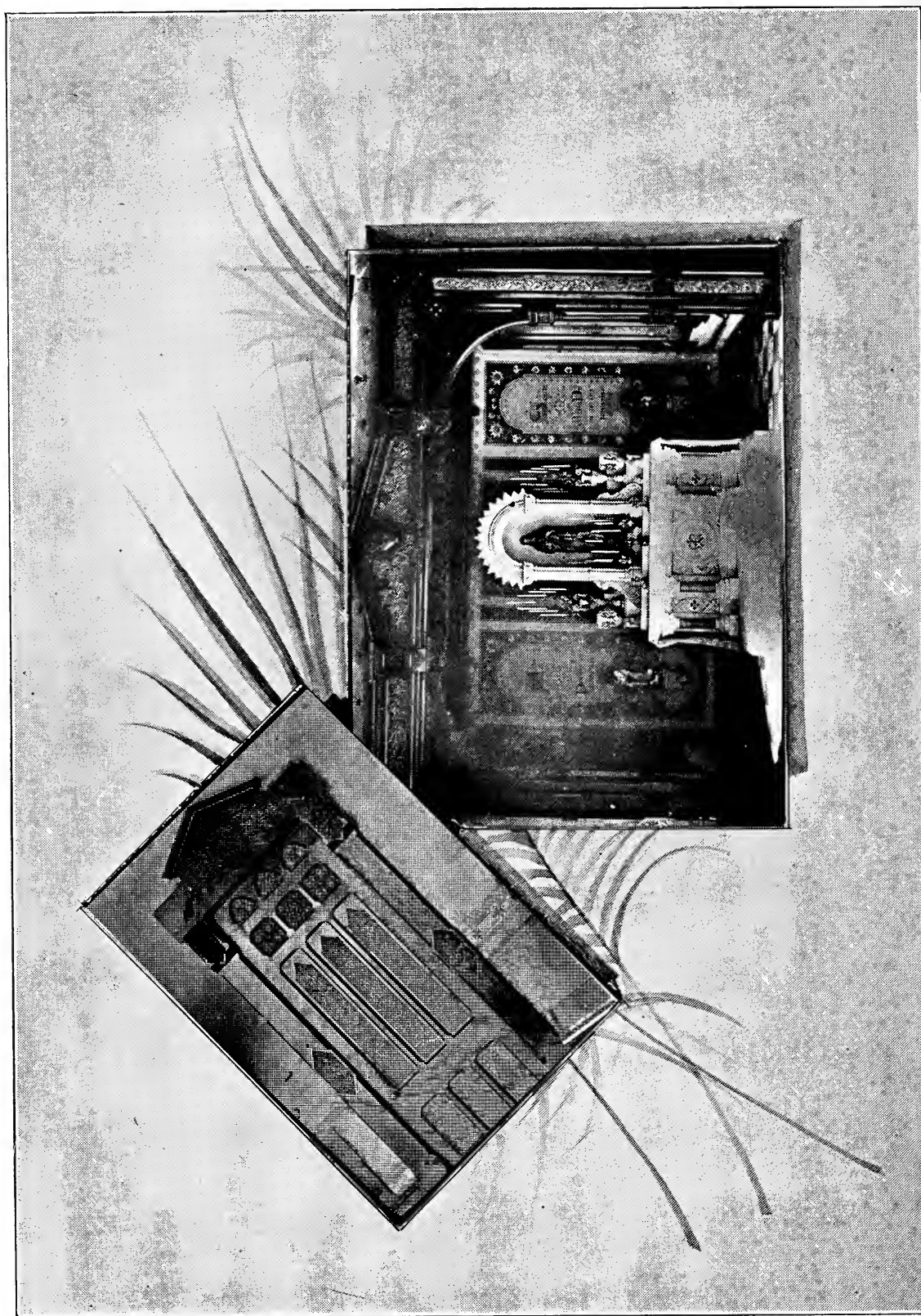
A shrine of hallowed associations, one which the heart of the Brown County school-girl never fails to seek in her moments of childish griefs or buoyant joy,—one to which she afterwards turns in loving fondness when the deeper sorrows and joys of life have been her portion,—is familiarly known in the convent as Our Blessed Lady's Chapel. Here, in youth's precious days, she has learned from the heart of Mary Immaculate the lesson that will light the dark pages of sorrow in her life record, or that will lift up the joy thrilling her soul when the angels trace the glistening leaf of its golden moments. Only in the Heart of the Virgin Mother, of the Woman whom heaven's messenger hailed full of grace, does woman find the Unspotted Model, whose following can satisfy the aspirations of her high nature, or the higher longings of the supernatural which are ever making themselves felt in the pure of heart. At the foot of this altar the Sodalist learns these lessons, and with them she also learns to love this sacred

spot honoring Her, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast." From the foundation of the house, the large room, at the north end, adjoining the parlor, had been set apart by Notre Mère as an Oratory of the Blessed Virgin, a small altar, surmounted by a statue of Our Lady of Grace and other pious furnishings, being the only distinctive mark which the room possessed over others of the house. Here the pupils have always assembled to hold the meetings of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, which was established and affiliated to the Prima Primaria of Rome at a very early date. We find on its roll, kept in a silver sword-pierced heart, the emblem with which the church reminds us of the Most Pure Heart which fills heaven with the joy of its beatings, the name of its first professed members to be Miss Margo Duer, Miss Frances Gross and Miss Jane McKay, admitted June 24, 1848. Year after year the number of the faithful children of Mary increased, and shed lustre on their beautiful title by their example in the class-room, and later on by the faithful discharge of the graver duties which fell to their lot in after life.

In the course of the scholastic year 1877-'78 a few of these devoted children, donating a modest sum for the purchase of a new altar for the Oratory, gave an impulse toward the complete remodeling and refurnishing which constitute its beauty today.

At the time the sisters had been engaged about a year in learning and perfecting the art of designing and wood carving, under the kind and disinterested instruction of Mr. Benn. Pitman, of the School of Design attached to the University of Cincinnati. Full of characteristic benevolence and of the humanitarian qualities so marked in this well-known English family, this worthy gentleman spent much time and energy in teaching both wood carving and the Pitman system of phonography—given to the world by his distinguished brother, now Sir Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England—





ALTAR AND CARVED FACADE OF SODALITY CHAPEL.

CARVED DOOR.

to a class of appreciative students among the sisters. With a certain experience and enthusiasm, gained in fashioning the dull block of wood into forms of suggestive beauty and loveliness, there arose a desire to consecrate their first work to the honor and love of their Immaculate Mother, by decorating and remodeling and making more distinctively a chapel, the room that had been set apart in Her honor. This desire and intention were warmly seconded by the devout children of Mary, about two hundred in number, and contributions were generously sent in for the purchase of material. With eager hands the zealous decorators set to work on their labor of love, their first definite plan, modest in its conception, going no further than the carving of the baseboard and the laying of a fine hard wood floor. But the execution of one detail seemed but to lead to the suggestion of another, and, the generosity and interest of friends still supplying the funds for material, it was resolved to build a recess in the wall for the reception of a new marble altar. This considerably enlarged the size of the chapel and gave room for the beautiful ornamentation of the carved facade shown in the adjoining cut. In the construction of this and the beautiful wood ceiling the sisters received great aid from Mr. Mark Spence, who so ably carried out their suggestions. The altar, designed by the eminent veteran architect, Mr. P. C. Keeley, of Brooklyn, and executed by Hall & Brother, of Boston, is beautiful with its Roman arched niche, chaste carving and warm pillars of onyx relieving the severe whiteness of the marble. By many the door is considered the most beautiful feature of the carved work, its shape and position admitting better field for appropriate design and decoration than any other portion of the room. The windows of stained glass, softening the bright rays of the sun, as he journeys to the west front of the house, were donated—one by the pupils of 1881-'82, another by Reverend P. A.

Quinn, our kind Superior, and the third by the Misses Coleman, of Louisville. The beautiful floor with its inlays of ebony was the gift of Mrs. Jane Springer Mills, whilst Mrs. John Henry, the first Child of Mary enrolled contributed handsomely to the purchase of the marble altar. But to many of these children of Mary, and to many friends whose generous donations supplied the moneyed means which made the work possible, to *all* these belong the satisfaction of placing within our reach the possession of this loved shrine, and we may justly add, the heavenly reward which this loving Mother will pour into their hearts when she gathers them at her feet in the Kingdom of her Divine Son.

The day appointed for the consecration of the altar and dedication of the chapel was May 17th, 1883. Invitations had been sent to all the Children of Mary, comprising the Sodality, and many availed themselves of this opportunity of renewing their devotion to the Ever Blessed Mother, and assisted with joyful hearts at the ceremonies which began about nine o'clock on the morning of the day appointed. Right Reverend Bishop Elder, assisted by Reverend Dr. Moeller and Reverend P. A. Quinn, officiated, carrying out in every detail the beautiful ceremonial of the rite for the consecration of an altar. No doubt, the generous workers felt repaid for the hard toil when the Sacred Host was lifted in adoring love above their hearts bowed in worship, and all present joined in thanksgiving that their united efforts to honor the Queen of Heaven were crowned by this sublime act of worship to God.

The remainder of the day was spent in the renewal of old friendships, which time and distance had severed but not lessened, closing with a creditable rendition by the pupils of the beautiful cantata, "The Hermit's Harp," and other appropriate selections.

There was but one thought of sadness mingling as an undertone with the universal joy of the day—the absence of the Most

Reverend Archbishop. Growing gradually weaker during the early spring, the sight of his wheeled chair on the convent grounds was not so frequent as it had been before. Still his active mind remained clear, and his memory of old acquaintances remarkable. When these came into his presence, although not always able to mention the names in his cordial greetings, his quick wit was always at his service to make allusion to some distinguishing characteristic of the individual, or some circumstance in connection with their acquaintance which had impressed itself upon his wonderful memory.

Since the first stroke of paralysis, October 31st, 1880, two others, though slight, had been added at different times, and now came the fourth and last, Thursday, June 29th. Dr. Callaghan, with his ever watchful solicitude administered the last sacraments, but the invalid again rallied, and for the moment, fond hopes revived. The sad intelligence was soon conveyed to numberless friends throughout the land, and on Sunday, such alarming symptoms set in, that the end was thought to approach. On Tuesday morning at the early hour of three o'clock, Bishop Elder arrived, having made a hurried trip on receiving the news, from Emmittsburg, where he had gone to attend the Commencement of Mount St. Mary's College. Other members of the clergy arrived on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Wednesday afternoon about five o'clock, the death symptoms became more marked,—the breathing labored and difficult, and looking on the pallid face, it was but too evident that the hours on earth of this great man were few. Dr. Callaghan taking his stand at the side of his beloved father and friend, about six o'clock, stood almost motionless except for the prayers that his lips uttered until the last breath had been drawn, and he had closed the eyes that had turned to him, but an hour before, their last look of loving recognition. Around his

bedside knelt Bishop Elder, with Reverend Fathers Cheymol, Bowe, J. B. and Michael Donahue, Dr. Hecht and Mr. George Roberg of Cincinnati, with some of the sisters, while many prayed at the entrances of their beloved father's room. All are waiting for that great heart's pulses to still their earthly beatings, when the solemn tolling of the convent bell tells forth in mournful tones on the midnight air that the noble soul of John Baptist Purcell, first Archbishop of Cincinnati, has opened its life record at the bar of its Eternal Judge. The little clock on the mantel, marks the hour a quarter to twelve; slowly, reverently, tearfully, the *De Profundis* is said by the kneeling mourners, and all take a last fond leave of the great dead prelate. Father Callaghan goes directly to his room to send a telegram to the Cathedral, and this single line telegraphed by him to Father Halley, "The Archbishop died at a quarter to twelve," conveyed to the whole city the sad intelligence. The tolling of the Cathedral bell was echoed by the other church bells, and there was sound mourning in thousands of homes both Catholic and Protestant, as if one of the household had been taken away. Whilst the Archbishop's death had been apprehended daily, the little line startled the readers of the morning papers, by its very meagreness, which was yet so full of meaning. It was difficult to realize that one whose name and kindly face and good work had been so familiar and so dear to over two generations of people in and about Cincinnati, and who had been venerable when even thousands of grandfathers had first known him, had passed away.

The morning sun, streaming brightly in the little East room of the presbytery, shot across the venerable form on the couch to which it had been lifted by reverent hands during the early hours, awaiting the arrival of Mr. J. J. Sullivan. After the embalming of the sacred remains, the sisters were allowed the coveted privilege

of watching and praying in the presence of that which seemed not death, but a living spiritual existence. The remembrance of the departed brother was lovingly suggested, for at the head of the dead prelate, embowered in flowers and surrounded by burning lights, was the beautifully illuminated copy of his poem, "The Fallen Leaf," which had been executed and sent to him, after Father Purcell's death, by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Preparations were made for the removal of the remains to Cincinnati, and on Saturday morning a High Mass of Requiem was sung, with Father Callaghan as Celebrant, Father Michael Donahue as Deacon, Dr. Hecht as Sub-deacon, Father Kennedy as Master of Ceremonies, Father Bowe, Father Mazurett and Father Dennis Mackey as acolytes. The body of the chapel was effectively draped in mourning, the carved front of the altar concealed by a black antependium with the symbol of the cross in white. The candlesticks were also draped. Between twelve and one o'clock the nuns and the few children remaining for the vacation, formed in a double line at the intersection of the gravel walks leading to the presbytery, and there awaited the procession slowly coming from the house. Dr. Callaghan in stole and black velvet cope, led the Reverend clergy, and there in the shaded avenue with the community for the last time grouped around the venerated remains, they were placed on a temporary catafalque, whilst he pronounced the beautiful prayers of the ritual. It was a moment never to be forgotten—the group of religious, the surpliced priests, the sylvan surroundings, the blue heavens and bright sunlight over the shadowed hearts,—all were in keeping with the great, yet simple, affectionate heart, that lay cold and still amid the sweet scenes of Nature he loved so well. When the procession started, just at the walk leading to the rustic seats, the casket was transferred to the

hearse, and all bearing lighted tapers, chanting the sad tones of the Miserere, proceeded to the gates.

Here a number of residents from the parishes of St. Martin's and Fayetteville, who for two years had grown familiar with the bowed form, as His Grace drove through the country on his customary airing, met the procession and accompanied the sad train to Westboro. Sadly the nuns watched the last carriage disappear, and silently with words of prayer on their lips they retraced their steps to the convent, to await the return of their precious charge.

At Westboro a special train, tendered the committee on arrangements by Mr. Stewart, Manager of the C., W. and B., was in waiting to receive the cortège. Coaches and funeral car were draped in emblems of mourning, and crowded with members from the different congregations of the city, come to pay their last tribute of respect and veneration. The train did not reach the city until five o'clock, and as it entered with tolling bell, a body of Catholic Knights cleared the way among the dense crowd for the lowering of the casket and the forming of the escort. Bishop Elder advanced with bared head, accompanied by three of the Cathedral priests, and followed the remains of the Archbishop to the hearse, then entering a carriage, proceeded to the Cathedral.

The details of the lying in state are still present in the mind of the public. Whilst preparations were being made in the Cathedral, the body clad in full pontifical robes lay on a catafalque in the east room of the Archepiscopal residence, where thousands of his flock and of the people of Cincinnati looked for the last time upon the face that was as familiar to them as a household word. By timing the number of people who passed in a minute, it was estimated that thirty thousand passed on Sunday, the same on Monday, while Tuesday's record, after the body was removed to the Cathedral, equalled that of the other two days combined. The

removal of the remains to the Cathedral took place at 10 o'clock Tuesday, and most impressive was the scene in the church—the massive pillars, the black draping of the great altar, of the sanctuary railing, the beautiful pictures covered with the same sombre hue, while the vacant throne was draped canopy and body in purple.

About eight o'clock Vespers, Matins and Lauds of the Office of the Dead were chanted, and he who had spent his life in prayer still appealed in the touching accents of the church for that mercy and pardon which he had so often begged for others. At nine all the services were over, but the searching throng was kept up until daybreak. On Wednesday morning the Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop-elect, there being present five Archbishops, fifteen Bishops and over two hundred priests. The funeral oration was preached by Bishop Gilmore, while music, sublime and beautiful was rendered by the large choir of fifty voices.

The obsequies at last came to an end, and the forming of the great procession began. Fitting it was that the congregations of which he had been so long the father and head, should follow him in one grand mass in his march to the tomb. The scene when the procession reached the depot was deeply affecting, for only when the loved remains were lifted into the car prepared for their reception did the people seem to realize that he was going from them forever. Men, women and children sobbed as the funeral train drew out from the depot on its return to Westboro. Arriving there about half past four o'clock, the funeral cortege was immediately formed for its march to the convent. The procession was over a mile long, and reached the entrance gate of the avenue about six o'clock. Slowly the nuns, robed in their choir mantles holding lighted tapers, turned their faces from the setting sun, with the sad yet sweet consciousness of the coming presence of their good father, who

had given his precious remains to their keeping, never to be taken away. The Miserere is alternately chanted by the surpliced priests and veiled religious, down through the shade of the willows and firs, across the little bridge, by the lake which mirrored the beautiful living picture as it passed its banks, until the convent walls echo back its mournful tones as the procession wends its way through the long corridor to the chapel on the third floor. Home again! and the silent watch is taken up for the night, the last hours that can be spent with all that remains of the earthly presence of the father and friend.

Accommodations had been arranged for the clerical guests, about fifty in number, who had accompanied the remains, and after the supper was served, all retired to the places assigned for the night—the cottage, the music rooms and the play hall which had been arranged as dormitories.

Early the next morning the loud chorus of blue jay and cardinal, quarrelsome sparrow and gentle dove brought the city visitors astir, and as the morning sun bathed the gardens in golden beauty, all were in admiration of the scene, so vivid a contrast to the woe of yesterday. Soon on the grounds were assembled the multitude, who begged for admission to the Requiem Mass. All were allowed to pass up to the chapel to view the distinguished dead for the last time, while tickets to the number of three hundred and eighty were issued, the chapel being too small to accommodate more. The Mass is over, the last absolution pronounced over the sacred body, the casket closed, and the procession started on its way to the little cemetery. Here the priests surrounded the grave, and while the nuns stood within the inclosure, the people gathered outside. The beautiful funeral service of the Ritual is pronounced, the soul-inspiring tones of the "*Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*," rising from the swelling hearts of the fifty priests, caught up by the gentler

strains of the sisters' trembling voices, are echoed back from the beautiful wood which forms the background of the scene. The casket is lowered to its last resting place near the mother, whose spirit has welcomed her son to that other world, and the mortal remains of Cincinnati's first Archbishop lie by her side, awaiting the glorious immortality which shall one day be the portion of God's saints.

The mourning drapery our little chapel wore was not removed until after the celebration of the Month's mind. August 4th High Mass of Requiem was sung by Father Callaghan, assisted by Reverend J. Bowe as Deacon; Reverend D. M. Mackey, pastor of St. Martin's, Sub-deacon; Reverend J. J. Kennedy, of Walnut Hills, Master of Ceremonies; Mr. Buckley and Mr. J. Foley, S. J., as Acolytes, and Mr. Nicholas Kelly and Mr. Adolph Sourd as Thurifers. The venerable and beloved Father Cheymol was present in the sanctuary.

It would seem fitting that this should be the moment, and ours the task, to recount the leading events of this great life—the birth of this illustrious man in the old stone house on Bridge street, Mallow; his childhood spent on the banks of the beautiful Blackwater, when, as his saintly mother used to tell of him, any childish waywardness being manifested by the romping boy, it was sufficient correction to say to him: “John, if you are not a good boy, you'll never be a priest!” Gladly would we glance into his beautiful home life, at the leave-taking of the young Purcell for America, of his studies at Emmittsburg, his return to Paris to learn in the hall of the good Sulpitians the lessons of priestly lore and priestly piety, with which he afterwards blessed the lives of others; or to follow him in his able Presidency at the old Mountain, in his call to the growing State of Ohio as its Bishop, until we meet his kindly smile at the opening of our history, when he welcomes our

little family of Ursulines in his new Cathedral of Cincinnati. But all these events have been so recently detailed, are yet so fresh in the minds of all who knew and loved the venerable man, that we would not tire our readers with their rehearsal. Just as we leave to future times and to stronger hands the rearing of a more fitting monument than now marks the spot where repose the ashes of the great patriarch of Ohio, so we leave to a later day and a more skilful pen the enviable task of giving to the world a biography of one, distinguished above so many of his fellow-men.

Ours is but the duty of grateful children, of one who owes to him, under God, the priceless gift of faith, and of many who hallow the name of him under whose protection they were led to share the blessings of the religious life. We seek, rather the source whence sprang all that is recognized as great in him, the means whereby he grew to that sanctity which gave such lustre to a long and tried episcopal life. A writer in one of the daily papers says of him at the time of his death, "The success of Archbishop Purcell was due to the extraordinary abilities of the man,—his learning, piety and zeal. A pure life always gives great influence, and his was absolutely without blemish." What made it so? Let us answer this query, not from our own intuitions of the great man's character, not from personal knowledge, nor from inferences drawn from the individual acts of a life so well known to the public for over three score years,—but let it be answered by himself, in his own words, which reveal the source and fountain head of all that made it so pre-eminently great and noble. We find that he made the Retreat, preparatory to receiving the sacred unction as a bishop, at the well known pioneer shrine of Catholicity, Conewago, Pennsylvania, from the second of October to the ninth of the same month, 1833. During this time he drew up for himself a rule of life, which we give in his own words.

“*Unum est necessarium.*” To be united to God, consummated in one with Him, is all that is necessary. It was the last prayer of Jesus Christ for His disciples during His mortal life. “That they may be *one* Father, as *We are one.*” “*Quid mihi est in coelo,*” says St. Paul, “*et a Te, quid volui super terram!*” “*Deus meus et omnia,*” says St. Francis de Sales. “Be not solicitous,” says Jesus Christ. What a multitude of superfluous wants, distracting cares, defiling attachments, idle indulgences and sinful wastes, will not this one maxim retrench! I propose to rise at five, winter and summer, and to retire at ten. If ever tempted to take more sleep, let me say “*unum est necessarium.*”

When troubled at ill success in my undertakings, I will say, “*unum est necessarium.*” This great truth taught by Jesus Christ Himself, duly meditated, will enable me with His grace, without which I cannot do anything, and which grace I hope from His Infinite Mercy, which He has so often extended to His poor unworthy servant, and the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, my Mother, Advocate and Holy Patroness, will follow me all the days of my life, to practice the great virtues of self-denial, of interior and exterior mortification, poverty in spirit, chastity beyond reproach, humility, meekness, self-immolation *pro animabus, ut et ipsae salutem, consequuntur, quae est in Christo Jesu, cum gloria caeleste.* “*Je desire peu,*” says St. Francis de Sales, “*et ce peu, je le desire peu.*” “*Mores sine avaritia, ama nesciri et pro nihilo reputari. Tu nec in hoc, nec in illo.*”

I have lost much in not meditating on the sufferings of Christ, this was ingratitude, for I would not be a priest, much less a Xn, were it not for His Sacrifice. Therefore, every Friday, I will make a meditation on some part of the sufferings of Christ, and I will honor with the Divine Sacrifice, the bloody immolation

of Calvary consummated so vividly and, it should be so piously, at Mass.

Every day I will visit the Blessed Sacrament for at least twenty minutes and rehearse there before our Lord, His love and my infidelities, with a view to compunction, gratitude and better service for the time to come. My examination of conscience I will daily make at His Feet. I will try to make my life a continual prayer, by attention to my morning meditation, by union with God and by frequent and fervent meditation, and by pious lectures.

Knowing that it is to prayer alone that God ordinarily grants His grace, I will constantly employ this great means to obtain what I so much want for myself and others. My soul should be consumed as a holocaust before God, nor shall I ever retire from before His Face until He regard and have pity on myself, the people, my flock, whom He has given to me to love, feed, defend and rule. The Divine Sacrifice I will offer every week for this purpose, and earnestly invite the Guardian Angels of those dear children in Christ to unite with me in repelling from them all evil and invoking on them the abundance of the Divine benedictions. O Jesus Christ! the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, forsake me not, leave me not to faint under a burden which your Divine Love and obedience to your Heavenly Father's Will has laid on me!

I will never let a year pass without making a Retreat, if possible, about the time of my consecration. In this I will most diligently prepare myself for death, for judgment, for my eternity. I will review the manner in which I perform my various and awful duties, care of my diocese, priests and people, religious and laity; how prepare for the Divine Sacrifice, perform the Blessed Office, and my other vocal prayers, resolving never to say the Office without having some special object, such as a vice to correct, a virtue to

acquire, to pray for. How I receive and administer the Sacrament of Penance, how I provide for the spiritual welfare and temporal well-being of the Seminary and College.

At all times I will practice fraternal charity, often making fervent acts *of the love of my neighbor*, and cordially embracing it in spirit, particularly when I experience temptations to the contrary.

The poor I will relieve, the afflicted I will console, *pauper ero orphano* when I can; those who aid me in this divine function, such as priests and sisters, I will pray for, venerate and *long* ardently before God for their perfection.

The virtue of purity of heart I will carry as far as practicable, reading frequently what may best enlighten and fortify me on this matter, and particularly among others, the life and virtues of St. Francis de Sales. "*Beati mundo corde.*"

I will rarely speak directly on controversial points,—morals,—piety,—more expedient,—oftener, too, on the mercy of God than I have hitherto done. I will aspire constantly to the holy love of God, it is for this I am a Bishop. *Si amas me, pasce oves meas.* To whom but to Bishops, in a more special manner, did St. Paul say: "*Omnia vestra ex caritate fiant,*" who else have more reason to say of themselves, "*si tradidero corpus ut ardeam caritatem autem non habuero, nihil sum.*"

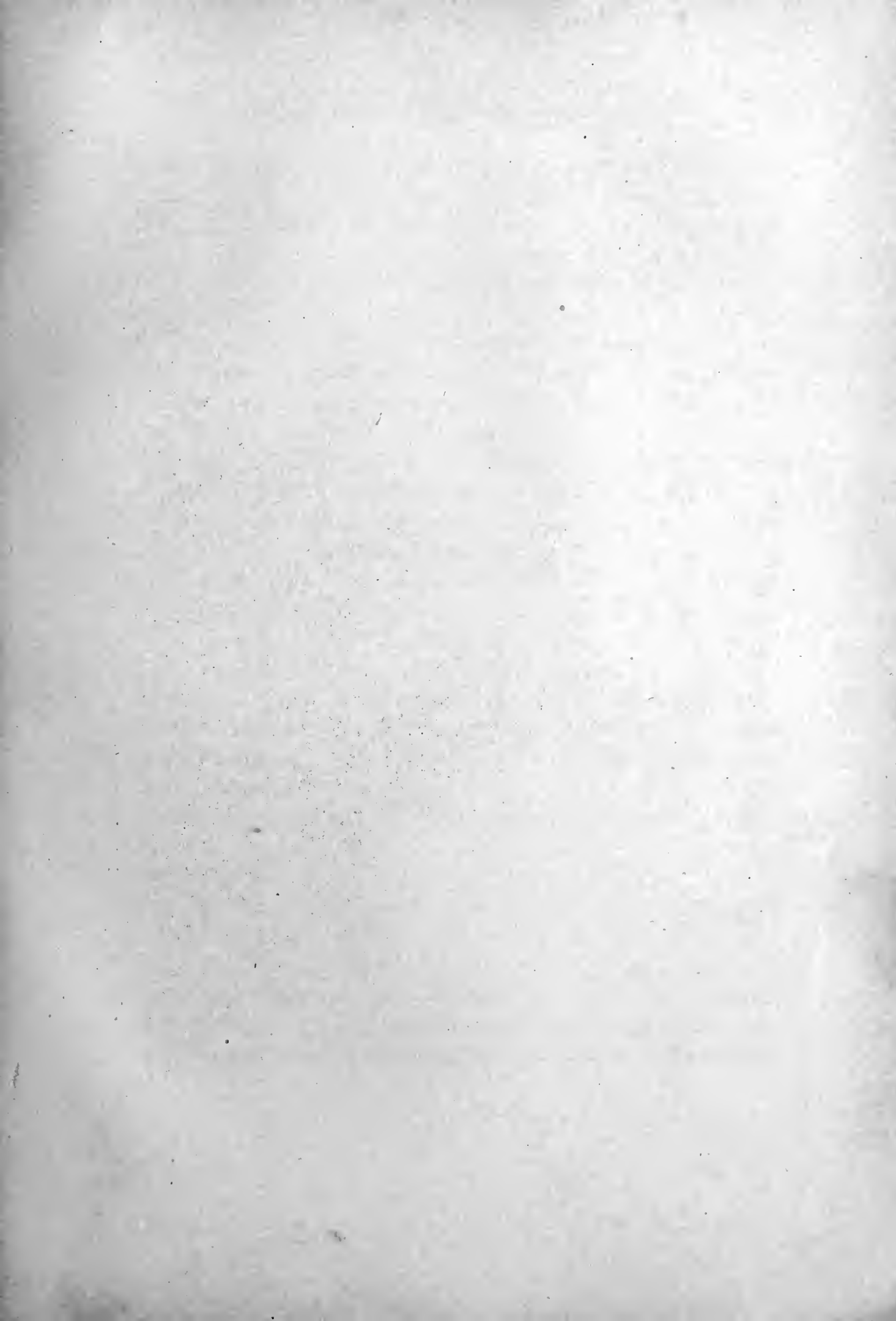
My sins will not discourage me, for St. Bernard says: "*Non attendit Deus quid fecerit homo, sed quid velit esse.*"

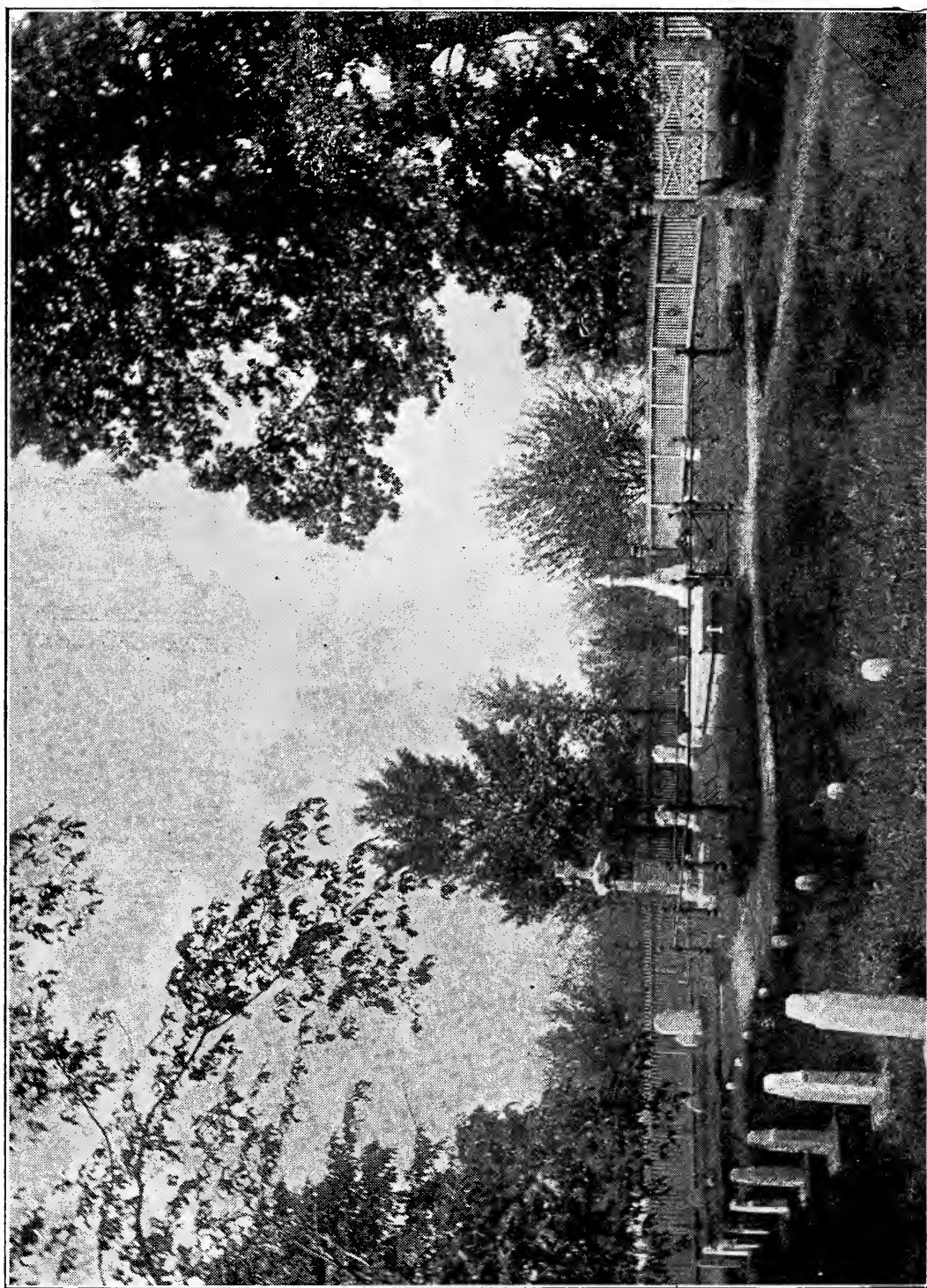
Conformity to the will of God shall be one of my favorite virtues. All my life long it has been my resource and guide. I have ever simply obeyed my spiritual directors, Mr. Dubois and Mr. Hickey. I hope I have not erred. Purity of intention—*oculus simplex*, I will cherish, for whom but for God should I labor? Alas! the servants of self-love have but a poor reward; of this world, a short-lived one;—*evanuerunt*; Patience; *non contristabit justum*

quidquid ei acciderit. Jugis pax cum humili—Dominus dedit—abstulit—sit nomen Domini benedictum—for God you have undertaken a thing, why trouble if it succeed not? You have your reward from the Discerner of hearts.”

Being dead, yet so speaketh the inmost soul of John Baptist Purcell. He needs no interpreter, no keen eye to look down in the depths of his simple heart, for here he opens it and gives the reason that his life was “absolutely without blemish.” Sincere love of God; “I will constantly aspire to the holy love of God, it is for this I am a Bishop. I will often make fervent acts of love of my neighbor.” On these “hang the law and the prophets,” and on the faithful, daily, constant practice of these eminent virtues did the great soul build the ever living monument of his sanctity, and though storms arose, and the winds blew, and the rains beat against it, it stood through his life, it still stands, crowned by that patience which makes perfect, just as his rule of life living, voicing the very spirit of Wisdom, reaches through the scale of virtues, and ends in that which hath the perfect work. “*Justum non contristabit, quidquid ei acciderit.*” The just man will not be cast down, let happen to him what will, — and the agonizing close of his saintly life exemplified in a shining manner this noble virtue, which crowned and consummated the human life of his Divine Model, Christ, Our Lord. “*Deus dedit—abstulit—sit nomen Domini benedictum!*”

A solemn High Mass of Requiem for the repose of the Archbishop's soul was celebrated in our chapel on October 13th, the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. Father Coghlan, S. J., then rector of St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Celebrant; Father Mazurette of Cumminsville, Deacon; Father Mackey, Subdeacon; Father Bowe, Master of Ceremonies, with Father Cheymol as Assistant Priest. Let us trust that God's infinite mercy had





THE CONVENT CEMETERY. 1. TOMB OF ARCHBISHOP PURCELL.

already received the soul of the saintly Bishop, into the Apostolic throng around His Throne, and that the good and faithful servant had entered into the joy of his Lord.

During the spring and summer of 1884, the Sisters were occupied with the thought of marking the grave of the late Archbishop by some memorial, since their slender means would not allow them to erect a monument worthy of the deceased. A slab of granite, simply inscribed—"John Baptist Purcell, First Archbishop of Cincinnati, Born February 26th, 1800, Died July 4th, 1883," covers the spot holding his sacred ashes, reposing between the graves of his mother and sister on one side and that of Father Edward on the other. The plain granite monument over Father Purcell was erected through the exertions of Reverend P. A. Quinn.

A low Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Reverend Father Cheymol in our little chapel on the first anniversary, July 4th, 1884. Several friends came from the city to pay their tribute of love to their deceased father by praying at his grave. Tender hands placed appropriate floral emblems on the sacred spot, and all day long the little cemetery was a scene of prayer and silent grief. We might say these were prolonged even into the quiet moonlit night, for a rare Night-Blooming Cereus gave promise during the day of unfolding its waxen petals to the night, and it was determined to watch the bloom until it was fully open and place it upon the grave. Few who took part in this little episode will ever forget the exquisite beauty of the night and of the surroundings, nor the supernatural joy which seemed to fill the heart at the almost sensible communing with the dead, as all knelt in prayer round the grave. The blooming of this rare flower was suggestive of some beautiful thoughts, crystalized by one of the sisters, in the following lines:

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

In some hushed hour,
 When silence weaves her glistening web of dreams,
 Thou peerless flow'r
 Dost breathe thy beauty forth in tangled bower !
 Lo ! how thy whiteness in the darkness gleams,
 Like some old joy
 That we in youthful visions long have sought,
 And yearning, strove to make reality !

Thou Sibyl strange !
 What mystery dost show in waxen folds
 Held fast ?
 Thou mute enchantress, ope thy petals pale
 And fling abroad the treasure thou dost veil,
 Ere yet the night be past !
 Ah ! thy deep mystery, thy beauty rare,
 Float upward in the dusk, one glorious prayer !

Then let me lay
 In this dim shrine thy white magnificence
 For us, the mourners, pray.
 All through the lonely hours of darkness dense,
 Plead thou with thy majestic innocence.
 O spirit flower !
 Too subtle art thou for the day's fierce glare,
 Thou art the chrysolite of night and prayer !

To me art thou the symbol of a soul—
 A lovely soul,
 That shrinks and shivers 'neath the coarse world's gaze,
 But in the depth of sorrow's gloom displays
 Its high nobility, its beauteous worth ;
 And slow expands,
 Uplifting all its powers to greet God's light,
 A throbbing, glowing, human bloom of night !

October 23rd, 1883, Sister Genevieve Lenahan, a novice sent to the Santa Rosa house, whose health had obliged her to return to Brown County, had the happiness of pronouncing her vows, Reverend P. A. Quinn officiating. It was also considered a

matter of necessity to give up the London school this year, as recruits were asked for the house in California, and our members were not sufficient to meet the demands in both places. The London school was then given over to the efficient charge of the Sisters of Mercy, and the house which the Ursulines owned and occupied, sold for some seven thousand dollars. This neat little sum falling rather unexpectedly into the treasury, formed the nucleus round which hopes long cherished began to gather and take shape, and finally resolve into the fixed determination of setting to work to carry out a cherished desire of Notre Mère's which she had never been able to see realized,—that of building a chapel as worthy of Our Divine Lord's acceptance as our means could make it.

This was the dominant thought of the community in the year 1884, and Mother Ursula, who had been re-elected Superior in the year 1883, the other officers being also re-elected, pursued the idea with a determination that never flagged. Mr. William H. Stewart, of the firm of William H. Stewart's Sons, Cincinnati, was asked to submit plans and estimates for the building, and to the kindness and courtesy with which he met every suggestion and wish of the sisters, are due much of the beauty and finish of the chapel as it stands today.

With the slender means at command there seemed to be no way of realizing the hope entertained of erecting something finer than a modest brick structure, without outside assistance. Earnest prayer and unlimited confidence that God would do His own work, were therefore the only resource, and so untiring were the petitions that our Lord seemed to teach us once again, this time by illustration, the parable of the Unjust Judge. The answer came from the hands of a friend, a near relative of one of the sisters, who instead of waiting until his death to give her the portion of his estate intended for her, gave to the community the use of the

money at a low rate of interest during his life time, the principal to revert to the convent at his death.

The plans for the brick structure were therefore discarded, and after a repeated search for a good bed of rock, among the out-croppings along the banks of Solomon's Run, the beautiful limestone of which the chapel is built, was found in almost sufficient quantity to complete the work. A selection of the site was soon made and a small statue of St. Joseph placed on it, to assure this beloved saint of our confidence in his bringing the work to a happy end. The architect, Mr. Franklyn employed by Mr. W. H. Stewart, soon had the plans in readiness, the excavations were begun in October, and the first stone of the foundation laid by the master mason, Mr. Patrick Leavy, on the first Friday of November, 1884. It was completed and covered for the winter in the early part of December. The stone-cutters under Mr. Leavy were engaged throughout the entire winter season in fashioning the blocks of stone into their present shape, the fine broken Ashlar, which is so much admired. At the resuming of the work in the spring, the walls were soon ready for the laying of the corner-stone, this ceremony taking place on the afternoon of May 28th. The morning had been devoted to the profession of Sister Gonzaga Barringer, whose vows were received by the Reverend Superior Father Quinn, also delegated to lay the corner-stone. There were medals and relics innumerable, coins of the year, the names of the President of the United States and Governor of Ohio, the parchment with the Archbishop's authorization and the title under which the church was dedicated—*Sancti Cordi Jesu in Reparatione*, placed in the recess of the stone cut for this purpose, whilst the outside bore only the name of the year 1885. Nuns and pupils formed in procession in the old chapel, with the priests present, and with banners waving in the

gentle breeze, and the chanting of Litanies, they made a lovely picture in the sunset glow of the sweet May evening.

After the ceremony the pretty operetta by Bordese, "The Mill of the Birds," was presented to the guests by the young ladies, who pleased greatly in its rendition.

During the spring of 1884, Father Cheymol's health began to fail, and having besought Archbishop Elder to give him some aid in his duties as chaplain, His Grace replied to his urgent request by sending the Reverend Thomas McLeigh to his assistance. The reverend gentleman entering immediately upon the duties of the chaplaincy, Father Cheymol was now relieved of all responsibilities, while at the offering of the Holy Sacrifice he was always most kindly attended by Father McLeigh, until his ill health forced upon him the sad consciousness that he could no longer officiate at the holy altar. This, however, did not occur until about a week before his death, when weakness obliged him to keep his bed. About the twelfth of July, 1885, an attack of gastric trouble completely prostrated him, and as he grew constantly weaker, Father McLeigh administered the last sacraments of the Holy Church to him who had so often given the same consolation to the hundreds waiting to welcome him to the company of God's saints.

On the morning of July 17th it was evident that this happy moment would soon come. The devoted sisters who had watched his quickened breathing during the long hours of the night, were administering some relief, when the "first bell" of the convent rang out upon the morning air. This was his usual signal for rising to make his preparation and meditation before saying Mass, and although in the agony and derangement of approaching death, he quickly asked: "What bell is that?" On being told that it was the five o'clock bell, he said: "Very well, tell them that I will soon be there to say my Mass!" Fitting words to be

recorded as the last falling from the lips of a devoted priest, whose only desire and aim in life seemed to be the punctual discharge of that sacred duty, and any other that belonged to his holy calling! As the Holy Sacrifice which Father McLeigh offered for him was ended, the soul of our good devoted father had quitted its earthly dwelling for the eternal place prepared for those who love God.

William Cheymol was born of pious parents, in April 1811, at Riom near Clermont, in the department of Puy de Dome, France. From his earliest years, he was possessed of a strong desire to consecrate himself to the holy ministry, and this desire was fostered by the saintly Father Gacon, some fourteen years his senior, and whose Mass, as Curé of Riom was daily served by the young Cheymol. Here began that linking of heart to heart, that distinguished the lives of these holy men. Thus fostered and developed, his vocation was made certain by his long course of study in the Sulpitian Seminary of Clermont, and we find him, notwithstanding the anxiety he often felt that his small stature might impede his ordination, ready to receive the sacred office of the Priesthood from the hands of Monseignor Féron, in the year 1837.

The circumstances of his coming to America in 1839, have already been detailed, and Bishop Purcell sent the two friends to the Missions of Brown and Clermont Counties. Soon after their arrival, they began the building of the brick church in Fayetteville, which was dedicated by the Bishop, assisted by ten priests and the students from the old Seminary, on October 3rd, 1841. After the establishment of the Convent in 1845, Reverend Mr. Butler was appointed to Fayetteville, and the two old friends, Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, restricted their labors to St. Martin's and the French Catholic settlers in the adjoining counties.

Once, it is told, the Bishop having pressing need of priestly aid in other quarters, thought of calling Father Cheymol, to

another mission, but his devotion to Father Gacon was so entire, that the good Bishop was turned aside from his purpose, when the saintly Gacon laughingly warned him, that "what God had joined together, let no man put asunder!" Many were the hardships of these devoted priests in the first months of their arrival at St. Martin's. Once they had no provisions in the house, and the prospects of going supperless to bed, stared them in the face. They had come in from a long tedious horseback ride over the rough unbroken mud roads, worn and exhausted by their ministerial labors. "Let us sit down," said Father Gacon, with the simplicity of a child, who abandons itself to the care of a loving Father, "let us say grace, and if God will not provide, we shall wait till morning." How truly does God reward the confidence of lively faith! The words of the Benediction, "Bless O Lord these thy gifts *which we are about to receive*," are yet fresh upon his lips, when a good neighbor brings in a basket laden with a plentiful meal.

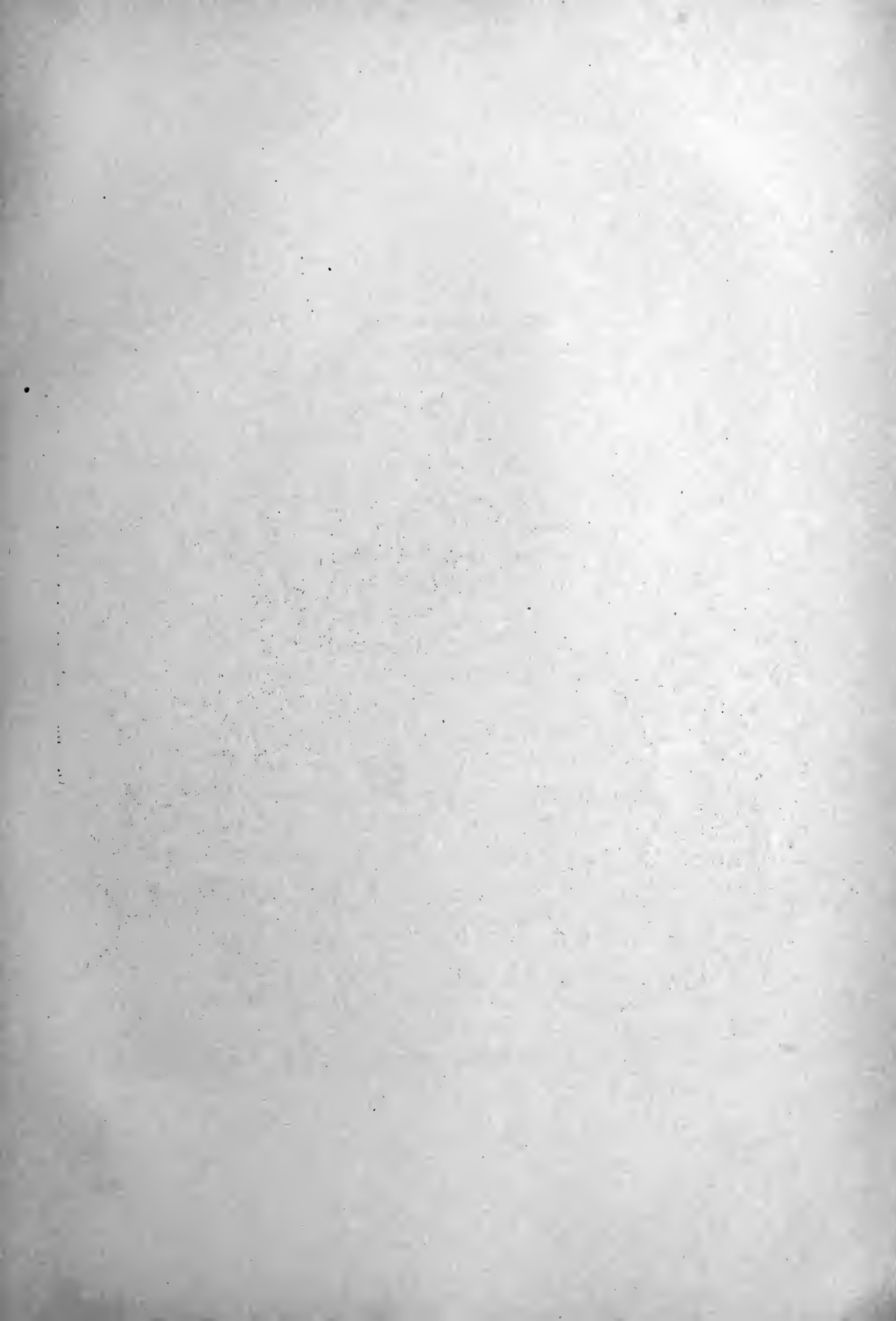
So good an economist was Father Cheymol, that under his superintendence we are told, the main building of the Convent was erected in those days of difficult transportation and scarcity of building material, for the low sum of nine thousand dollars. The thrift and energy with which he managed the farm and general working of the place, were every where evinced in the early days, and we who now enjoy the fruits of his toil, cannot overestimate the debt of gratitude which is his due.

If the palm of justice be awarded to him who is faithful in little things, surely our beloved chaplain was a just man. Who can forget his unerring punctuality to his daily Mass, and the never failing presence of the priestly-robed figure emerging every morning from the sacristy door, turning the corner of the altar in the old chapel, just as the last sound of the Mass bell died

away. And with just the same exactness was every daily duty sanctified and made acceptable to God.

Such were the thoughts that filled the sad hearts of the sisters as they watched round the sacred remains vested in sacerdotal robes in the little chapel on the days preceding the funeral. This took place on Monday, July 20th, the Most Reverend Archbishop officiating at the High Mass of Requiem; Reverend J. M. Mackey, Assistant Priest; Reverend P. P. Mazurette and Reverend Thomas McLeigh, Deacons of Honor; Reverend D. O'Meara, Deacon of the Mass; Reverend D. M. Mackey, Sub-deacon; Reverend James Carey and Reverend F. Messmer, Book and Candle Bearers; Reverend Dr. Moeller, of the Cathedral, Master of Ceremonies. There were also present Reverend J. Bowe, Reverend Father Huber, of Natchez; Reverend M. O'Donoghue and Reverend F. Wimsey. Reverend Father Dutton preached an impressive eulogy on the virtues of the good father, who had edified him in his long residence at the chaplain's house, as pastor of St. Martin's. He was laid by the side of his loved Father Gacon, and the twain, a living example of a faithful, holy, and therefore true, friendship lie side by side, awaiting as the inscription upon their head stones reads, "*expectans beatam spem, et adventum glorie magni Dei.*"

The years 1884-'85 called two of our band to their reward, Sister Bernard Roberg departing this world in the prime of her young life after a long illness of consumption, August 12th, 1884. She was followed on January 2nd of 1885, by the venerable Mother Augustine Bouret, one of the last surviving members of the band that started from Beaulieu on the 15th of April, 1845. She had passed over forty years of labor in the service of God, and her neighbor, and her life was truly one of prayer and hidden with Christ in God. She was, in fact, the last of the Beaulieu band, as Sister Christine had preceded her in May, 1883. Sister





CHAPEL OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. BUILT 1886.

Christine was dressed in the long coveted habit after her death, caused by an attack of congestion of the brain, and the sweet peaceful features told not of the sorrow with which her mental malady filled the spirit that had just gone forth. May eternal joy be her reward!

Sister Mary Austin Butler pronounced the holy vows of religion December 17th, 1885, in presence of the Reverend Superior, Father Quinn, whilst an impressive sermon was preached by Reverend E. A. Higgins, S. J.

Miss Mary Borgess, of St. Louis, and Miss Maud Maginnis, of Zanesville, were graduated in 1885. Reverend P. A. Quinn presided at the Commencement Exercises, and the audience was addressed in a most beautiful and fitting tribute to the school and the pupils by Reverend Father Coghlan, S. J.

The walls of the beautiful stone chapel rose quickly during the summer of 1885, and were under roof before the setting in of winter. The fitting of the interior wood work progressed during the cold weather, and early in spring, Messrs. Theiss and Jannsen, of New York, were erecting the beautiful marble altars, planned by the eminent architect, Mr. P. C. Keeley, of Brooklyn, and donated by the liberality of Bishop Borgess, of Detroit. The stained glass windows arrived from Roermer, Holland, and were soon in place, the benches of fine quarter-oak were sent from the factory of William H. Stewart's Sons of Cincinnati, and at last all was in readiness for the consecration of its sacred walls to make it a dwelling place of the Most High.

The 22nd of June was set for this happy event, and the evening before the numerous friends of the house began to arrive, everything promising most auspiciously for the morrow. But the narration cannot be better made than in the words of a "Special to the *Commercial Gazette*:"

"Between the two seas there can hardly be found today, hearts prouder and happier, with a very justifiable pride and happiness, than those of the Ursuline nuns of Brown County, who, yesterday, consecrated, amid the solemnity with which the Roman ritual delights to invest all its ceremonial, their new expiatory chapel of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Its erection has been such a work of love, fostered and forwarded from day to day, with devotion so unflagging, that one may well believe its consecration marks an era in their annals.

Imposing as the rite undeniably is, and fraught, too, with a depth of meaning that the casual looker-on must needs fail to grasp, it is not of it that would we speak—our inborn modesty forbids—but of the chapel itself, the work, by the way, of a Cincinnatian, William H. Stewart, a fact over which we feel *decidedly good*.

It is a remarkably fine specimen of broken ashlar limestone masonry, with freestone cappings, in the gothic style of the thirteenth century, and is, we believe, unequalled on the continent, if, indeed, it is not unique of its kind. The interior is a veritable marvel of beauty, with its stained glass windows, marble altars, brazen sanctuary railing, and massive oaken pews and stalls, and perhaps more noticeable yet, its carved, groined ceiling, an elaborate, exquisitely beautiful combination of oak and cherry, that carries the mind back irresistibly to the old monastic times, when

With untiring chisel and unsullied souls
Men wrought peans in wood and epics in stone.

Whoever really wants to see an architectural gem in the purest of settings, must visit this new chapel at St. Martin's.

If well deserved praise can bring sweet slumbers, Mr. Stewart must have been visited by very pleasant dreams last night, for his work passed current yesterday on every tongue as a theme for eulogium. But we could not help thinking, from an inadvertant remark let slip during a few moments' casual conversation, that he *has builded even better than he knew*. Added to the golden opinions elicited by his workmanship, so faultless in every detail, his courteousness has won him the esteem and friendship of the good Ursulines, who so thoroughly appreciate the nameless little amenities that have made their business relations

with him so void of the disagreeabilities that might have found a very wide field in their great undertaking.

It is with unfeigned reluctance that we turned from sweet peaceful St. Martin's to the turmoil and toil of grimy Cincinnati, especially without sharing the treat of the young ladies' Commencement, to which a gracious invitation had been tendered us by the kind Lady Superior. A defter pen than ours, we trust, will give you a glowing account of the closing exercises, for as Donald MacLeod said on a like occasion many years ago; 'They always do these things up *brown* in old Brown County.'

The ceremonies of consecration, so exquisite in symbolism, and full of eloquence in meaning, were carried out by the officiants of the day, in faultless manner. Those participating in this honor with the Most Reverend Archbishop Elder were Dr. H. Moeller, Master of Ceremonies; Reverend P. A. Quinn, of Hamilton, Celebrant of Mass; Reverend D. O'Meara, of Avondale, Deacon; Reverend Alphonsus Sourd, of Carthage, Sub-deacon; Reverend Thomas McLeigh, Chaplain of the Convent, Custos Ecclesiae; Father Mazurette, of Boston, Cross Bearer; Reverend Anthony Walburg, Assistant Priest; Reverend James Carey and Reverend H. Windhorst, Deacons of the Throne; Mr. Casper Cahill, Thurifer; Reverend Isaac Hctor, Reverend Edward Hickey, Reverend J. W. Bonner, Chanters. Besides these the following priests were in the sanctuary: Fathers Bowe, Bernard Dottmann, McCallion, Kennedy, Foley S. J., Hayes, Migeel, Ferneding, Hundt, Michael O'Donoghue and James O'Donoghue.

The church was crowded from the neighborhood and by visitors from elsewhere, many of them old pupils or parents of those now in school. The choir sang a Mass by Farmer, and the voices of the sisters, one a phenomenally clear and thrilling high soprano especially, were remarkably good and devotional in expression.

Right Reverend John Ambrose Watterson preached the sermon. Just before mounting the altar steps he received a telegram announcing the death of a sister in Bedford, Pennsylvania. This sad news was known to a few, and made the one, under current of sorrow in what one of the sisters said, would otherwise have been unmitigated joy.

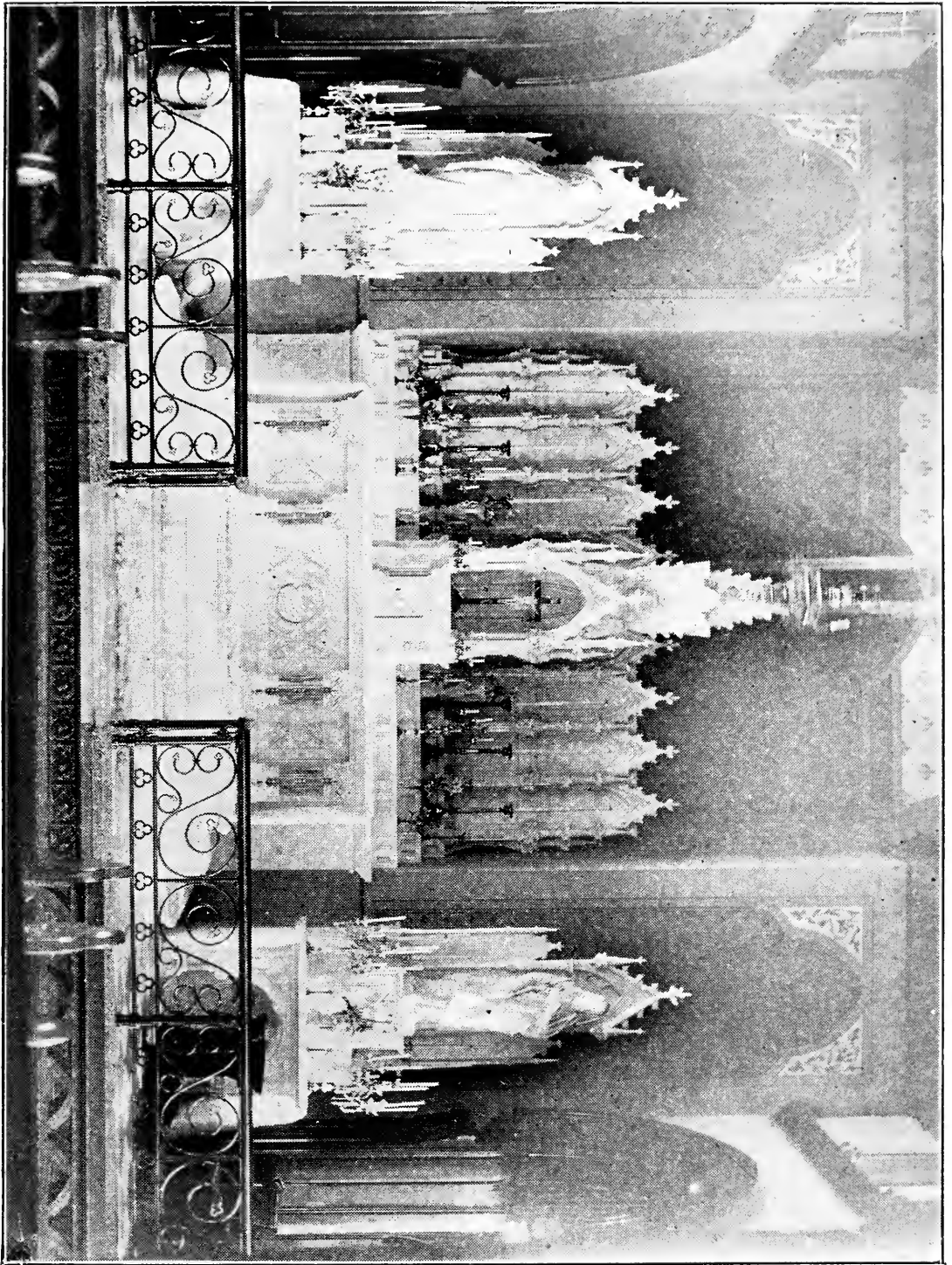
The eloquent prelate was never more eloquent. He first, in poetic, clear-cut metaphor, showed how the chapel typified in its strength, in its unity, in its purity of design, the sisterhood who had builded it, and then took up his main thought—the union of education and religion. ‘No man could put them asunder without injury to much that was essential to true philosophy, perfect painting, sculpture, music, or even physical perfection, in short education of heart and mind in its true sense.’ Much of the beauty of the church is in its finish.

The windows are entitled as follows, the title describing the figure and symbolism: ‘The Sacred Heart of Jesus,’ donated by Mr. and Mrs. George Roberg, of Cincinnati; ‘The Immaculate Heart of Mary,’ Mr. Michael Magevney, of Memphis, Tennessee; ‘St. Joseph,’ Mrs. Kane and family of Dublin, Ireland; ‘The Angel Guardian,’ Mr. Michael Collins, New York; ‘St. Ursula,’ in memory of John Boyle, of Fayetteville; ‘St. Charles Borromeo,’ Mr. Lawrence Dunn, of Tynemouth, England; ‘St. Augustine,’ Mrs. Augustine Ford; ‘Una,’ of the Commercial; ‘St. Angela Merici,’ in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Slevin, of St. Louis. The window in the visitors’ Chapel is also a beautiful one, Cincinnati work, donated by Mr. D. Foley, of Cincinnati, ‘in memory of his wife.’ The interior windows of the sanctuary are also Cincinnati work, one, the donation of Mr. James Walsh, of Covington.

The woodwork of the ceiling, with its fretted arches, is marvelously beautiful. The organ is a very fine one, of Philadelphia make, purchased through the generosity of Mr. Michael Magevney, of Memphis, Tennessee, and does away with the organ casing, the pipes being ornamented in tints corresponding to the ornamentation of the chapel.

In the evening the Annual Commencement Exercises took place, during which Miss Mary Frances Piatt, of Covington, was crowned with the laurel of the graduating class. The music throughout was exquisite, the salient feature being, however, the superb voice of Miss Gertrude Williamson, of Sharon, Pennsylvania.

The Commencement Exercises of 1886 will be memorable not alone for the excellence and prospects of the school, not alone from the consecration of the chapel, but on account of a cablegram from the Eternal City. Early in the day the Sisters had sent greeting to His



MAIN AND SIDE ALTARS OF CHAPEL.



Holiness, and craved his benediction on their labors. All day long they hoped against hope that the answer would not be so long delayed by the isolation of St. Martin's from telegraph lines, that their perfect day would not fail to be overflowed with happiness. Just at nightfall it came from far-off Rome. The Holy Father benignantly grants the request of the Ursulines for his blessing upon their new chapel."

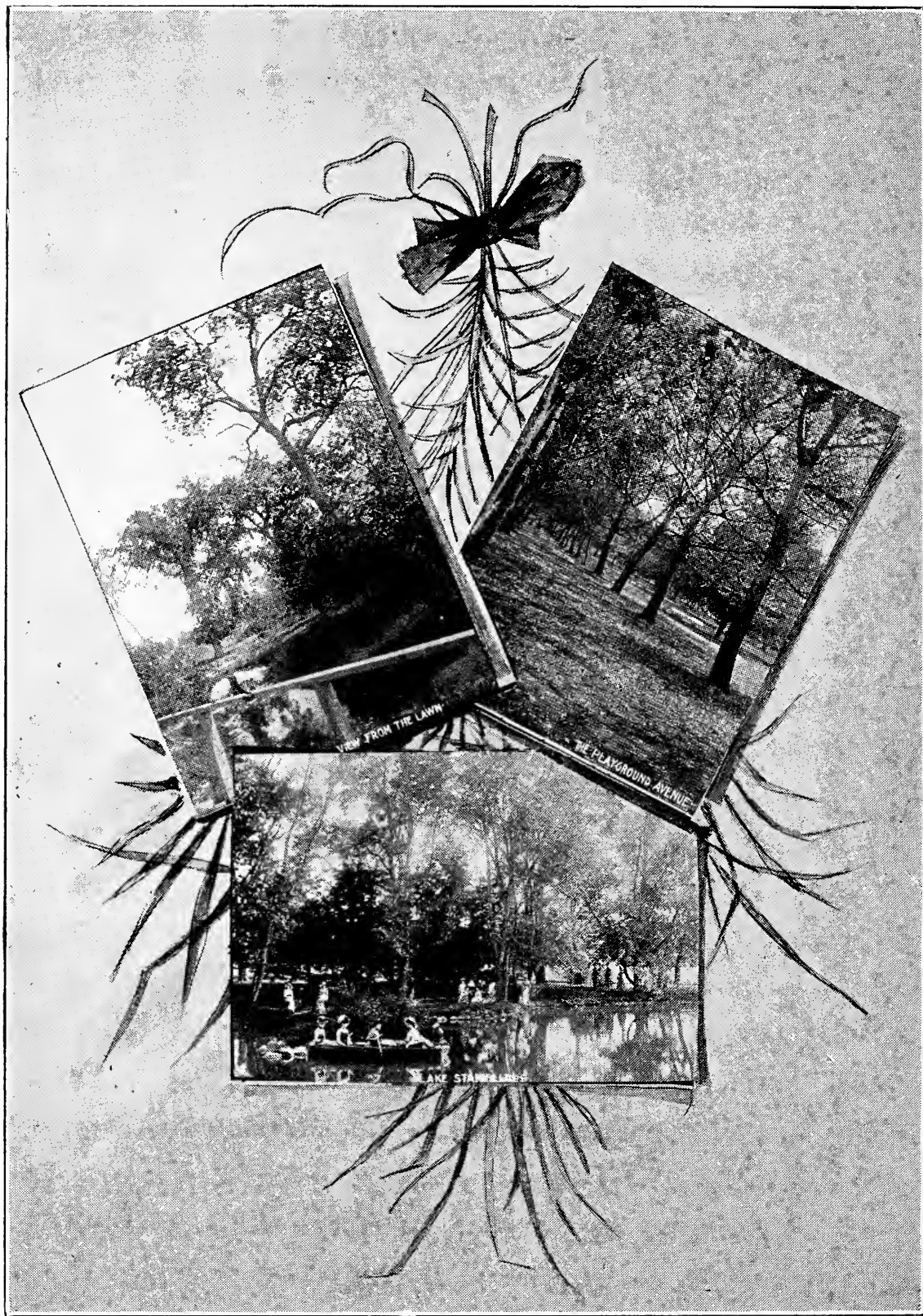
The year 1886 brought the recurrence of the election for the officers of the Community. Mother Ursula Dodds had served the six years allowed by rule, but for wise and sufficient reasons, the Most Reverend Archbishop listened to the petition of the Community, requesting him to procure a dispensation for her re-election, from Rome. The request of the Archbishop having been graciously granted, the re-election of this loved Mother took place August 25th. Sister Dionysia Borgess was elected to the office of Assistant; Sister M. Baptista Freaner, Zelatrice; while that of Treasurer was again filled by Sister Gabriel Dohan.

An unexpected legacy falling to a member of the Community, enabled them to make some very necessary improvements in the plumbing of the house, in the summer of 1887, and to put in a steam forcing pump, thereby securing a better water supply from the little lake, than that given by the old fashioned horse power. On the night of the very day that saw the little pump in operation for the first time, it was called upon to do most valuable service, and but for its timely aid, it is probable the present suite of buildings would not be standing.

About ten o'clock at night, the large wooden barns of the convent, standing on the site of the commodious brick structure of today, were discovered to be on fire. There was a "dance" in the village that night, and some of the men engaged in the work of plumbing then going on in the house, saw from their boarding house, the smoke and tiny jets of flames in their first issue. In

a moment, Mr. Oliver Schlemmer, the plumber, was in the field followed by scores of young men, our good neighbors, whose timely efforts saved the horses and cattle from the flames that were beginning to enclose them. After quickly leading from their stalls, the animals plunging and rearing in their wild sympathy with the excitement, Mr. Schlemmer at once lighted up the little engine, and soon had a fine stream of water playing on the parched grass between the barns and other out-buildings, which by their nearness to the house, placed it in great danger. The wind blowing steadily from the north, carried the large living embers of the light shingles and dry timber of the barn roof, as far as the presbytery. And the beautiful chapel that had just been consecrated! Ah! it was there, that fervent petitions were poured out from anxious hearts, and arms outstretched in prayer that found themselves helpless to stay the flames! Cinders were falling upon its slate roof, and grave fears of its safety were felt. But see! All eyes are turned to the play hall,—this, though the farthest building in the line, has a shingled roof, and the dry wood has caught from the hot cinders that are carried by the wind. In a moment, Fathers McLeigh and Bonner have reached it, followed by a band of brave men, and with a line of buckets quickly formed, and the aid of wet blankets, it is saved. The wind changed and allayed about this time, and to this happy circumstance, considered an answer to fervent prayers, we may attribute the fact that no further damage resulted.

To the brave men who risked life and limb in their efforts to restrain the progress of the flames, we owe a debt of deepest gratitude. Where so many were heroic in their exertions, it would be impossible to name them as they deserve, but their deed of charity will surely meet its full reward.



BITS OF LANDSCAPE IN 1887.

Temporary shelter was put up for the horses and cattle during the winter, which proved to be one of the severest of many years. Plans were drawn up for the rebuilding of the barns, and work on the foundation began at once. Owing however, to a want of the necessary means, and inability to borrow the money, their completion was deferred until the winter of 1890-'91, when a loan was negotiated for this purpose.

The death of Sister Genevieve Lenahan, and that of Sister Mary Francis Preston, occurred respectively, September 6th, 1886, and February 10th, 1887. Both merited the martyr's crown in the long and patient suffering preceding their release.

The year 1887 passed without incident, save that of the annual Commencement, which brought graduating honors to Miss Margaret Jordan, of New Jersey, and Miss Mary McCarthy, of Cincinnati.

May 22nd, 1888, witnessed the happy profession of Sister John Berchmans Slevin, the Most Reverend Archbishop officiating, assisted by Reverend Fathers McLeigh and Bonner, and the Reverend Dr. Moeller of the Cathedral.

Four graduates graced the Distribution of this year, Misses Mary Bloomer and Mary Maginnis, of Zanesville; Miss Gertrude Cahill, of Chillicothe, and Miss Jane Freschard, of Owensville, Ohio.

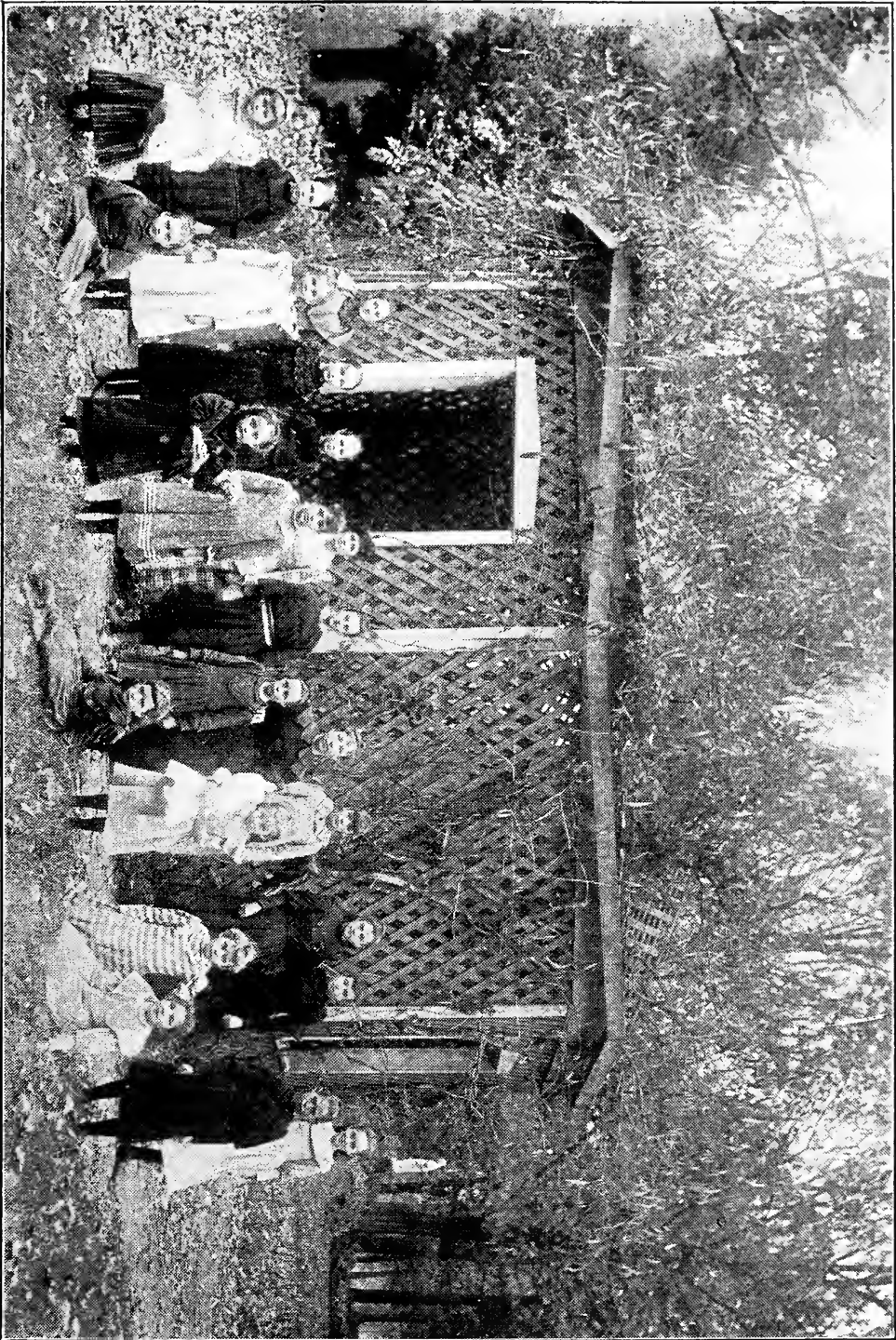
During the month of August, 1889, the usual elections held every three years again took place, resulting in the choice of Sister M. Baptista Frenan as Superior, Sister M. Dionysia Borgess, Assistant, and the re-election of Sister M. Berchmans O'Connor to the office of Zelatrice, and of Sister M. Gabriel Dohan, Treasurer.

During the summer of 1888, the failing health of a most efficient teacher, Sister M. Bernardine Desmond, became evident, and during the winter and spring of the succeeding year, she lingered in the sufferings of consumption until April 6th, when a holy death released her patient soul.

Bishop Macheboeuf did not long survive his old friend, Father Cheymol, and with his saintly death, July 10th, 1889, the last of the chief actors in the foundation of Brown County passed from the scenes we have been reviewing, whilst their memory will live in their deathless works, and in the traditions that hold them dear.

It is still our duty to record another loss in the person of our Reverend Superior, Father P. A. Quinn. For several years he had been a great sufferer from erysipelas, and in 1889, as he found himself unable to attend to the duties of his parish of St. Mary's, Chillicothe, the Most Reverend Archbishop, at his earnest solicitation, removed him to St. Martin's to succeed Reverend Father Bonner. Incapacitated by his state of health to perform the duties of pastor, he was ably assisted by Reverend Thomas Boulger, who remained with him as long as he had need of his service. It had always been his wish to rest in our little cemetery where his good friends, Archbishop and Father Edward Purcell were awaiting the resurrection, and at his death, occurring April 6th, he was laid near their resting place. Many of the clergy were present at his funeral, at which Archbishop Elder preached most effectively on the well-known virtues of the deceased. He spoke of him as one of the wisest and most experienced counsellors,—one, who whilst conspicuously renowned for his ripe judgment and executive ability in financial matters, yet never lost sight of the importance of his spiritual duties, ever guarding the dignity of his sacred character with a circumspection truly admirable. A large number of devoted friends and former parishioners followed his remains to the grave amid the soul-stirring chanting of the Miserere by his brother priests, while every countenance gave evidence that from the heart arose the fervent prayer—*Requiescat in pace*.

At the Commencement of 1889-'90, the Most Reverend Archbishop conferred the medal and crown on Miss Roberta Jordan, of



GROUP OF CHILDREN OF ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL.



Woodbury, New Jersey; and Miss Clara Freschard, Owensville, O. Miss Mary Hale Porteous, of New Orleans, the third member of the class, having received her medal in May after completing her course, being obliged to sail with friends to Europe at a time that prevented her remaining for the Commencement. In 1890, the same honors were conferred on Miss Ellen Magevney, Memphis, Tennessee; Miss Gertrude Hulsman, Cincinnati; Miss Helen Sheble, St. Louis, and Miss Blanche Thomas, Memphis, Tennessee.

Miss Helen Michel Maginnis, of Zanesville; Miss Henrietta Mary Green, of St. Louis, and Miss Florence Irene McNamara, of Cincinnati, formed a brilliant graduating class in 1891, and the Commencement Exercises elicited great praise from a most critical audience.

These years also added two new members to the community, Sister Margaret Lockwood, who pronounced her holy vows on October 9th, 1889, and Sister Fidelis Coleman, May 28th, 1891, whilst the last professed choir sister, Sister Monica Maginnis, bound herself to holy religion, July 25th, 1892. The Most Reverend Archbishop officiated at these ceremonies, assisted by Father McLeigh, and at the last two by the Very Reverend Superior, Thomas S. Byrne.

The 26th of July, 1892, the last triennial elections were held, Mother Ursula Dodds again assuming the responsibilities of Mother Superior, Mother Teresa Sherlock was made Assistant, and Mother Berchmans O'Connor elected as Treasurer, with a re-election as Zelatrice. And thus as our circle of years draws to the beginning of a new epoch in our history, we would fain close it without inserting the record that death has made in the years between 1891-'94. On April 28th, 1891, Sister Martina, wonderful in her inventive genius, which could turn from the making of a shoe or

a wheelbarrow, to the mending of an electric machine, a galvanic battery or a telescope, was called from a life of toil to the rest of God's saints, and in the same year, our Christmas day was saddened by the presence of death, when Sister Mary Thomas Grannin yielded up her pure soul to God. Early in January a wave of influenza struck the house, and among the many prostrated by it, two were called to the eternal home, Sister Magdalen Rigal, February 1st, and Sister Mary Joseph Barrett, on the third of the same month.

Sister M. Dionysia Borgess, Assistant Superior, had been long suffering from a fatal malady, and whilst our hearts were yet sore with grief over the losses of the preceding months, she, too, terminated her long and patient illness by a most happy and edifying death. And in the next nine months all these trials culminated when Mother Josephine Dunn was taken from our midst. It was fondly hoped that she would survive the fiftieth year of the foundation, as the only living representative in America, of the band of 1845. But an attack of pneumonia left her so prostrate that her naturally delicate constitution lost its power of resistance, and she calmly slept in our Lord on the beautiful festival of the Annunciation, 1893. She was followed to the little cemetery by many mourning friends, whilst the Very Reverend Dr. Byrne preached a sermon, beautiful and appropriate to the sad occasion. Sister Clementine O'Donoghue was next snatched from us on January 26th, 1894, and thus in less than three years seven precious lives have been borne away from the militant company of St. Ursula to the glorious army that chants her praises in heaven.

In seeking a successor to fill the position from which Father Quinn had been removed by death, the community were led blindly, as it were, to a choice. Their old friends among the clergy were all gone, and the younger members knew them not. But in soliciting



RT. REV. THOS. S. BYRNE, D. D.



for this position the services and paternal interest of the Very Reverend Thomas S. Byrne, President of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, which they did with the earnest approval of the Most Reverend Archbishop, they were indeed fortunate. During the four years of his administration he has been the prudent Superior, the wise Counsellor, and the sincere friend of the community. To his untiring efforts in their interests they owe many debts of gratitude, and whilst regretting the loss they have lately sustained in his being taken from their midst, they rejoice in the new dignity which has been deservedly bestowed upon him by the Holy Father, in nominating him to the episcopal office as Bishop of Nashville, Tennessee. Through his advice and direction, and the legal ability with which Honorable M. T. Corcoran, of Cincinnati, set forth the justice of their claim before the courts of Brown County, the Convent has been released from an assessment of taxes which had been made contrary to the laws of the State, on some of the buildings of the convent property.

On July 25th, the Feast of St. James, Apostle, this learned professor and zealous priest received the sacred unction and high power of the episcopate, in the church of St. Joseph, at Nashville. May his new field of labor be blessed with the same fruitful yielding for God's glory that has marked his priestly path in the State he leaves, and may friends as true make light by their fidelity to God and to their Bishop, the burden of the mitre that crowns his later years!

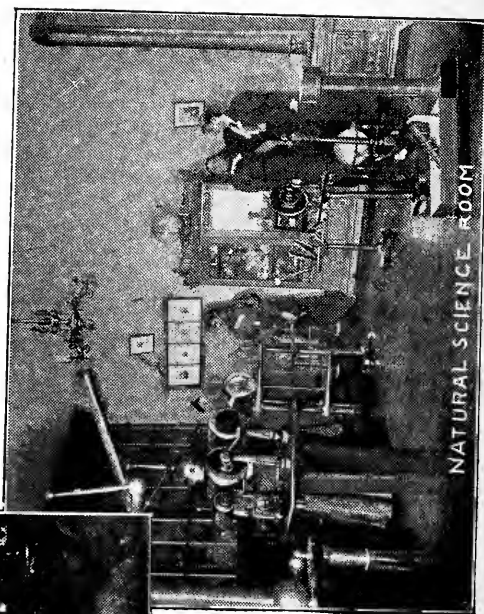
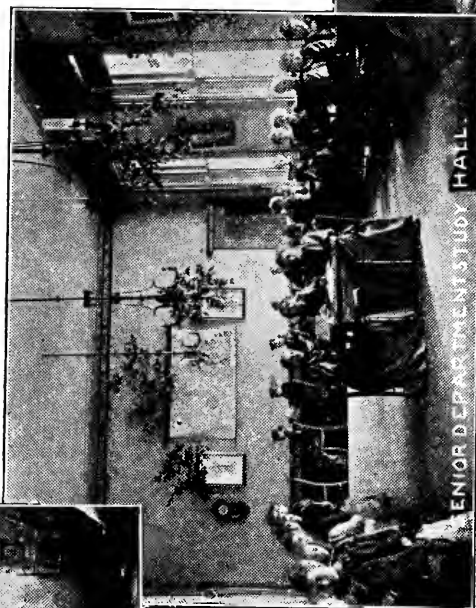
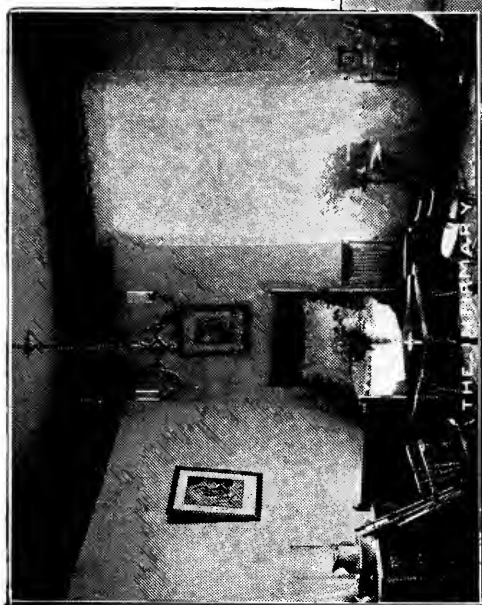
Sister Rita Connolly joined the ranks of the community at the ending of her two years novitiate, October 23rd, 1893, and on May 1st, 1894, Archbishop Elder also received the vows of Sister Mary Francis Gilleece and Sister Philomena Monroe. Again His Grace most kindly presided September 26th, at the profession of Sister Mary Ita Monaghan. Eighteen hundred and ninety-

two sent out to their work in the great world two of the graduate class, Miss Della Bering, of Cincinnati, and Miss Margaret Jones, of New York. Miss Emily Borgess, of St. Louis, and Miss Edith Allen, of Chicago, formed the class the following year, while 1894 gave the largest number for many years,—Miss M. Genevieve Green, of St. Louis; Miss Laura Porteous, of New Orleans; Miss Mable Morgan, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Edna Field Brooks, Louisville; Miss Louise Marsh, Columbus; Miss Katherine Bloomer, Zanesville. One of the class was called from the earthly crowning of the honors so well earned by her fidelity to duty and spotless innocence of life, during the six years spent as a convent pupil, to the heavenly crown of life eternal. During the spring months of 1894, Daisy Braley, of London, Ohio, a most promising member of this class, showed symptoms of failing health, and hoping that a few weeks of rest and change would restore her, she left for home in the early days of April. Animated with the strong desire to share with her class-mates in June, the graduating honors so fondly coveted, she would not relinquish the hope of returning, but her ardent wishes were not destined to be realized in this world. Growing steadily worse her strength declined from day to day, and her fond parents were at last called upon in September, to give back the young and innocent child into the Hands of Him, who gave the precious gift into their keeping.

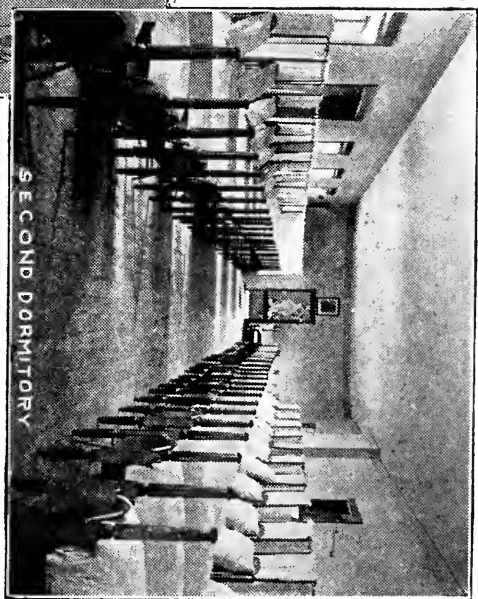
TO DAISY BRALEY.

DIED SEPTEMBER 24, 1894.

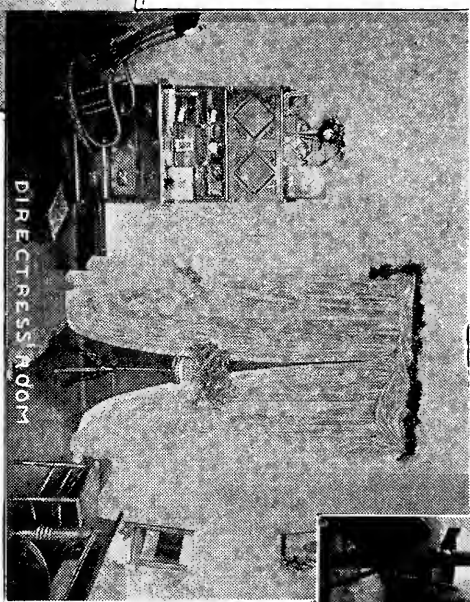
A Daisy-bud was nodding
In the rosy-tinted dawn,
When the sun advanced, majestic
Over mountain, moor and lawn,
Till its shining reached the flower,
Till its splendor ruled the morn,
While the rosy blush grew fainter,
On to other regions borne.



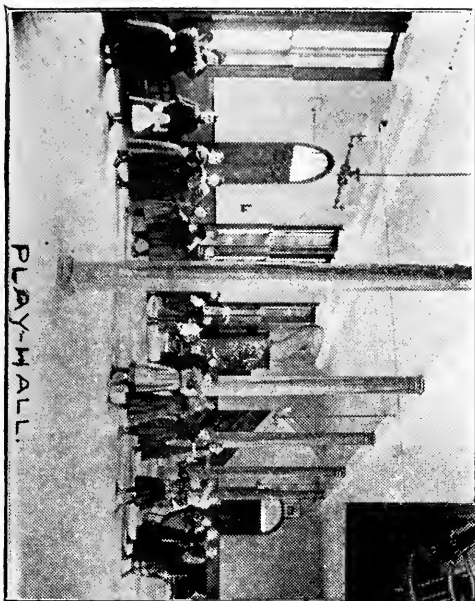
INTERIOR VIEWS—1895.



SECOND DORMITORY

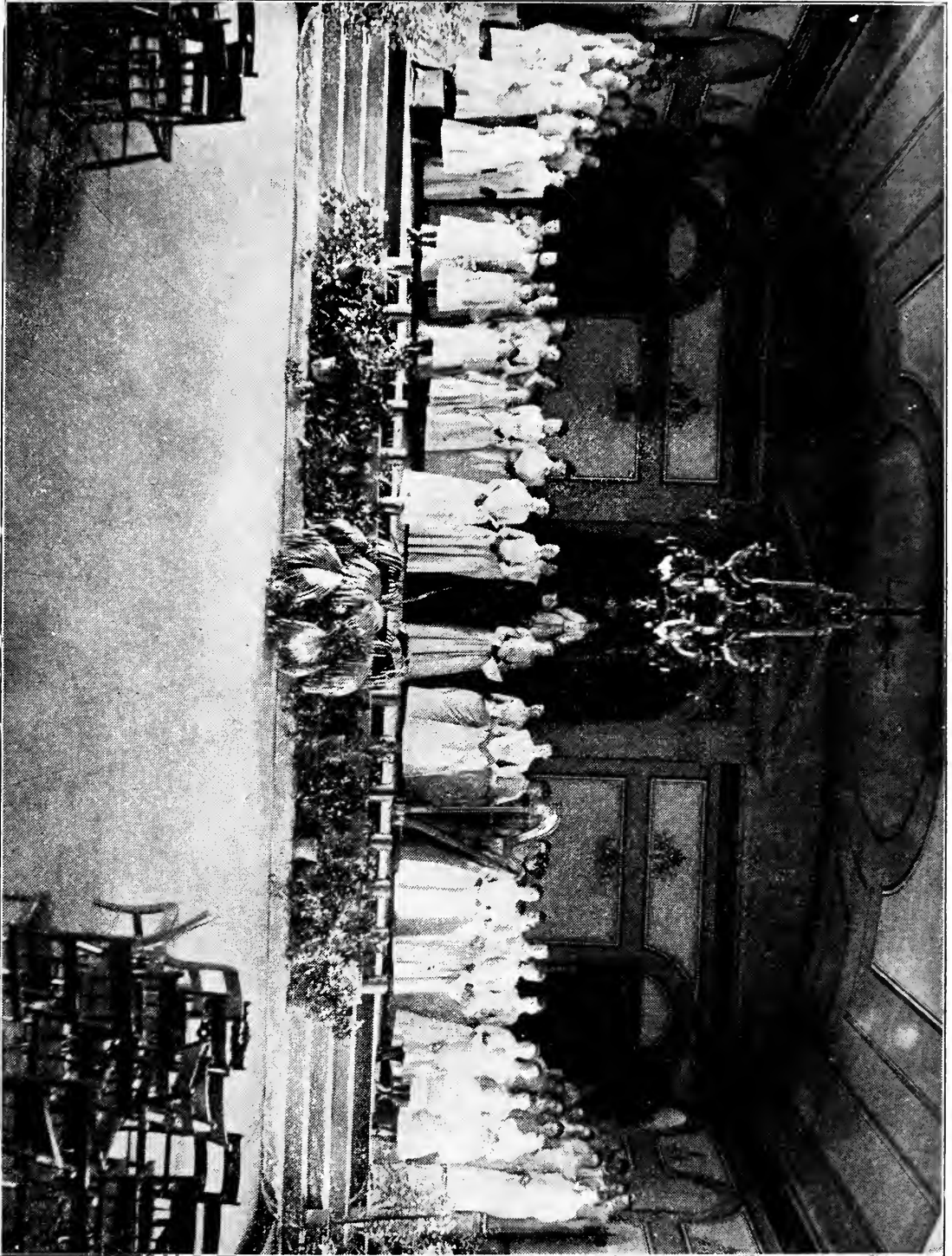


DIRECTRESS ROOM



PLAY HALL





ON COMMENCEMENT DAY.



Then the Daisy ope'd its petals
To the golden light of day,
Casting up a look of wonder,
Drinking in one sunny ray.
What has hued its white tips crimson?
Answer, little flower ; say
Do you *love* the great sun yonder,
That you gaze upon it, aye?

Ah ! the daisy need not tell me ;
Well, I know her secret rare.
Since she looked upon his shining
She was His—the daisy fair ;
And she lived upon His glory
In that upper, finer air,
Till He pitied, and He called her,
And she reigneth with Him there !

SISTER ———.

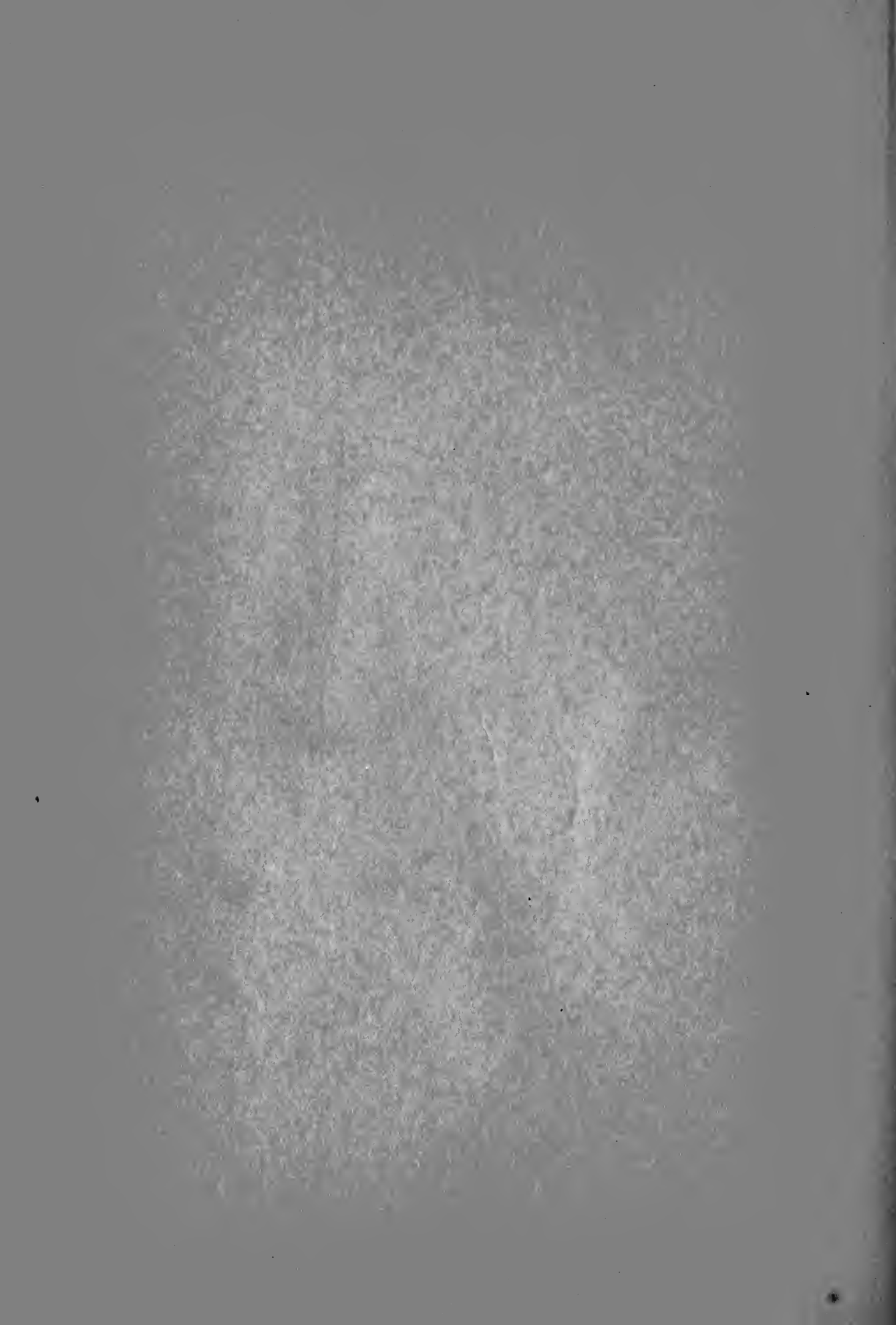
At last we have come to the one joyous thought, that reigns supreme today in the heart of Brown County Convent,—to make the coming celebration a brilliant crowning for the Fifty Years here chronicled. We have traced the lights and shadows of these years with no attempt at chronological sequence, placing them here and there, like mosaics, where best they seem to harmonize. As a fitting culmination to these years of labor, short for the very love that has filled them, we hope to encircle around us again, all the once familiar members of the class rooms, that together we may revisit each well remembered spot, and together lift up our voices for the many who have lived their short span of life, and our hearts and hands in intercession and prayer. Almost on the threshold of the twentieth century, we hope to see the offspring of the fifty years of our Nourishing Mother, assembled once again around her board, to offer a libitation to her undying memory, to her golden years of the past, as they file before us in measured march to the shores of the great Eternity.

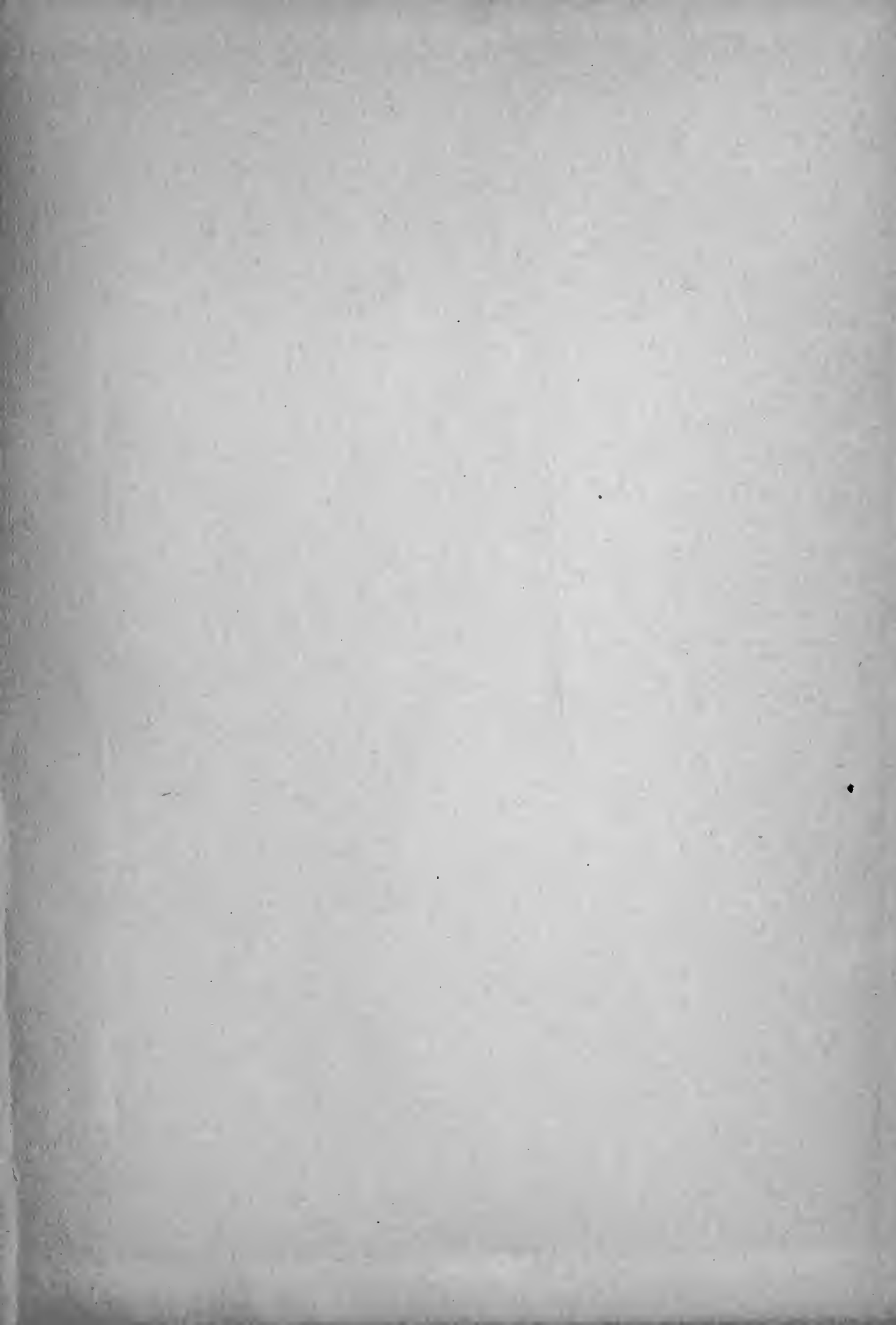
The appointed day and the details of the celebration will be given in due time, but as many cannot be reached by the names of the fair maidenhood, with which they graced the halls of Brown County, we avail ourselves of this opportune moment to extend to one and all a most cordial invitation and most hearty welcome to the old convent home, when spring again clothes her woods and lawns and garden in freshened beauty. May the sacred fire of love of the spot where their young years were passed, burn with quickened glow in all hearts that, impelled to look once more upon the face of their Alma Mater, they may cry to her in one strong voice, "*Prospere procede, et regna!*"











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